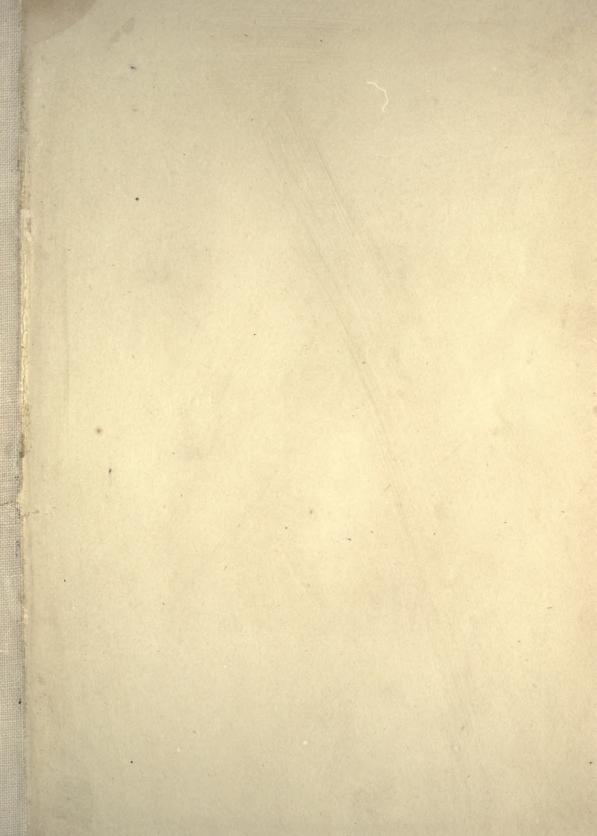


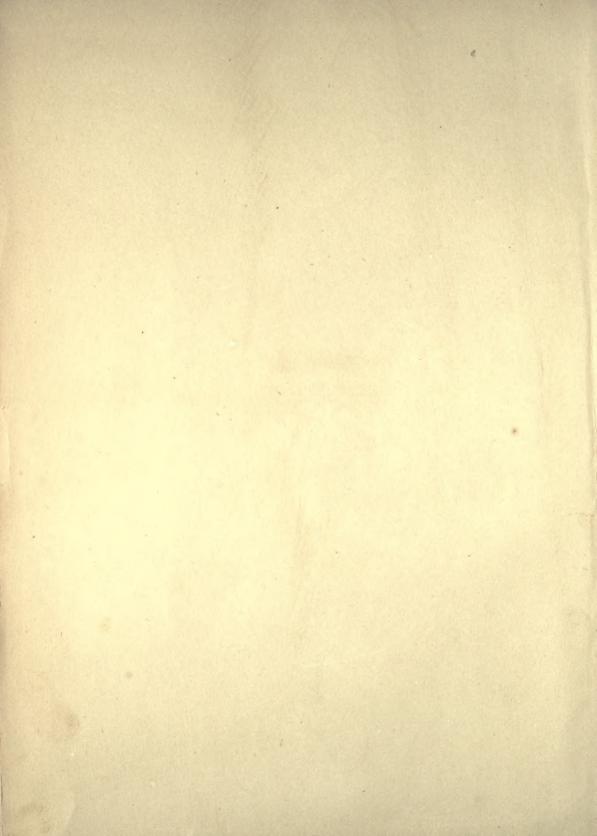
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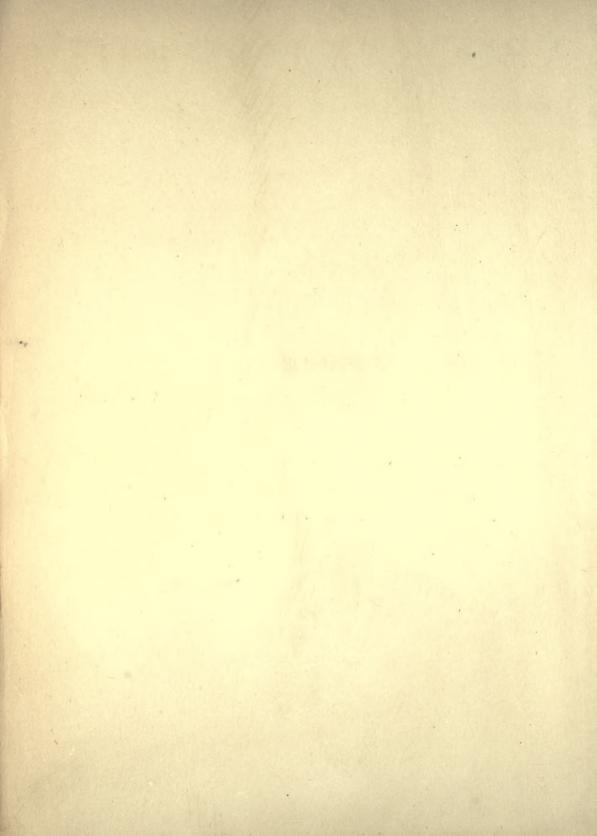


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TO

T. R. R.

27854,

THURST TO SHARE

PREFACE

THE scope and scale of this collection of English poetry were determined mainly by two ideas: first, that certain distinct types of "selections" might with advantage be combined in one book; and second, that, with the wealth of English poetry to choose from, the value of anthologies is not really in inverse but rather in direct proportion to the quantity of their contents.

The general scheme of the book is to provide a copious selection of English poetry in its various kinds, the historical range being from the fourteenth century to the twentieth. Short poems, mostly lyrics, are naturally the most numerous; there is also a number of extracts of various kinds, a small number in proportion to the whole. More distinctive features of the book are (1) the inclusion of many complete longer poems; and (2), in the case of the more notable poets, the selection of a large body of the work of each—in several instances from one thousand to three thousand lines. It is hoped that even critics to whom small anthologies 1 are anathema, because of the fragmentary views they afford of the poets' "personalities," will be partly appeased by this latter feature.

Attention may also be drawn to the inclusion of a considerable selection of the poetry of to-day—or, if the year 1914 proves the end of an epoch in poetry as in other activities, of vesterday

The one important poetic kind which is all but excluded is the dramatic. In this class only some extracts from Shakespeare have been admitted, most of them not characteristically dramatic. The greater of Shakespeare's tragedies have not been profaned for select quotations. Even the few passages chosen have been somewhat doubtfully admitted; but it seemed a pity that a general collection of English verse should contain nothing, except the songs, from what is the chief glory of English poetry, the Shakespearean drama. The general objection to dramatic extracts, however, is strong; they are the least satisfactory sort of selections, unless whole scenes are given, preferably with explanatory introductions. It seemed better to use the considerable space that would have been necessary for this, for poems that could be given entire.

V

¹ An article by Mr. (now Sir) Henry Newbolt in *The English Review*, April 1914, seems rather to exaggerate the evil effect of such selections. The grave indictment is as follows: "... A modern anthology is simply a selection. It professes either to give you a collection of all the best poetry, excluding only those poems which are too long for inclusion in a small volume, or it sets before you a collection of all the poems of a proper length which have been written upon a given subject, such as music or mountains or the British Navy or the domestic dog. The former is, of course, the book against which my warning is directed—the general selection. The reader of it is led to understand that he has before him in this small compass all the poetry which is really worth troubling about; all that is likely to give him pleasure. He learns, therefore, either to disregard the personality of the poets altogether, to treat them all as if they were very much upon an equality when they were at their best, or at least to believe that in these select pieces he has sufficient material for judging of even the greatest poets. . . " I am not concerned with a general defence of anthologies, but doubt if many readers of them are of this extremely gullible type. No genuine lover of poetry remains content with knowing, in the case of the greater poets, two or three "gems" only. Besides, while the criticism appears to allow nothing for the anthology's legitimate function of advertisement and stimulus, the idea implied of the reader's duty seems rather scholastic. The ordinary amateur of poetry is content to enjoy the poetry, and to leave the judging of the poets to the critics.

Particular inclusions or omissions may be allowed to speak for themselves. The unworthy neglect, however, of Shakespeare's "Lucrece" was an argument which favoured the inclusion of so long a poem, as well as the fact that his plays were only slightly represented. "The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" may be named, as an inclusion made without particular affection, but because Pope's satires could not be ignored in a collection like this. In some cases the absorption of space by longer poems has left little or no room for very eligible short poems by the same authors; instances are Coleridge, Arnold, Morris. Less regretted are the lyrics or semilyrical pieces of writers whose strength is shown chiefly in more spacious forms of composition; in this category may be mentioned such different writers as Henryson, Chapman, Dryden, Goldsmith, Crabbe, Southey.

A primary aim has been the provision of trustworthy texts. The question of spelling in the earlier texts must also be noticed here. Except in the case of Chaucer, the maintenance of the original spelling seemed unnecessary and even undesirable. The aim has been such a partial modernization as would leave pronunciation and rhythm unaffected, i.e. a change merely to the eye. Even this change has not always been made, spellings like horrour, stretcht, agast being preferred when found in the original texts. Obsolete forms involving more than a difference of spelling have been kept. The exceptions of which I am conscious are mentioned in the notes. All the earlier poets, both English and Scottish, except Chaucer, have been so treated, in the belief that neither the normal characteristics of any period or dialect, nor the deliberate archaism of Sackville or Spenser, are really affected by this process. In the question of the final -ed or -'d in verbs, I have sought to reproduce the practice of each writer, when it could be ascertained, except that when the e is the final (mute) vowel of the Present Tense, it has been printed in the Past termination also. This exception does not apply to the text of Burns, which is reproduced exactly from the Centenary Edition.

No general annotation was possible for a collection of this extent, but glossaries have been supplied to the selections before Shakespeare, and thereafter only to pieces in dialect.

Whenever a poem is abridged, an indication is given either in the text or in the notes; and the sources of all the extracts are specified. The order of the verses has nowhere been meddled with.

It should be mentioned that the extract from Randolph's "Cotswold Eclogue" is borrowed from Mr. Gosse's selection in Mr. Ward's English Poets, the original volume being out of reach; and the poem by R. H. Horne, from Mr. Miles' Poets and Poetry of the Century, for a similar reason.

Besides purely critical works, I have not failed to consult several of the leading anthologies, with the result, it may be hoped—as it was the intention—that eccentricities of choice have been reduced to a tolerable proportion in a book of a thousand selections. The selector, however, is apt to forget this benefit in his acute consciousness of the impediment in choice which arises from an acquaintance with other anthologies. The result is sometimes that one deviates from a perfectly good track, merely because it has been well beaten by previous selectors.

The concluding portion of the book may fairly claim to be judged less strictly than the rest, both because of the barriers of copyright, and because Time has not yet done his selective work. But many fine poems are there, and though the individual representation can only exceptionally be satisfactory, the collection taken as a whole is, on its limited scale, substantial evidence of the volume, variety, and quality of the poetical work of this last period. It may also be remarked that, with the fullest facilities, the best work of certain poets who are very much alive could not be given, as it is still to be written. The entire exclusion of one great poet

VI

PREFACE

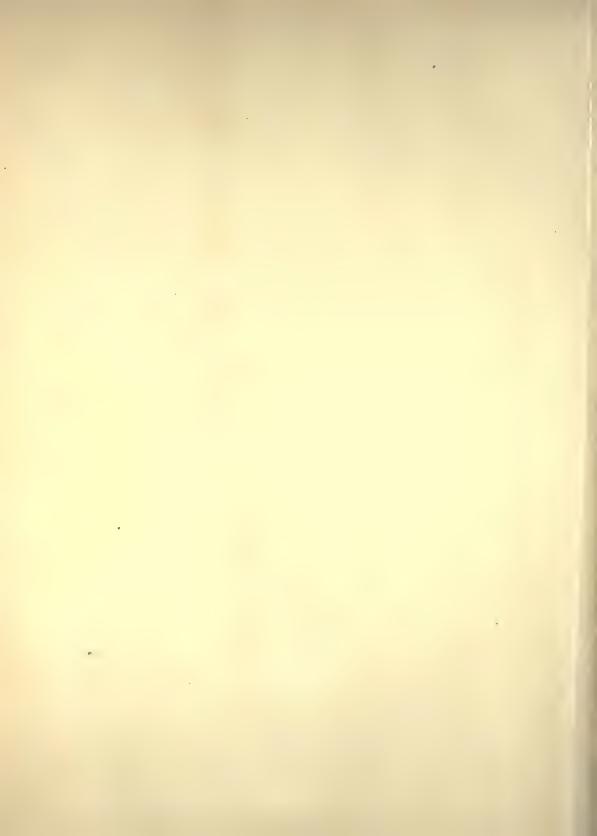
recently dead is an accident of copyright, such as also causes me particular regret in the case of one eminent living poet.

Among those who have kindly helped me with copyright poems, I wish particularly to thank Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for a liberal selection, chosen by himself, from the work of Francis

Thompson.

I desire to express my thanks as editor—and, if I might, the reader's thanks also—to the publishers for a very considerable extension of the space originally allotted to me. I would also record my obligation to Mr. Edwin C. Jack for kindly undertaking the necessary correspondence about copyright poems.

G. B.



	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
JOHN BARBOUR (c. 1320-1395)		Epitaph on Sir Thomas		SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-	
Freedom	I	Wyatt	31	1586)	
GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340 ?-		Epitaph on his friend	00	Astrophel and Stella:	
1400)		Clere	32	Sonnet I	68
The Prologue to the Can-		Castle	32	Sonnet xxxi	68 68
terbury Tales	I		32	Sonnet xxxix My true Love hath my	08
Criseyde	8	ALEXANDER SCOTT (1525 ?-		Heart	69
KING JAMES I OF SCOTLAND		1584)		Song	69
(1394-1437)		Oppressit Hairt, Endure	32	Desire	69
The King sees the Lady		GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1525 ?-		Leave me, O Love .	69
Joan	II	1577)		FULKE GREVILLE, LORD	
ROBERT HENRYSON (c. 1425-		Lullaby of a Lover .	33	BROOKE (1554-1628)	
6. 1500)		THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF		Tantum Religio potuit	
		DORSET (1536-1608)		suadere Malorum .	69
The Tale of the Uplands Mouse and the Burgess		A Mirror for Magistrates.		Oh, wearisome Condition	09
Mouse	12	The Induction	33	of Humanity!	70
	12	NICHOLAS BRETON (1545?-			,
WILLIAM DUNBAR (1460?-		1626 ?)		THOMAS LODGE (1558?-1625)	
1520 ?)		Pastoral	38	Rosalind's Song Turn I my Looks unto	70
The Thistle and the Rose	14		20	the Skies	70
Meditation in Winter . Lament for the Makers .	16	JOHN STILL, BISHOP OF BATH		First shall the Heavens	/ -
Lament for the Makers .	16	AND WELLS (1543?-		want starry Light .	70
Anonymous				Love guards the Roses of	,
The Nut-brown Maid .	17	I cannot eat but little meat	20	thy Lips	71
Thomas the Rhymer .	20		38	Rosaline	71
Tam Lin	21	SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552 ?-		GEORGE PEELE (1558?-1597?)	
Clerk Saunders	23	1618)		Song	71
The Wife of Usher's Well	24	The Lie	39	His Golden Locks Time	1
Sir Patrick Spens . Battle of Otterbourne .	25	The Pilgrimage	40	hath to Silver turn'd .	72
The Dowie Dens of Yar-	20	Verses found in his Bible	40		/-
row	27	EDMUND SPENSER (1552?-		ROBERT GREENE (1560?-	
Willie Drown'd in Yar-	-,	1599)		Sephestia's Lullaby	-
row	28	Sonnet LXX	40	In Praise of Fawnia	72
Waly, Waly	28	Epithalamion	40	Content	72
The Twa Corbies	28	Prothalamion	44		12
Helen of Kirconnell .	28	A Hymn in Honour of Beauty	16	GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559?-	
SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503 ?-		The Suitor's State	46	1634)	
1542)		Pastoral	49	Epistle Dedicatory .	73
Lo, what it is to Love .	29	From "The Faerie	72	ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561 ?-	
Once, as me thought, For-		Queene '':		1595)	
tune me kist	29	The Dwelling of Mor-		At Home in Heaven .	74
Forget not yet the tried		pheus	49	The Flight into Egypt .	74
Intent	30	Despair	49	SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)	
And wilt thou leave me thus?	20	Honour	51	Song	75
My Lute, awake!	30	Mammon The Bower of Bliss .	51	Ulysses and the Siren .	75
	30	Mutability, I	57 61	Delia :	
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF		Mutability, II	64	Sonnet xL	75
Surrey (1517?-1547)			0.4	Sonnet XLI	76
Give place, ye Lovers A Worthier Wight than	30	JOHN LYLY (1554?-1606)		Sonnet L	76
Helen	2 7	Sing to Apollo, God of	68	Epistle of the Lady Mar-	
The Golden Gift that	31	What Bird so sings, yet	08	garet, Countess of Cum- berland	76
Nature did thee give .	31	so does wail?	68	Literature .	77
In Spring	31	Apelles' Song	68	The Power of Eloquence	77
		ix			"

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-		Tell me where is Fancy		Turn all thy Thoughts to	
1631)		bred	113	* Eyes	125
Comment	27	Under the Greenwood		Rose - cheek'd Laura,	
	77	Tree	113	come	125
Agincourt		Blow, blow, thou Winter		A Hymn in praise of Nep-)
To the Virginian Voyage	79	Wind	113	tune	125
Nymphidia	79	Take, O take those Lips	5		
Description of a Day in	86	away	113	SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-	
"The Muses' Elysium"	00	Come, thou Monarch of		1639)	
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE		the Vine	113	The Character of a Happy	
(1564-1593)		Hark, hark the Lark .	113	Life	126
	86	Fear no more the heat	3	To his Mistress, the	
Fragment	00	o' the Sun	114	Oueen of Bohemia ,	126
Hero and Leander:		Come unto these yellow	***	Upon the Death of Sir	
Who ever loved, that		Sands	114	Albertus Morton's Wife	126
loved not at first	06	Full Fathom Five	114		
sight?	86	Where the Bee sucks .	114	SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569–1626)	
Who taught thee rhe-			114	A proud and yet a	
toric to deceive a	0	Orpheus with his Lute .	114	wretched Thing .	120
maid?	87	Roses, their sharp Spines	774	An Acclamation	120
The Passionate Shepherd	0-	being gone	114		
to his Love	87	Scenes and Passages from the		THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-	
SIR WALTER RALEIGH		Plays:		1641 ?)	
		Some Salve for Perjury		Lullaby	120
The Maid's Reply to the	0.0	(Love's Labour's Lost,		O sweet Content!	120
Passionate Shepherd	88	iv. 3) .	114	The merry month of May	12
Anonymous Songs		Romeo and Juliet (Romeo			
	88	and Juliet, ii. 2).	115	BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)	
Phyllida's Love-call	88	The Fairies (Midsummer-		Epitaph on Salathiel	
Love wing'd my Hopes	00	Night's Dream, ii. 1) .	117	Pavy, a Child of Queen	
My Love in her attire	90	In Such a Night (Merchant		Elizabeth's Chapel .	12
doth show her wit	89	of Venice, v. I)	119	Epitaph on Elizabeth,	
Weep you no more, sad	90	How sweet the moon-		L.H	12
Fountains	89	light sleeps upon this		To the World. A Fare-	
Sister, awake I close not	0-	bank (Merchant of		well for a Gentlewoman	
your Eyes!	89	Venice, v. I)	120	virtuous and noble .	12
Now have I learn'd	89	The Death of Cleopatra		That Women are but	
Love not me for comely		(Antony and Cleopaira,		Men's Shadows	12
Grace	89	V. 2)	120	To Celia:	12
Break of Day	89	Perdita (Winter's Tale,		Epode	12
Town Courtment		iv. 4)	120	The Triumph of Charis .	12
JOHN CHALKHILL	0.0	The Epilogue (Tempest,		In the Person of Woman-	
Coridon's Song	89	iv. 1)	122	kind. A Song Apolo-	
CHARLES BEST (floruit 1602)				getic	12
A Sonnet of the Moon .	90	THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601)		A Nymph's Passion	13
A Sommet of the moon .	90	Spring, the sweet Spring	122	To the Memory of my Be-	- 5
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-		In Time of Pestilence .	122	loved, the Author, Mr.	
1616)				William Shakespeare,	
Lucrece	90	THOMAS CAMPION (died 1619)		and what he hath left	
Sonnets I, III, V	107	Follow thy fair Sun, un-		us	13
XV, XVII, XVIII, XIX,	/	happy Shadow	123	In short measures life	- 3
XXIII, XXV, XXIX,		When to her lute Corinna		may perfect be	13
XXX	108	sings	123	Slow, slow, fresh fount	13
XXXIII, LII, LIV, LVII,		Follow your Saint, follow		The Kiss	13
LX, LXIV, LXV	109	with accents sweet .	123	Queen and Huntress,	- 3
LXVI, LXXI, LXXIII, XC,		Blame not my cheeks,		chaste and fair .	13
XCV, XCVII, XCVIII .	IIO	though pale with love		Swell me a Bowl with	- 3
CII, CIV, CVI, CXVI,	110	they be	123	lusty Wine	13
CXXVIII, CXXIX,		When thou must home to		Still to be neat, still to be	- 3
CXXXII, CXLIII.	III	shades of Underground	124		13
CXLVI	II2	The Man of Life upright.	124	Ode. To himself .	13
en 1	112	Never weather - beaten		The Hue and Cry after	- 3
Spring	112	Sail	124		13
Winter What is	112	Give Beauty all her Right	124	Cupid	13
she?	112	The peaceful Western		Witches' Doings	13
You spotted snakes with		Wind	124		. 3
double tongue		Thrice toss these oaken		JOHN DONNE (1573 ?-1631)	
The Ousel-cock, so Black		ashes in the Air		Song	13
		Come, O come, my Life's	3	The Dream	13
Sigh no more, Ladies .		Delight	125	The Message	13
Come away, come away,		There is a Garden in her	3	A Valediction: forbid-	
77 17		-	125	81 N.E. 1	13
Death	3	X	3		
		A			

	I	· ·	PAGE		PACIFIC
	PAGE			To Primroses fill'd with	
The Ecstasy	135	WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-		morning Dew	150
The Funeral	135	1649)		To the Willow Tree .	150
Sonnet	136	Sonnet	142		150
Sonnet	136	Change should breed	1	To Anthea, who may com-	
Sonnet	136	Change	142	mand him anything .	150
To Christ	136	Song	142	To Meadows	151
	* 30	The Book of the World	142	Upon a Child that died .	151
RICHARD BARNFIELD (1574-			- 1	To Daffodils	151
1627)		The World a Game	143	The Mad Maid's Song .	151
An Ode	136	Town Dame (Acresit v 600)		To Œnone	151
	234	JOHN FORD (floruit 1639)			
THOMAS HEYWOOD (died		The Broken Heart .	143	To Blossoms	152
1650?)				His Winding-sheet	152
Pack, Clouds, away! .	137	GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)		The Apparition of his	
	-37	Shall I, wasting in De-		Mistress calling him to	
Ye Little Birds that sit			143	Elysium	152
and sing	137	spair	-40	The Night - piece, to	_
JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)		The Muse comforts the			153
	137	Poet in Prison. From		The Hag	153
Song to Pan	- 3/	"The Shepherd's Hunt-	1		- 53
Amoret Woo'd by the	7.00	ing "	143	His Grange, or Private	
River-God	137	- 4003	- 1	Wealth	153
Away, Delights!	138	GILES FLETCHER (1588?-		A Hymn to the Muses .	154
Now the lusty Spring is		1623)		Upon Julia's Clothes .	154
seen	138	Christ tempted by Vain-		An Ode for Ben Jonson .	154
Hear, ye Ladies that	_		144	His Litany to the Holy	
despise	138	_ 6		Spirit	154
	138	Judas	144		- 54
Care-charming Sleep	-	Werran Program (rear 1642)		A Thanksgiving to God	V = 4
God Lyæus, ever young	139	WILLIAM BROWNE (1591-1643?)	'	for his House	154
Orpheus I am, come from		Song	145	The Dirge of Jephthah's	
the Deeps below	139	Welcome, welcome, do I		Daughter. Sung by	
Arm, arm, arm, arm! .	139	sing	145	the Virgins	155
Oh, fair sweet Face .	139	Sonnet	145	Grace for a Child	156
Come, ye servants of		Epitaph. On the Count-		A Christmas Carol sung	
proud Love	139			to the King in the	
Hence, all you vain De-	-07	ess Dowager of Pem-			156
	7.20	broke	145	Presence at Whitehall	150
lights .	139	The Birds' Concert .	145	HENRY KING (1592-1669)	
Merciless Love	140	D 17 /- 402 +674\		Tell me no more how	
Weep no more, nor sigh		ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)			156
nor groan	140	To Perilla	145	fair she is	
Man his own Star	140	To Robin Red-breast .	146	GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)
BEAUMONT OR FLETCHER		The Rosary	146	Love	156
			146	Easter Song	156
Come, Sleep	140	Cherry-ripe	240	Sin	157
'Tis Mirth that fills the		The Rock of Rubies, and	6		
veins with Blood .	140	the Quarry of Pearls .	146	The Quip	157
Come, you whose Loves		Delight in Disorder .	146	The Pearl	157
are dead	140	The Bag of the Bee .	146	Virtue	157
Lay a Garland on my		His Parting from Mistress		The Pulley	152
	T.40	Dorothy Kennedy .	146	Love Unknown	158
Hearse	140	To Dianeme	146	The Flower	158
JOHN WEBSTER (1580?-1625?)		To Music	146	Discipline	159
A Dirge	140	Corinna's Going a-May-		Love	159
Man does flourish but his			146		- 33
eres t		ing		JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)	
Time	140	The Lily in a Crystal .	147	Death the Last Victor:	
PHINEAS FLETCHER (1582-		To live merrily and to		From "Cupid and	
1650)		trust to Good Verses .	148	Death : A Masque "	159
	7.41	To Violets	148	From "The Contention	- 3.
An Hymn	141	To the Virgins, to make		of Airmand Illustra	160
RICHARD CORBET (1582-1635)		much of Time	148	of Ajax and Ulysses "	100
Farewell Rewards and		His Poetry his Pillar .	148	THOMAS CAREW (1598?-	
			140	1639 ?)	
Fairies	141	A Meditation for his	- 40	To A. L. Persuasions	
PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-1640)	Mistress	149		160
Why art thou slow, thou		To Music, to becalm his		to Love	
		Fever	149	Celia Singing	16:
Rest of Trouble, Death	141	Best to be Merry	149	Boldness in Love	16
FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-				Madinamitar in Lava Pa-	
1616)		To the Rose. A Song.	149	Mediocrity in Love Re-	
		To the Rose. A Song. The Coming of Good	149	jected	16
On the Tombs in West-		The Coming of Good		jected	16
and an Address		The Coming of Good	149	jected . To my Inconstant Mis-	16
minster Abbey	141	The Coming of Good Luck		jected	
Song, from a Masque	141	The Coming of Good Luck		jected To my Inconstant Mistress Upon Master W. Mon-	
Song, from a Masque The Mermaid Tavern.	141	The Coming of Good Luck		jected To my Inconstant Mistress Upon Master W. Montague's return from	16
Song, from a Masque The Mermaid Tavern From the Letter to	141	The Coming of Good Luck The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home. To the RightHonourableMild- may, Earl of Westmore	149	jected To my Inconstant Mistress Upon Master W. Montague's return from Travel	16
Song, from a Masque The Mermaid Tavern.	141	The Coming of Good Luck The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home. To the RightHonourableMild- may, Earl of Westmor-		jected To my Inconstant Mistress Upon Master W. Montague's return from Travel	16

		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
THO	MAS RANDOLPH (1605-	11100	A Constant Lover	195	CHAPTER CORROW (1610-1682)	FAUL
1110			Cama		CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687)	
	1635)		Song	195	To my dear and most	
	Love's Religion	162	Song	195	worthy friend, Mr.	
	An Ode to Master An-		WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-		Izaak Walton	210
	thony Stafford to hasten				12002 11002	210
		-60	1643)		JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)	
	him into the Country.	102	To Venus	195		
	Sports, and the Puri-				From "Absalom and	
	tans. From the "Cots-		JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF		Achitophel '':	
	wold Eclogue " .	163	Montrose (1612-1650)		Lord Shaftesbury .	210
***			My dear and only Love .	195	Villiers, Duke of Buck-	
WIL	LIAM HABINGTON (1605-		my done and only bove .	•95	ingham	211
	1654)		SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680)		From "MacFlecknoe; or	
	Nox Nocti indicat Scien-		Sir Hudibras: his Re-			
	4.7	.60			a Satire on the True-	
	tiam	163	ligion	196	Blue-Protestant Poet,	
SIR	WILLIAM D'AVENANT		Hudibras in the Stocks.	196	T.S."	211
0-20	(1606–1668)	163	RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?-		From "Religio Laici":	
		_				
	Song	163	1649)		Reason and Religion .	211
Env	UND WALLER (1606-		Wishes. To his (supposed)		The Authority of the	
E.DR			Mistress	196	Church	211
	1687)		Music's Duel	198	A Song for St. Cecilia's	
	Go, Lovely Rose!	163		190	Day, November 22,	
	On a Girdle	164	An Epitaph on a young			
		-	married couple dead		1687	212
	Last Verses	164	and buried together .	199	Theodore and Honoria.	212
ANO	NYMOUS		A Hymn. To the Name		Veni Creator Spiritus .	216
2 2210						
	Why should I wrong my		and Honour of the Ad-		WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL	
	Judgement so?	164	mirable Saint Teresa .	199	of Roscommon (1633-	
T			From "The Flaming		1685)	
Јон	N MILTON (1608-1674		Heart." To Saint			
	On the Morning of		Teresa	201	The Day of Judgement.	
	Christ's Nativity .	164			Translated from Dies	
	At a Solemn Music .	166	SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-		irae, dies illa	216
			1669)			
	L'Allegro	167			THOMAS TRAHERNE (1634?-	
	Il Penseroso	168	To the Thames. From		1674)	
	Arcades:		"Cooper's Hill".	201	777 1	010
	II. Song	170	ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-			217
	III. Song	170			SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1635?-	
		1/0	1667)		1691)	
	From "Comus":		From the Essay "Of			
	The Revel	170	Solitude"	201	Song	217
	The Lady's song .	170	The Grasshopper	202	CHARLES SAGRESTED TORR	
	Invocation to Sabrina:		The Wish		CHARLES SACKVILLE, LORD	
	She gives her Aid	171	THE WISH	202	BUCKHURST (EARL OF	
	The Spirit Epiloguizes		RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-		DORSET) (1638-1706)	
	Y 1 1	171	1658)		Song. Written at sea, in	
	Lycidas	172			the first Dutch War,	
	Sonnet xvIII: On the		To Althea, from Prison .	203		
	Late Massacre in Pie-		To Lucasta: going to		1665, the night before an	
	mont	174	the Wars	203	Engagement	218
	Sonnet xix: On his	-/-				
			WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE		SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639 ?-	
	Blindness	174	(1619–1689)		1701)	
	Sonnet xxIII: On his		A Love-letter	203	To a very young Lady .	218
	Deceased Wife	174		- 5	Song	
	Paradise Lost:		ANDREW MARVELL (1621-			219
	Book I	174	1678)		Phyllis is my only Joy .	219
	Deal- II	181	Dommudos	204	JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF	
				204		
	Book III: Invocation	190	A Dialogue between the		ROCHESTER (1647-1680)	
	Book IV: Satan		Resolved Soul and		Love and Life: a Song.	219
	Troubled	191	Created Pleasure .	204	Absent from thee I lan-	
	Book IV: Satan defies		The Nymph complaining		guish still	219
	Gabriel	191	for the Death of her			
	Book XII: The Arch-	- 3-	Fawn	205	Upon drinking in a Bowl	219
				~	Constancy: a Song .	220
	angel leads Adam and		The Garden	206	To His Mistress	220
	Eve out of Paradise	192	To his Coy Mistress .	206	From "A Satire against	
	Paradise Regained:		An Horatian Ode upon		Mankind".	220
	The Temptation of		Cromwell's Return			
	77 1 1	193	from Ireland	207	WILLIAM WALSH (1663-1708)	
	Chorus from "Samson	- 93	arous arounds	201	Rivals	220
			HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695)		1(1/4)10 + + + + +	220
	Agonistes ''	193	The Retreat	208	MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721)	
SIR	JOHN SUCKLING (1609-					
DIK			The Dawning	208	To a Child of Quality, Five	
	1642)		Man	209	Years Old, the Author	
	A Ballad upon a Wed-		They are all gone into the		supposed Forty	220
	ding	193	777 - 77 - 67 - 74	209	An Ode	221
		10	.,,			

P/	AGE		PAGE		PAGE
	21	THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)		ROBERT GRAHAM, OF GART-	2
The Lady who offers her		Ode. On a distant Pros-		MORE (1735-1797)	
Looking-glass to Venus 2	21	pect of Eton College .	240	If doughty Deeds	26
Answer to Cloe jealous . 2	21	Elegy written in a Coun-			20,
An Epitaph 2	222	try Churchyard .	241	JOHN LOGAN (1748-1788) or	
		The Progress of Poesy. A		MICHAEL BRUCE (1746-	
WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-		Pindaric Ode	242	1767)	
1729)		The Bard. A Pindaric		Ode to the Cuckoo .	263
Amoret 2	222	Ode	243	LADY ANNE LINDSAY (1750-	
ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF		Ode on the Pleasure		1825)	
Winchilsea (1661-		arising from Vicissi-		Auld Robin Gray .	264
1720)		tude	245		202
	22	The Descent of Odin. Ar	n.	ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-	
A Noctulial Neverle . 2	24	Ode	245	1774)	
JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)		WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)	1	Braid Claith	264
The Beasts' Confession to		Ode to Simplicity	246	THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-	
the Priest. (On observ-		Ode. Written in the	240	1770)	
ing how most men mis-		beginning of the year		Minstrel's Song	26
	23	1746	246	GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832)	
	ŭ	Ode to Evening	247		-6-
Joseph Addison (1672-1719)		. The Passions. An Ode	-4/	From "The Village".	265
	25	for Music	247	From "The Borough"	
Marlborough at Blenheim		Ode on the Death of Mr.	-4/	The Dream of the Con-	
(From The Campaign) 2	25	Thomson	248	demned Highway-	266
THOMAS PARNELL(1679-1718)		Dirge in Cymbeline .	249	man	
4 707 4 4 4 7 70 44	25		-45	The Lover's Journey	267
	25	TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT		WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)	
EDWARD YOUNG (1683-1765)		(1721-1771)		To Spring	270
From Satire VI 2	26	Ode to Leven Water .	249	To the Evening Star .	270
Torra CAR (1604 1800)		MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770)		Song	270
John GAY (1685-1732)	- 1	Inscription for a Grotto .	249	Song	271
Sweet William's Farewell		-	~43	Song	271
to Black-eyed Susan.	_	CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-		To the Muses	271
A Ballad 2	26	1771)		A War Song to English-	
The Hare and Many		A Song to David	249	men	271
Friends. A Fable 2	27	JANE ELLIOT (1727-1805)		Songs of Innocence, In-	
THOMAS TICKELL (1686-1740)	- 1	The Flowers of the Forest	067	troduction	271
To the Earl of Warwick.			251	Laughing Song	272
on the Death of Mr.		OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-		Nurse's Song	272
	28	1774)		Night	272
		The Deserted Village .	251	The Tiger	272
ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758)		WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)		The Clod and the Pebble.	273
My Peggy is a young		A Comparison. Address-		Ah! Sunflower	273
Thing 2	28	ed to a Young Lady .	000	The Garden of Love .	273
ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)	- 1	To the Swallow. (From	255	The Schoolboy	273
	28	the Greek)	255	The Land of Dreams	273
	32	Boadicea: an Ode .	255	ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)	
	32	The Diverting History of	255	Green grow the Rashes, O	274
HENRY CAREY (died 1742)		John Gilpin	256	M'Pherson's Farewell .	274
Sally in our Alley 2	35	Epitaph on a Hare	258	The Silver Tassie	274
JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)		Descriptions, from "The		Of a' the Airts	274
	!	Task ":		John Anderson my Jo .	274
	36	From Book I	258	Willie brew'd a Peck o'	
	36	From Book V	-30	Maut	275
Rule Britannia 2	36	The Woodman's Dog	259	Tam Glen	275
JOHN DYER (1700 ?-1758)		From Book VI	259	Ae Fond Kiss	275
From "Grongar Hill" . 2	27	The Poplar Field	260	O, Leeze me on my	
	3/ [On the Loss of the Royal		Spinnin-Wheel	275
Samuel Johnson (1709–1784)	- 1	George	260	A Red, Red Rose	276
From "The Vanity of	- 1	On the Receipt of my		Auld Lang Syne	276
Human Wishes " . 2;	37	Mother's Picture out of		It was a' for our Rightfu'	_
On the Death of Mr.		Norfolk	260	King	276
Robert Levet, a prac-		Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin .	261	Saw ye Bonie Lesley .	276
	39	To Mary	262	Last May a Braw Wooer	277
RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785)		The Castaway	262	My Nanie's Awa	277
		WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (?)		Scots, wha Hae	277
Admiral Hosier's Ghost.				Ca' the Yowes to the	0-0
Written on the taking		(1735-1788)		Knowes	278
of Carthagena from the	20	There's nae Luck about	060	Is there for honest	0-0
Spaniards, 1739 . 23	39 [the House	263	poverty	278
		XIII			

ROBERT BURNS—continued O, were my Love . 275 Mary Morison . 275 Mary Morison . 275 Mary Morison . 275 Mary Morison . 275 The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Death and Crit Atlant To All Helmont : on the Death of Male To All Helmont : on the Venetian Republic : on the Subjugation of Readers To All Helmont : on the Venetian Republic : on the Subjugation of Readers The Salutine (Too In the Venetian Republic : on the Venetian Republic : on the Subjugation of Readers The Laird of Cockpen : 284 The Laid of Cockpen : 284 The Laid of Cockpen : 284 The All Helmont : on the Venetian Republic		PAGE		MANAGES IN	l control of the cont	PAG
O, were fivo in the Country Ye flowery Banis . 278 Ye flowery Banis . 279 O, were thou in the Cauld The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Flough, November 1788. 280 Address to the Dell . 282 WILLIAM LISTE BOWLES WILLIAM LISTE BOWLES JOANNA BAILITE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) Say prosed to be written (1760-1845) MILLIAM LOWOMWORTH(1770-1850) MY Heart leaps up . 284 WILLIAM LOWOMWORTH(1770-1850) MY Heart leaps up . 285 Supposed to be written MILLIAM Linown on have I known . 284 MILLIAM Linown on have I known . 285 She was a Phanton of Delight . 286 The Address of Passion have I known . 287 The Addition of Margaret . 286 Michael A Pastoral Foem . 286 Michael A Pastoral Foe	ROBERT BURNS—continued		The World is too much		Lochinvar (from Mar-	
Mary Morison 278 Ye flowery Banks 279 O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast 279 The Death and Dying 279 The	O. were my Love	278	with us	200		314
Ye flowery Banks . 2, 0, wert thou in the Cauld Blast . 259 The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile 277 The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maile 277 The Death and Dying 277 The Dough November 1, 284 Thirth Lair 167 The Cockpen 284 The Mall Lago 279 The Dough November 284 The Lair 167 The Cockpen 284 The Lair 167 The Lair 167 The Cockpen 285 The Tables Turned 270 The Death and Dying 277 The Dyi						314
O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast				299		
Bilast		2/9				31
The Death and Dysine Words of Foor Maile To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Plough, November 1783 1784 1785 1785 1786 1786 1786 1786 1786 1786 1786 1786						
Words of Poor Mailie To a Mouse: on turning her up in his nest with the Plough, November 1785 1785 1785 1785 WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence . 283 JOANNA BAILIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1851) SAWISH. 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRHE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnes . 284 WILLIAM Carlon Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnes . 284 WILLIAM Supposed to be written at Lemnes . 284 WILLIAM Carlon Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnes . 284 WILLIAM Carlon Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnes . 284 WILLIAM Carlon Cockpen . 284 The Reverle of Poor Song at the Feast of The Ceren Linnet . 290 To the Cuckoo . 291 SS hepiside States and Inde- pendence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Inde- pendence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Inde- pendence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Shower . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan and Inde- pendence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan Susan Sun and Shower . 291 The Shiram Sun and Shower . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverle of Poor Susan Susa		279		299	of the Lake)	310
Words of Poor Mailie To a Mouse : on turnling her up in his nest with the Plough, Noveman the Plough, Noveman The Solitary Reaper 1785 1785 Shanter 286 WILLIAM Liste Bowles (1762-1851) On leaving a Place of Residence 283 JOANNA BAILIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRRE (1706-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmes WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770- 1850) My Heart leaps up Strange Fits of Passion have I known She dwelt among the untrodden ways I travelled among unknown men thood among the Control of Prought of Stepping Westward On the Strington of the Steptem— The Shidle Song (sung 5 to Witerland Condon, 1802 I travelled among unknown of the Poparture of Sir Walter Scott from Ab- botsford, for Naples The French Revolution The Green Linnet 295 The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Poer The Green Linnet 295 The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Poer The Green Linnet 295 The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Poer The Green Linnet 295 The Reverie of Poor Susan The Shidle Are Feast of Brougham Castle 295 The Salitary The Lay of the Last Ministral) The Lay of the Last Ministral Word The Lay of the Las	The Death and Dying		To a Highland Girl. At In-		Brignal Banks (from	
To a Mouse : on turning her up in his nest with the Plough, November 1785 and the Plough of	Words of Poor Mailie	279	versneyde, upon Loch			316
her up in his nest with the Plough, November 1785 200 Tam of Shanter 280 Tam of Shanter 2				200		3-
the Flough, November 1785 Tam o' Shanter 280 Address to the Deil 282 WILLIAM LISIE BOWLES (1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? 284 SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmos 285 Supposed to be written at Lemmos 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 I travelled among unknown men Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the natrodden ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret Margaret The Affliction ways . 285 I travelled among the Narown men Margaret						276
Tamo 'Shanter 280 Tamo 'Shanter 280 Tamo 'Shanter 280 Tamo 'Shanter 280 WILLIAM LISIE BOWLES (1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence 292 JOANNA BAILLE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? 284 SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 Thomas RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmos . 284 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH(1770-1859) My Heart leaps up 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 The Affiction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Foem 297 To the Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phanton of Delight . 291 Three years she grew th Composed a few more at the Cuckoo . 291 The Reverie of Poor Susan . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverie of Poor Susan . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Shepherd-Lord, From Song at the Feast of Browless at the Commence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Shepherd-Lord, From Song at the Feast of Browless of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 . 295 To a Skylark . 297 Laodamia . 299 It is a Beautous Evening . 299 It is not be thought of a Britton on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic . 300 Thought of a Britton on . 302 London, 1502 It is not to be Thought of a Britton of the Evening . 302 It is not be Thought of a Britton on . 302 It is not be Thought of a Britton of . 302 It is not be Thought of a Britton on . 302 It is not be Thought of a Britton of						316
Tam o' Shanter 280 Address to the Deil 282 WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1836) On leaving a Place of Residence 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) SAW ye Johnmie comin'? 284 SAMUEL RODERS (1763-1851) A Wish 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 Thomas Russell (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmes 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up 285 The Laird o' Cockpen 285 Millel Roders of Laird o' Cockpen 285 Millel Roders of Laird o' Cockpen 285 Millel Roders of Laird o' Cockpen 285 Character of the Happy Warrior at Lemmes 285 The False Turned 300 Character of the Happy Warrior 285 May Bailt and Stower 285 More Administration 300 Character of the Happy Warrior 300 Character of the Happy 300 Chara		- 0 -		300		31;
Address to the Deil 282 WILLIAM LISIE BOWLES (1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence . 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) 82 SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) 84 A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NARNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmos . 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 I travelled among unknown men . 285 I travelled among . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Revere of Poor Sussan . 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal						319
Milliam Lisle Bowles (1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1765-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemmos 284 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways 285 I travelled among unknown men 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways 285 I travelled among unknown men 285 Michael A PastoralPoez 286 The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo 291 The Green Linnet 290 The Reverie of Poor 291 The Reverse of Poor 291 The Reverse of Poor 291 A Slumber did my Spirrl seal				301	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.	319
(1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence . 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin? 284 A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NARNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 285 Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 I travelled among unknown men . 285 I travelled among . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Reverie of Poor Sussa and Shower . 291 I wandered lonely as a Cloud	Address to the Deil .	282	On the Extinction of the		Donald Caird's Come	
(1762-1850) On leaving a Place of Residence . 283 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin? 284 A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NARNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 285 Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 I travelled among unknown men . 285 I travelled among . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Green Linnet . 290 The Reverie of Poor Sussa and Shower . 291 I wandered lonely as a Cloud	WILLIAM TICLE BOWLES		Venetian Republic .	301	Again .	319
The Samuel Rogers (1763-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comm'? 284 SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish. 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1768-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 The Maint Samuel Rogers (1768-1846) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 Supposed to be written at Lennos 285 Sirange Fits of Passion have I known 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways 285 I travelled among unknown men 285 The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Poem Michael Michae						0 - 3
Switzerland 302 JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Saw ye Johnnie comin'? A Wish 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnos 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known men 285 The Foulded among unknown men 285 The Allicition of Margaret Michael. A Pastoral Poem The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo 291 She was a Phanton of Delight 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 293 The Shopkerd-Lord-From The Erelude, Book XII 395 The Shepherd-Lord-From The Erelude, Book XII 395 The Shepherd-Lord-From The French Revolution, as it appeared to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment 390 My Days among the Dead are past 390 Kilmeny 310 Sound sound the clarion (from Old Mortality) 300 Code to Duty 303 Contry Gry Grow Mell's Proud Maisie (from The Lay of the Last of the Goths" 1672-1841) The French Revolution of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood 305 The Mailston of Immortal to the Happy was a Phanton of Delight 305 The The Richogan And Shower 307 The Shepherd-Lord-From The Prelude, Book XII 307 The Shepkerd-Lord-From The Lay of the Last Minstrel) 309 The Hallad of Rosabelle (from The Lay of the Last Minstrel) 313 The Ballad of Rosabelle (from						
Common Fig. 284 1.0 1.	On leaving a Place of			202		-
JOANNA BAILLIE (1762–1851) Saw ye Johnnie comin'? 284 SANUEL ROGEES (1763–1855) A Wish . 284 CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845) The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762–1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH (1770–1859) My Heart leaps up . 285 Strange Pits of Passion have I known . 285 Strange Pits of Passion have I known men . 285 The Activation of Margaret 286 Michael A Pastoral Poen . 291 The Creen Linnet . 291 The Roverse Sound and Independenc . 291 The Robert And Strange . 302 The Fountain: a Conversation of the Mappy . 305 My Heart leaps up . 285 Strange Pits of Passion have I known . 285 Michael A Pastoral Poen . 286 The Creen Linnet . 291 The Roverse Sound and Independenc . 292 The Fountain: a Conversation of Strange . 302 The Fountain: a Conversation of Immorphism of Margaret . 303 Collections of Early Childhood . 305 The Fountain: a Conversation of Immorphism of Margaret . 305 The Fountain: a Conversation of Immorphism of Margaret . 306 The Green Linnet . 291 The Roverse Sound and Independenc . 292 The Fountain: a Conversation And Strange (from Old Moviality) . 302 The Fountain: a Conversation And Strange (from The Lay of the Happy . 302 The Fountain: a Conversation And Strange (from The Lay of the Last Ministrel) . 303 The Fountain: a Conversation And Strange (from The Lay of the Last Ministrel) . 305 The Shepherd-Lord From . 306 Sound, sound the learn of Six Muller (from The Lay of the Last Ministrel) . 307 The Shepherd-Lord From . 308 The French Revolution, as it appearach to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment . 309 The From "The Prelude," . 309 The From "The Prelude," . 309 The French Revolution, as it appearach to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment . 309 The French Revolution and Independence . 309 The Fountain: a Conversation of Immorphism of Margaret . 309 The French Revolution of Immorphism of The Lay of the Last Ministrel) . 309 The French Revolution of Immorphism of The Lay of the Last Ministrel) . 309 The French Revolution of Immorphism of The Collection of Early C	Residence .	283		-		320
Saw ye Johnnie comin? 2 284 SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish				_		
Memory After-thought. Closing a Series of Sonnets, "The River Duddon" (1766-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lennos 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways 1 travelled among unknown men 285 I travelled among unknown men 290 The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo 291 Three years she grew in 290 To the Cuckoo 291 Three years she grew in 292 Resolution and Independence 292 Hart-leap Well 293 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 Resolution and Independence 292 Hart-leap Well 293 The Shepherd-Lord, From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 295 Lines. Composed a few miltes above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye 295 Lines. Composed a few miltes above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye 295 Lack Ministrel) 295 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 297 Laodamia 297 Laodamia 297 Laodamia 297 Laodamia 298 Surprised by Joy 115 a Beauteous Evening 299 Where the Last Ministrel) 314 Memory After-thought. Closing a Series of Sonnets, The River of Maldothishin 302 The Floundain: a Conversation 303 After Landon 302 The Floundain: a Conversation 303 Chatacter of the Happy 303 Chatacter of the Happy 305 Chatacter of the Happy 305 Chatacter of the Pappy 305 Chatacter of the Papp	JOANNA BAILLIE (1702-1851)			302	well's Pocket - Book	
SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) A Wish	Saw ye Johnnie comin'?	284	When I have borne in		(from Old Mortality) .	320
A Wish		,	Memory	302		
A Wish						320
CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1/66-1845) The Laird o' Cockpen The Laird o' Cockpen The Laird o' Cockpen The Laird o' Cockpen The Mairne Supposed to be written at Lemnos Supposed to be written at Lemnos Supposed to be written at Lemnos 1850) My Heart leaps up Strange Fits of Passion have I known She dwelt among the untrodden ways The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Foem The Allican Sir Gested by a picture of Peele Castle, in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont The Green Linnet She dwelt among the unknown men known men The Affliction of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Foem The Freen Linnet She was a Phantom of Delight Three years she grew in Sun and Shower A Slumber did my Spirft seal Cloud The Fench Revolution, as it appeared to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment Susan Cloud The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle The Shepherd Lord From Song at the Feast of Browspam Castle	A Wish	284				220
The Laird o' Cockpen . 284 THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788) Supposed to be written at Lemnos				302		201
The Laird o' Cockpen				302		320
botsford, for Naples 302 The Tables Turned 302 The Fountain: a Conversation of the University of the Afficient of Margaret Michael A Pastoral Poem The Green Linnet 291 The Green Linnet 291 The Green Linnet 291 The Sun and Shower A Shanber did my Spirft seal Cloud 291 The Reverte of Poor Susan Resolution and Independence 292 Hart-leap Well 292 Hart-leap Well 293 Hart-leap Well 293 The Shepherd-Lord from Song at the Feast of Browspan Castle . Lines Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wee during a tour, July 13, 1798 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 299 It is a Beauteous Evening						
Supposed to be written at Lemnos . 284 WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1850) My Heart leaps up . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 The Affliction of Margaret . 285 Michael A Pastoral Poem . 291 The Green Linnet . 290 To the Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phantom of Delight	The Laird o' Cockpen	284				321
Supposed to be written at Lemnos	THOMAS RUSSELL (1762-1788)			302	County Guy (from Quen-	
The Fountain: a Conversation of the Happy Warrior			The Tables Turned .	302	tin Durward)	32
MULLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770- 1850) My Heart leaps up . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 The Affliction of Margaret . 285 Michael. A Pastoral Foem . 291 The Creen Linnet . 290 The Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phantom of Delight . 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower . 291 Resolution and Independence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Reverie of Poor Susan . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle . 295 Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 . 295 To a Skylark . 297 Last Minstrel) . 299 It is a Beauteous Evening . 290 It			The Fountain: a Conver-		Flora's Song (from The	
WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-1859) My Heart leaps up	at Lemnos	284	- 41	303		321
Character of the Happy Warrior Strange Fits of Passion have I known horitality from Recol. Strange Fits of Peelc Castle, in a torm mortality from Recol. From "The Prelude," Book I From "The Prelude," Book XI The French Revolution, as it appear ed to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment	WILLIAMWORDSWORTH(1770-					-
Warrior Strange Fits of Passion have I known				303	Donny Dundes	321
Strange Fits of Passion have I known . 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 I travelled among unknown men . 285 Michael A Pastoral Poem 286 The Affliction of Margaret 285 Michael A Pastoral Poem 286 The Green Linnet . 290 To the Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phantom of Delight . 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower . 291 A Slumber did my Spirft seal . 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan . 292 Resolution and Independence . 292 Hart-leap Well . 71 The Shepherd-Lord. From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle . 295 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle . 295 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle . 295 To a Skylark . 297 Surprised by Joy . 299 It fa a Beauteous Evening . 299 It fall many and fall the Lover rest (from Marmion) . 305 Imprised by a picture of Peede Castle, in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont		-0-	997		SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	
Strange Fits of Fassion have I known		285		304	(1772-1834)	
She dwelt among the untrodden ways . 285 I travelled among unknown men . 285 Michael. A PastoralPoem . 286 The Affliction of Margaret . 285 Michael. A PastoralPoem . 286 The Green Linnet . 290 To the Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phantom of Delight . 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower . 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal						
Travelled among unknown men 285 I travelled among unknown men 285 The Affliction of Margaret 285 Michael. A PastoralPoem 286 The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo 291 She was a Phantom of Delight 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower A Slumber did my Spirtt seal 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 Hart-leap Well 293 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 295 Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 To a Skylark 297 Surprised by Joy 299 It is a Beautous Evening 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 10	have I known	285	gested by a picture of			
I travelled among unknown men	She dwelt among the un-		Peele Castle, in a storm,			322
I travelled among unknown men		285	painted by Sir George			328
known men				305	Kubla Khan, or a Vision	
The Affliction of Margaret 285 Michael A Pastoral Poem 286 The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo 291 She was a Phantom of Delight . 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal . 292 I wandered lonely as a Cloud . 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan . 292 Hart-leap Well . 293 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle . 295 Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 . 295 To a Skylark . 297 Laodamia . 297 Surprised by Joy . 299 It fa a Beauteous Evening . 299 It fa a Beauteous Evening . 299 In the Cuckoo 290 In the Prelude," Book I 290 In the Prelude," Book XI 290 In the Cuckoo 290 In the Prelude," Book XI 290 In the Cuckoo 290 In th		081		3-3	in a Dream	334
Michael A Pastoral Poem 286 The Green Linnet 290 To the Cuckoo . 291 She was a Phantom of Delight . 291 Three years she grew in Sun and Shower . 291 A Slumber did my Spirt's seal 292 I wandered lonely as a Cloud 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan			41. 4		Youth and Age	33!
The Green Linnet To the Cuckoo To the Cuckoo She was a Phantom of Delight She was a Phantom of Delight Three years she grew in Sun and Shower A Slumber did my Spirit seal Sumdered lonely as a Cloud The Reverie of Poor Susan Susan She was a Phantom of Susan Shower Shower Susan Shower Susan Shower Susan Shower Susan Shower Shower Susan Shower Susan Shower Shower Susan Shower Shower Susan Shower Shower Shower Susan Shower Susan Shower Shower Shower Susan Shower Shower Shower Shower Susan Shower S						00.
To the Cuckoo She was a Phantom of Delight She was a Phantom of Book I Show I The Prelude," Book V Book I Book MI Book VI Book V Book I Book VI Book V Book I Book MI Book MI Book MI Book VI Book V Boo						
She was a Phantom of Delight		290		305	1843)	
She was a Phantom of Delight	To the Cuckoo	291	From "The Prelude,"		From "Roderick, the	
Three years she grew in Sun and Shower 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal 292 I wandered lonely as a Cloud 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 Resolution and Independence 292 Hart-leap Well 293 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 295 Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 295 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 297 Laodamia 299 It is a Beauteous Evening the Sulmery 299 It is a Beauteous Evening 291 I From "The Prelude," Book XI 308 From "The Prelude," Book XI 309 From "The Prelude," Book XI 100 From "The Prelude," Bo	She was a Phantom of		Book I	307		
Three years she grew in Sun and Shower 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal 292 I wandered lonely as a Cloud 292 The Reverie of Poor Susan 292 Resolution and Independence 292 Hart-leap Well 293 The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 295 Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 295 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 297 Surprised by Joy 299 It is a Beauteous Evening . 299 It is a Beauteous Evening . 291 Slumber did my Spirit Book XI Book XI Book XI The Prelude," Book XI AND Days among the Dead are past 3. Inester (1775-1841) Night and Death 3. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864) The Death of Artemidora 3. The Hamadryad 1. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 1. The Hamadryad 1. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 1. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 1. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 3. The Hamadryad 5. The Ballad of Rosabelle (from The Lay of t	Delight	201	From "The Prelude."			
Sun and Shower 291 A Slumber did my Spirit seal			Pools V	308		221
A Slumber did my Spirft seal		201		3-0		33!
The French Revolution, as it appeared to Enthusiasts at the Commence ment		291			70 111	
I wandered lonely as a Cloud						338
Cloud. The Reverie of Poor Susan		292				
Cloud. The Reverie of Poor Susan					Dead are past	339
Resolution and Independence		292				
Resolution and Independence	The Reverie of Poor		at the Commence-		3	
Resolution and Independence		292	ment	309	(1775-1841)	
Pendence	Resolution and Inde-	-		-	Night and Death	339
Hart-leap Well The Shepherd-Lord From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 Loadamia Ladamia Ladamia Latat Minstrel The Old Familiar Faces Hester 309 Kilmeny 310 SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771- 1832) My own, my Native Land (from The Lay of the Last Minstrel) The Ballad of Rosabelle (from The Lay of the Last Minstrel) Last Minstrel) Last Minstrel 313 The Hamacyad The Hamid's Lament 314 The Maid's Lament 315 The Haid's Lament 316 The Hamidryad The Maid's Lament 317 The Hamidryad The Hamidryad The Hamidryad The Hamid's Lament The Ballad of Rosabelle (from The Lay of the Last Minstrel) Last Minstrel) The Old Familiar Faces Hester 325 The Death of Artemi- dora The Hamidryad The Maid's Lament The Haid's Lament 327 The Hamidryad T		202		300		000
The Shepherd-Lord. From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle				209	CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)	
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle		293	JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)		The Old Familiar Faces	340
Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798					TT 4	340
Lines. Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Eanks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798				300		0.1
miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Eanks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 295 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 297 Surprised by Joy 299 It is a Beauteous Evening	Brougham Castle	295	~ = 0.00			
miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798 295 To a Skylark 297 Laodamia 297 Surprised by Joy 299 It is a Beauteous Evening	Lines. Composed a few		-	210		
Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798	miles above Tintern		SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-		The Death of Artemi-	
the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798	Abbey, on revisiting					340
during a tour, July 13, 1798	the Banks of the Wye					340
To a Skylark						
To a Skylark		000	2 . 3			343
Laodamia				313		
Surprised by Joy						343
It is a Beauteous Evening		297				
It is a Beauteous Evening	Surprised by Joy	299	Last Minstrel)	313.		343
ing 299 (from Marmion) . 314 smiled 34	It is a Beauteous Even-				Well I remember how you	
		200		314		343
		-,,		9-4		070

		PAGE	PAGE ,	PAGE
	Rose Aylmer	344	SIR AUBREY DE VERE (1788- JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)	
	Here, ever since you went		1846) On first looking in	to
	abroad	344	The Rock of Cashel . 362 Chapman's Homer	. 380
	Remain, ah not in youth	511	Hymn to Pan fro	
	alone	344	CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) "Endymion"	
	Mild is the parting year .	344	The Burial of Sir John The Indian Lady's Son	. 380
	Death stands above me.	-	Moore at Corunna . 362 From "Endymion"	
		344	Trom Endylmon	-
	To Age	344	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY Ode to a Nightingale	. 382
	I strove with none	344	(1792–1822) When I have Fears	• 383
ľ	HOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-		Stanzas, April 1814 . 362 Ode to Psyche .	• 383
	1844)		Hymn to Intellectual Fancy	. 384
	Hohenlinden	344	Beauty 363 The Human Seasons	
	Ye Mariners of England .	345	On Fanny Godwin . 363 Bards of Passion and	of
	The Battle of the Baltic .		Ozymandias	. 385
		345	From "Prometheus Un- Lines on the Merma	id
Ľ	HOMAS MOORE (1780-1852)		bound "— Tavern	. 385
	My Birthday	346	Song of a Spirit 364 Ode on a Grecian Urn	. 385
6	BENEZER ELLIOTT (1781-	-	Voice in the Air, sing-	. 386
2			ing—To Asia . 364 To Autumn .	. 386
	1849)			le.
	To the Bramble Flower	346		
A	LLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784-			. 386
Ī	1842)		Ode an Malant alan	. 386
			Jerrin 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1,	. 378
	The Sun Rises Bright in		To a Dance Minkland D	. 3/0
	France	346	Characters of 1819 . 365 In a Drear-Nighted D	
A	NONYMOUS		Ode to the West Wind . 365 cember	. 387
	Canadian Boat-Song .	347	The Indian Serenade . 366 To Sleep	• 387
		347	The Cloud 366 La Belle Dame sans	
ļ	AMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT		To a Skylark 367 Merci	. 387
	(1784–1859)	1	10 308 Dast Sonnet	. 388
	To the Grasshopper and	1	Song of Proserpine while Isabella; or, the Pot	
	the Cricket	347	gathering Flowers on Basil. A story fro	m
r	HOMAS LOVE PEACOCK		the Plain of Enna . 368 Boccaccio	. 388
ľ			The Hye of St Agnes	. 392
	(1785-1866)		The Question	s I 396
	The Grave of Love .	347	To the Moon 369 JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANA	AN
	Seamen Three	347	To Night 369 (1795–1829)	
	The War Song of Dinas			
	Vawr	347	To Emilia Vigiani	• 397
B	RYAN WALLER PROCTER		To George Darley (1795-184	.6)
Ĭ	(1787-1874)		- I've been Roaming	• 398
				• 398
	Sing a low Song	348	The Sec ritual	. 398
7	EORGE GORDON BYRON,		The Teller Cter	. 398
	LORD BYRON (1788-		A Bridge Song 3/0	
	1824)		-0.40	<u></u>
	When we two parted .	240	"Hellas " 370 1849)	
	She walks in Beauty	348	To Stella. From the Song	• 399
		348	Greek of Plato 371 To a Lofty Beaut	y,
1	Oh! snatch'd away in	0.0	Adonais. An Elegy on from her poor Kin	IS-
J	Beauty's Bloom	348	the Death of John man	. 399
1	The Destruction of Sen-		Keats, Author of Endy- WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (179	7-
1	nacherib	349	mion, Hyperion, &c 371 1835)	
И	Stanzas for Music	349	When the Lamp is shat-	200
	So we'll go no more a-		tered	• 399
ı	roving	349	To Jane: The Recol- IHOMAS HOOD (1799-1845)	
I	To Thomas Moore .	349	lection 376 Fair Ines	• 399
	Stanzas written on the		A Dirge	er 400
	road between Florence		The Triumph of Life. The Bridge of Sighs	. 400
	and Pisa	350	Introductory Verses . 377 SIR HENRY TAYLOR (1800	
ı	On this Day I complete		1886)	
ı	my thirty-sixth year .	350	Torre Cr. pp (1801-1964)	407
1	From "Childe Harold's		Tuly a a 378	• 401
ı	Pilgrimage "-		* * WITTIAM BARNES (IXOD=IXX	6)
ı	Waterloo	350	Culver Dell and the	-
ı	Dracheniels	351	JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART Squire	. 401
	Rome .	351	(1794-1854) Wayfearen	. 402
ı	Ocean		TO 3 COM	he 402
۱	From "The Giaour"	352	Beyond	
1	Sonnet on Chillon	352	737	. 402
۱	The Isles of Greece	353	1	. 402
ı		353	777	. 403
	The Vision of Judgement	354 1	Thanatopsis	. 403

	PAGE		PAGE	ms	DAGE
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAU-		The Lady of Shalott .	413	The Lost Mistress .	443
LAY, LORD MACAULAY		The Lotos-eaters	415	Meeting at Night	444
(1800–1859)		A Dream of Fair Women	417	Parting at Morning .	444
Epitaph on a Jacobite.	404	St. Agnes' Eve	420	Evelyn Hope Home-thoughts, from	444
RALPH WALDO EMERSON		Morte D'Arthur	420	Abroad	444
(1803-1882)		Ulysses	422	Home-thoughts, from the	444
	404	Sir Galahad	423	Sea	444
Brahma	404	Guinevere	424	In a Year	445
THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES		A Farewell	424	The Last Ride To-	447
(1803–1849)		Break, Break, Break	424	gether	445
Dream-Pedlary	404	As thro' the Land at Eve	4-4	An Epistle	446
Song	404	we went	424	Containing the strange	
Dirge	404	Cradle Song	425	Medical Experience	
GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840)		The Splendour falls on		of Karshish, the Arab	
Eileen Aroon	405	Castle Walls	425	Physician	
	1 3	Tears, idle Tears	425	Andrea del Sarto .	449
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN		Thy Voice is heard thro'		Abt Vogler	45I
(1803-1849)		rolling Drums	425	Rabbi Ben Ezra	453
Dark Rosaleen	405	Now sleeps the crimson		AUBREY DE VERE (1814-	
Siberia	406	Petal, now the white	425	1902)	
RICHARD HENRY HORNE		Come down, O Maid,		The Sun God	Ace
(1803-1884)		from yonder Mountain	400	0	455
Pelters of Pyramids .	406	Height	425	Human Life	455
•		From "In Memoriam	106	The Wedding of the Clans.	455
ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER		A. H. H."	426	A Girl's Babble	455
(1804-1875)		Birds in the high Hall-	410		433
The Song of the Western		Garlen	430	EMILY BRONTE (1818-1848)	
Men	407	In the Garden	430	Remembrance	456
EDWARD WALSH (1805-1850)		O that 'twere possible . The Brook	431	Stanzas	456
			431	Last Lines	456
Kitty Bhan	40/	CD243	431 432	CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-	
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWN-		Northern Farmer. Old	432		
ING (1806-1861)		Style	432	1875)	
"Sonnets from the Por-		In the Valley of Cauteretz		Young and Old	
tuguese," I, III, VI, XIV	407	Requiescat	434		457
"Sonnets from the				ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH	
Portuguese," XVIII		EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-	`	(1819–1861)	
XXXVIII, XLIII	408	1883)		Say not, the Struggle	
The Soul's Expression .		Old Song	434	nought availeth	457
Irreparableness	408	Rubáiyát of Omar Khay-		Away, Haunt thou not me	457
A Musical Instrument .	408	yám of Naishápúr .	434	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	
FREDERICK TENNYSON (1807-		EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-		(1819-1891)	
1898)		1849)		The Petition	457
Thirty-first of May .	409	To Helen	439		
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH		To One in Paradise .	439	WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)	
(1807-1886)		The Haunted Palace .	439	O Captain my Captain	452
4.4	410	Annabel Lee	439	SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON	
Alma	410	OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES		(1821-1901)	
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER		(1809–1894)		1 0	458
(1807-1892)		The Chambered Nautilus	440		
M, Psalm	410	SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON (1810-		MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-	
HENRY WADSWORTH LONG-		1886)		1888)	
FELLOW (1807-1882)		The Fair Hills of Ireland	440		458
Paul Revere's Ride	411	Cean Dubh Deelish	441	Sohrab and Rustum .	
1 aut Nevete's Mide	411	The Lapful of Nuts	441	The Neckan	466
HELEN SELINA, LADY DUF-				The Scholar Gipsy .	466
FERIN (1807-1867)		WILLIAM BELL SCOTT (1811-		Thyrsis	469
The Lament of the Irish	t.	1890)		WILLIAM [JOHNSON] CORY	
Emigrant	412	The Witch's Ballad	441	(1823-1892)	
CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER	2	ROBERT BROWNING (1812-		Mimnermus in Church .	471
(1808–1879)		1889)		Amaturus	471
The Forest Glade	412	From "Paracelsus." Over			
Letty's Globe	413	the sea our gallevs went	442	COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON	
		From "Paracelsus." Thus	3	PATMORE (1823-1890)	
ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD		the Mayne glideth .	443	The Revelation. From	
TENNYSON (1809-1892)		From "Pippa Passes."		"The Angel in the	
Mariana	413	You'll love me yet .	443	House".	472

	EVALUE I				
The Spirit's Epochs.		RODEN BERKELEY WRIO-		Deep in my Gathering	
From "The Angel in		THESLEY NOEL (1834-		Garden	504
the House"	472	1894)			504
Love's Perversity. From	4/-	A Milk-white bloomed			204
to The Angel in the				ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	
"The Angel in the	480	Acacia Tree (from A		(1850-1894)	
House"	472	Little Child's Monu-		Requiem	505
The Toys	473	ment)	490	The Celestial Surgeon	505
Amelia	473	JAMES THOMSON (1834-1882)		A Mile an' a Bittock	
SIDNEY DOBELL (1824-1874)		From "The City of			505
	422.5			Windy Nights	505
	475	Dreadful Night":		PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON	
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824-		XIII	491	(1850–1887)	
1889)		From "Sunday up the			404
The Winding Banks of		River "	491	The Rose and the Wind.	505
Erne	475	WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)		EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY	
The Fairies	476			(1855-1891)	
	4/0	Atalanta's Race	491		
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI		JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER		Something Lost	506
(1828-1882)		WARREN, LORD DE		A Palaestral Study .	506
The Blessed Damozel .	477	TABLEY (1835-1895)		WILLIAM SHARP (1855-1905)	
The Dentucit			407		_
T 1 1 1	478		497	Vesper	506
	479	THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH		Into the Silence	506
	479	(1836–1907)		7 D (-0)	_
	480	Prescience	497	JOHN DAVIDSON (1857-1909)	
Passion and Worship .	480		497	Piper, play!	506
A Day of Love	480	ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-		FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-	
Lost Days	480	BURNE (1837-1909)			
"Retro me, Sathana".	480	The Garden of Proser-		1907)	
Sibylla Palmifera	480	pine	498	Daisy	507
Sudden Light	480	Herse	499	The Poppy	508
A Little While	481	A Swimmer's Dream .	499	To a Poet Breaking Sil-	
	401		477	ence	508
Christina Georgina Rossetti		JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS		Arab Love-Song	509
(1830–1894)		(1840–1893)		Messages	509
Goblin Market	481	Celestial Love (from the		On his own Old Age. To	3-3
0	486	Italian of Michael An-		a Child	509
Remember		gelo)	500	To Daisies	
	486		5		510
Echo	486	HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL		The Kingdom of God .	510
A Birthday	486	(1841–1882)		MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE	
Up-hill	487	Orara	501	(1861-1907)	
The Knell of the Year .	487	Donne Brown (1941	-	Winged Words	510
Amor Mundi	487	ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841-			
The Prince who arrived		1901)		At First	510
too late. From "The		The Hills on their		ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WAT-	
Prince's Progress " .	487	Thrones (from "Coruisken Sonnets".		son (1863-1911)	
	4-7	isken Sonnets''.	501	The New Moon	511
THOMAS EDWARD BROWN		King Blaabhein	501		244
(1830–1897)		Blaabhein in the Mists .	502	" MICHAEL FIELD"	
" Not willing to Stay"	488		302	Cathal of the Woods .	511
Jessie	488	ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR			3
My Garden	488	O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-		WALTER HEADLAM (1866-	
	400	1881)		1908)	
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY		Ode	502	From the Greek of Mele-	
(1831–1884)		Andrew Lang (1844-1912)	-	ager	511
The Dead Ox. From					5
Virgil, Georg. III .	488	The Moon's Minion (from		LIONEL JOHNSON (1867-1902)	
	400	the prose of C. Baude-		The Age of a Dream	511
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON		laire)	502	The Church of a Dream	512
(1832-1914)		The Odyssey	503		-
From "The Coming of		EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON	5-5	Nora Chesson (died 1906)	
Love":				The Short Cut to Rosses.	512
Nature's Fountain of		(1845–1907)		Sheep in a Storm	512
Youth	40-	Sea-shell Murmurs	503	•	
	489	Sunken Gold	503	RICHARD MIDDLETON	
Rhona's First Kiss .	489	Idle Charon	503	The Song of the King's	
Natura Maligna	489	EMILY LAWLESS (1845-1913)		Minstrel	512
Natura Benigna	489		4	JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE	
A Dead Poet [Rossetti] .	489	Dirge for All Ireland, 1581	503		
RICHARD WATSON DIXON		WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY		(1871–1909)	
		(1849–1903)		In Glencullen	512
(1833–1900)			4 -	GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-	
The Human Destiny .	489	In Fisherrow	504		\
Song	490	I. M.		ARMSTRONG (1845-1906))
Nature and Man	490	R. T. Hamilton Bruce .	504	The South Wind	513
		xvii			

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
JOHN TODHUNTER		WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS		JOHN DRINKWATER	1 1102
Chopin's Nocturnes .	513	A Dream of a Blessed		Dominion	529
EDMUND GOSSE		Spirit	520	The Analyst	529
Circling Fancies	513	He Remembers Forgotten	520	HAROLD MONRO	
AUSTIN DOBSON		Beauty	521	Lake Leman	529
Don Quixote	514	The Lake Isle of Innisfree	521	From "Impressions":	
On a Nankin Plate	514	ALICE MEYNELL		XIV	530
ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES		Renouncement	521	LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE	
The White Blossom's off		The Shepherdess Two Boyhoods	52I 52I	Epilogue to "Emblems	
the Bog	514	At Night	522	of Love", , .	530
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT		TANE BARLOW	3	JAMES STEPHENS	
From "Love Sonnets of Proteus":		On Lisnadara	522	Danny Murphy	531
The Three Ages of		ELINOR SWEETMAN	3-2	Nothing at All Ora Pro Nobis	531
Woman (three son-			500		531
nets)	514	Pastoral of August	522	D. H. LAWRENCE	
From "Esther: a Young Man's Tragedy": .		GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON		Corot	532
Sonnets V and VI	515	The Mariner	523	RUPERT BROOKE	
HENRY CHARLES BEECHING		JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLI-		Dining-room Tea	532
Fatherhood	515	MORE	400	Dust	533
Going Down Hill on a	5-2	Song	523	GORDON BOTTOMLEY	
Bicycle	515	HILAIRE BELLOC		The End of the World .	533
Prayers	516	West Sussex Drinking Song	502	RONALD ROSS	200
NORMAN GALE			523	The Indian Mother	
The Country Faith	516	KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON			534
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE		Daffodil	523 523	SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT	
All Sung	516		3-3	North and South	534
RUDYARD KIPLING		EVA GORE-BOOTH The Little Waves of		CHARLES WILLIAMS	
Recessional	516	Breffiny	524	The Silver Stair:	
HENRY NEWBOLT		" Moira O'Neill"	3-4	Sonnet LIX	534
Drake's Drum	516	"Forgettin"	F0.4	Sonnet LXVI	534
LAURENCE HOUSMAN			524	EDMUND BEALE SARGANT	
1685	517	DORA SIGERSON SHORTER		Azalea Buds	534
ARTHUR SYMONS		A Ballad of Marjorie .	525	The Path of Paradise .	535
Gifts	517	PADRAIC COLUM		ROBERT FROST	
The Sick Heart	517	An Old Woman of the		After Apple-picking .	535
MARGARET L. WOODS		Roads	525	JAMES JOYCE	
To the Forgotten Dead .	517	JOSEPH CAMPBELL		Strings in the Earth and	
Rest	517	The Journeyman Weaver The Old Woman		Air	535
STEPHEN PHILLIPS			320	The Twilight turns from Amethyst	535
Beautiful lie the Dead .	518	SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN The Sheep	***	•	333
WILLIAM WATSON		The Sheep	526 526	FORD MADOX HUEFFER	
World-strangeness	518	WILLIAM H. DAVIES	,	How Strange a Thing .	535
Song	518	Days too Short	526	MAURICE HEWLETT	
Song	518 518	The Owl	526	A Song for a Lute at	
	210	The Sleepers ,	526	Night	536
ALFRED Noves	0	JOHN MASEFIELD		WILFRID THORLEY	
To a Pessimist	518	Twilight	527	Chant for Reapers .	536
LAURENCE BINYON		Cargoes	527	Of the Moon	536
A Hymn of Love Sorrow	518	The Seekers	527	FRANCES CORNFORD	
Fide et Literis	519	WILFRID WILSON GIBSON		The Old Witch in the	
ROBERT BRIDGES		The Old Man	527	Copse	536
A Passer-by	519	WALTER DE LA MARE		JOHN ALFORD	
London Snow	510	Myself	528	Vision .	537
Spring goeth all in White North Wind in October.	520	Unregarding	528	Smooth and full-limbed is the Form of the Night	527
Total wind in October .	520	The Sleeper	528	the rollin of the Right	537

James Elroy Flecker In Phæacia	PAGE	THOMAS HARDY Night in the Old Home . 539 Song of the Soldiers [Sep-	542 542
RALPH HODGSON		APPENDIX	542
Time, you old Gipsy Man Rose Macaulay	538	The Burning Babe 541 GLOSSARIES—SOURCES (ROBERT SOUTHWELL) OF EXTRACTS .	543
Song of the Little Fleet .	538	Song, from The Inner Temple Masque . 541 NOTES ON CERTAIN	
THOMAS STURGE MOORE TO Silence	538	(WILLIAM BROWNE) Since first I saw your face 541 Hey nonny no! 542 INDEX OF FIRST LINES	551



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xxii

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CORRIGENDA

- P. 50, col. 2, 3rd line from foot: for " we" read " he."
- P. 105, col. 2, 15th line from foot: for "bounded" read "boundeth."
 P. 121, col. 1, l. 8 (6th verse-line), "afford your cause": for "your" read "you."
- P. 192, col. 2, 6th line from foot: for "Gilding" read "Gliding."
- P. 207, col. 2, 6th stanza from top, line 3: for" thy " read" the."
- P. 230, col. 1, 17th line from foot, "is his mind": for "is" read "in."



BARBOUR

FREEDOM

AH! Freedom is a noble thing! Freedom makes man to have liking: Freedom all solace to man gives: He lives at ease that freely lives: A noble heart may have nane ease, Na ellys nocht that may him please, Gif freedom fail; for free liking Is yearnit ower all other thing. Na he that ay has livit free May nocht knaw weill the property, The anger, na the wretched doom, That is couplit to foul thirldom. But gif he had assayit it, Than all perquer he suld it wit, And suld think freedom mair to prys, Than all the gold in warld that is.

CHAUCER

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote The droghte of March hath perced to the roote, And bathed every veyne in swich licour Of which vertu engendred is the flour; Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth Inspired hath in every holt and heeth The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne, And smale foweles maken melodye, That slepen al the nyght with open eye,-So priketh hem Nature in hir corages,-Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages, And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes, To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes; And specially, from every shires ende Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende, The hooly blisful martir for to seke, That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Bifil that in that seson on a day, In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay, Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage To Caunterbury with ful devout corage, At nyght were come into that hostelrye Wel nyne-and-twenty in a compaignye, Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle In folaweshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle, That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde. The chambres and the stables weren wyde, And wel we weren esed atte beste. And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste, So hadde I spoken with hem everychon, That I was of hir felaweshipe anon, And made forward erly for to ryse, To take oure wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But nathélees, whil I have tyme and space, Er that I ferther in this talé pace, Me thynketh it accordaunt to resoun To tellé yow al the condicioun Of ech of hem, so as it seméd me, And whiche they weren and of what degree, And eek in what array that they were inne; And at a Knyght than wol I first bigynne.

A KNYOHT ther was and that a worthy man, That fro the tyme that he first bigan To riden out, he loved chivalrie, Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie. Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre, And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre, As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse, And ever honoured for his worthynesse. At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne; Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne Aboven alle nacions in Pruce. In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,-No cristen man so ofte of his degree. In Gernade at the seege eek hadde he be Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye. At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye, Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See At many a noble armee hadde he be.

At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene, And foughten for oure feith at Tramyssene In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo. This ilke worthy knyght hadde been also Somtyme with the lord of Palatye Agayn another hethen in Turkye; And evermoore he hadde a sovereyn prys. And though that he were worthy, he was wys, And of his port as meeke as is a mayde. He never yet no vileynye ne sayde, In al his lyf, unto no maner wight. He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.

But for to tellen yow of his array, His hors weren goode, but he ne was nat gay; Of fustian he wered a gypon Al bismótered with his habergeon, For he was late y-come from his viage, And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

With hym ther was his sone, a yong Souter, A lovyere and a lusty bacheler, With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse. Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse. Of his stature he was of evene lengthe, And wonderly delyvere and greet of strengthe; And he hadde been somtyme in chyvachie, In Flaundres, in Artoys and Pycardie, And born hym weel, as of so litel space, In hope to stonden in his lady grace. Embrouded was he, as it were a meede Al ful of fresshe floures whyte and reede; Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day; He was as fressh as is the monthe of May. Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and wyde; Wel koude he sitte on hors and faire ryde; He koude songes make and wel endite, Juste and eek daunce and weel purtreye and write. So hoote he lovede that by nyghtertale He sleep namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale. Curteis he was, lowely and servysáble, And carf biforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he and servantz namo At that tyme, for hym liste ride soo; And he was clad in cote and hood of grene. A sheef of pocok arwes, bright and kene, Under his belt he bar ful thriftily-Wel koude he dresse his takel yemanly; His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe-And in his hand he baar a myghty bowe. A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage. Of woodecraft wel koude he al the usage. Upon his arm he baar a gay bracér, And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler, And on that oother syde a gay daggere, Harneised wel and sharpe as point of spere; A Cristophere on his brest of silver sheene; An horn he bar, the bawdryk was of grene. A forster was he, soothly as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse, That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy; Hire gretteste ooth was but by seinte Loy, And she was clepėd madame Eglentyne. Ful weel she soong the service dyvyne, Entuned in hir nose ful semely, And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe, For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe. At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle, She leet no morsel from her lippes falle, Ne wette hir fyngres in hir sauce depe. Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe, Thát no drope ne fille upon hire breste; In curteisie was set ful muchel hir leste. Hire over-lippe wyped she so clene,

That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte Ful semely after hir mete she raughte, And sikerly she was of greet desport, And ful plesaunt and amyable of port, And peyned hire to countrefete cheere Of Court, and been estatlich of manere, And to ben holden digne of reverence. But for to speken of hire conscience, She was so charitable and so pitous She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde, Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde With rosted flessh, or milk and wastel breed; But soore wepte she if oon of hem were deed, Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte; And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semyly hir wympul pynched was;
Hire nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas,
Hir mouth ful smal and ther-to softe and reed,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almoost a spanne brood I trowe,
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetys was hir cloke, as I was war;
Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,
And ther-on heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after Amor vincit omnia.

Another Nonné with hire haddé she That was hire Chapéleyne, and Preestés thre.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie, An outridere, that lovede venerie; A manly man, to been an abbot able. Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable, And whan he rood men myghte his brydel heere Gýnglen in a whistlynge wynd als cleere, And eek as loude, as dooth the chapel belle, Ther as this lord was kepere of the celle. The reule of seint Maure or of seint Beneit, By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,-This ilkė Monk leet oldė thyngės pace, And heeld after the newe world the space. He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen That seith that hunters beth nat hooly men, Ne that a Monk whan he is recchelees Is likned til a fissh that is waterlees; This is to seyn, a Monk out of his cloystre. But thilke text heeld he nat worth an oystre; And I seyde his opinioun was good. What sholde he studie and make hymselven wood, Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure, Or swynken with his handes and laboure, As Austyn bit? how shal the world be served? Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved. Therfore he was a prikasour aright; Grehoundes he hadde, as swift as fowel in flight:

Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare. I seigh his sleves y-purfiled at the hond With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond; And for to festne his hood under his chyn He hadde of gold y-wroght a ful curious pyn, A love knotte in the gretter ende ther was. His heed was balled that shoon as any glas, And eek his face as he hadde been enount. He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt; Hise eyen stepe and rollynge in his heed, That stemed as a forneys of a leed; His bootes souple, his hors in greet estaat. Now certeinly he was a fair prelaat. He was nat pale, as a forpyned goost: A fat swan loved he best of any roost; His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A Frene ther was, a wantowne and a merye, A lymytour, a ful solempnė man, In alle the ordres foure is noon that kan So muchel of daliaunce and fair langage; He hadde maad ful many a mariage Of yonge wommen at his owene cost: Unto his ordre he was a noble post, Ful wel biloved and famulier was he With frankeleyns over al in his contree; And eek with worthy wommen of the toun, For he hadde power of confessioun, As seyde hym-self, moore than a curát, For of his ordre he was licenciat. Ful swetely herde he confessioun, And plesaunt was his absolucioun. He was an esy man to yeve penaunce Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce; For unto a poure ordre for to vive Is signe that a man is wel y-shryve; For, if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt He wiste that a man was répentaunt: For many a man so harde is of his herte He may nat wepe al thogh hym soore smerte, Therfore in stede of wepynge and preyeres Men moote yeve silver to the poure freres. His typet was ay farsed full of knyves And pynnės, for to yeven yongė wyves; And certeinly he hadde a murye note; Wel koude he synge and pleyen on a rote: Of yeddynges he baar outrely the pris; His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys, Ther-to he strong was as a champioun. He knew the tavernes well in all the toun And everich hostiler and tappestere Bet than a lazar or a beggestere; For unto swich a worthy man as he Acorded nat, as by his facultee. To have with sike lazars aqueyntaunce; It is nat honeste, it may not avaunce For to deelen with no swiche poraille:

But al with riche and selleres of vitaille. And over al, ther as profit sholde arise, Curteis he was and lowely of servyse, Ther has no man nowher so vertuous. He was the beste beggere in his hous, For thogh a wydwe hadde noght a sho, So plesaunt was his In principio, Yet wolde he have a ferthyng er he wente: His purchas was wel bettre than his rente. And rage he koude, as it were right a whelpe. In love-dayes ther koude he muchel helpe, For there he was nat lyk a cloysterer With a thredbare cope, as is a poure scoler, But he was lyk a maister, or a pope; Of double worstede was his semycope, That rounded as a belle out of the presse. Somwhat he lipsed for his wantownesse, To make his Englissh sweet upon his tonge, And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde songe, His eyen twynkled in his heed aryght As doon the sterres in the frosty nyght. This worthy lymytour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd, In motteleye, and hye on horse he sat; Upon his heed a Flaundryssh bevere hat; His bootes clasped faire and fetisly; His resons he spak ful solempnely, Sownynge alway thencrees of his wynnyng. He wolde the see were kept for any thing Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle. Wel koude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle. This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette, Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette, So estatly was he of his governaunce With his bargaynes and with his chevyssaunce. For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle, But, sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also That unto logyk hadde longe y-go. As leene was his hors as is a rake, And he nas nat right fat, I undertake, But looked holwe, and ther-to sobrely; Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy; For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice, Ne was so worldly for to have office; For hym was levere have at his beddes heed Twénty bookes clad in blak or reed Of Aristotle and his philosophie, Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie: But al be that he was a philosophre, Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre; But al that he myghte of his freendes hente On bookes and his lernynge he it spente, And bisily gan for the soules preye Of hem that yaf hym wher-with to scoleye. Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede, Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,

And that was seyd in forme and reverence, And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence. Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys, That often hadde been at the Parvys, Ther was also, ful riche of excellence. Discreet he was, and of greet reverence; He semed swich, hise wordes weren so wise. Justice he was ful often in Assise, By patente and by pleyn commissioun: For his science and for his heigh renoun. Of fees and robės hadde he many oon; So greet a purchasour was nowher noon. All was fee symple to hym in effect, His purchasyng myghte nat been infect. Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas, And yet he semed bisier than he was. In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle That from the tyme of kyng William were falle; Ther-to he coude endite and make a thyng, Ther koude no wight pynchen at his writyng; And every statut coude he pleyn by rote. He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote, Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale; Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye. Whit was his berd as is a dayesye, Of his complexioun he was sangwyn. Wel loved he by the morwe a sope in wyn; To lyven in delit was ever his wone, For he was Epicurus owenė sone, That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit Was verraily felicitee parfit. An housholdere, and that a greet, was he: Seint Julian was he in his contree; His breed, his ale, was alweys after oon; A better envyned man was nowher noon. Withoute bake mete was never his hous, Of fissh and flessh, and that so plenteuous It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke. Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke After the sondry sesons of the yeer, So chaunged he his mete and his soper. Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe And many a breem and many a luce in stuwe. Wo was his cook but if his sauce were Poynaunt and sharpe and redy al his geere. His table dormant in his halle alway, Stood redy covered al the longe day. At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire; Ful ofte tyme he was knyght of the shire. An anlaas, and a gipser al of silk, Heeng at his girdle, whit as morne milk; A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour. Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

An Haberdasshere, and a Carpenter, A Webbe, a Dyere, and a Tapycer,-And they were clothed alle in o lyveree Of a solémpne and greet fraternitee; Ful fressh and newe hir geere apiked was; Hir knyves were chaped noght with bras, But al with silver, wroght ful clene and weel, Hire girdles and hir pouches everydeel. Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys To sitten in a yeldehalle, on a deys. Everich for the wisdom that he kan Was shaply for to been an alderman. For catel hadde they ynogh and rente, And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente; And elles certeyn were they to blame. It is ful fair to been y-cleped Madame, And goon to vigilies al bifore, And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones, To boille the chiknes with the marybones, And poudre-marchant tart and galyngale; Wel koude he knowe a draughte of Londoun ale; He koude rooste and sethe and boille and frye, Máken mortreux and wel bake a pye. But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me, That on his shyne a mormal hadde he. For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.

A Shipman was ther, wonynge fer by weste; For aught I woot he was of Dertemouthe. He rood upon a rouncy as he kouthe, In a gowne of faldyng to the knee. A daggere hangynge on a laas hadde he Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun. The hoote somer hadde maad his hewe al broun; And certeinly he was a good felawe. Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he y-drawe Fro Burdeuxward whil that the Chapman sleepe. Of nyce conscience took he no keepe. If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond; By water he sente hem hoom to every lond. But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes, His stremes and his daungers hym bisides, His herberwe and his moone, his lodemenage, Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage. Hardy he was, and wys to undertake: With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake; He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were, From Gootland to the Cape of Fynystere, And every cryke in Britaigne and in Spayne. His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik; In all this world ne was ther noon hym lik, To speke of phisik and of surgerye; For he was grounded in astronomye. He kepte his pacient a ful greet deel In houres, by his magyk natureel.

CHAUCER

Wel koude he fortunen the ascendent Of his ymages for his pacient. He knew the cause of everich maladye, Were it of hoot, or cold, or moyste, or drye, And where they engendred and of what humour; He was a verray parfit praktisour. The cause y-knowe and of his harm the roote, Anon he yaf the sike man his boote. Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries To sende him droggés and his letuaries, For ech of hem made oother for to wynne, Hir frendshipe nas nat newe to bigynne. Wel knew he the olde Esculapius And Deyscorides, and eek Rufus, Olde Ypocras, Haly and Galyen, Serapion, Razis and Avycen, Averrois, Damascien and Constantyn, Bernard and Gatesden and Gilbertyn. Of his dietė mesurable was he, For it was of no superfluitee, But of greet norissyng and digestible. His studie was but litel on the Bible. In sangwyn and in pers he clad was al, Lyned with taffata and with sendal. And yet he was but esy of dispence, He kepte that he wan in pestilence. For gold in phisik is a cordial, Therefore he lovede gold in special.

A GOOD WIF was ther of biside BATHE. But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe. Of clooth-makyng she hadde swich an haunt She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt. In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon That to the offrynge bifore hire sholde goon; And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she, That she was out of alle charitee. Hir coverchiefs ful fyne weren of ground,— I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,— That on a Sonday weren upon hir heed. Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed, Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe Boold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe. She was a worthy womman al hir lyve, Housbondes at chirché dore she hadde fyve. Withouten oother compaignye in youthe,-But ther-of nedeth nat to spek as nowthe,-And thries hadde she been at Jerusálem; She hadde passed many a straunge strem; At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne, In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne, She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye. Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye. Upon an amblere esily she sat, Y-wympled wel, and on hir heed an hat As brood as is a bokeler or a targe: A foot mantel aboute hir hipes large, And on hire feet a paire of spores sharpe.

In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe; Of remedies of love she knew per chaunce, For she koude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun, And was a Poure Persoun of A Toun: But riche he was of hooly thoght and werk: He was also a lerned man, a clerk, That Cristès Gospel trewely wolde preche: His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche. Benygne he was, and wonder diligent, And in adversitee ful pacient; And swich he was y-preved ofte sithes. Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes, But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute, Unto his poure parisshens aboute, Of his offryng and eek of his substaunce: He koude in litel thyng have suffisaunce. Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder, But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder, In siknesse nor in meschief to visite The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lite, Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf. This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf That firste he wroghte and afterward he taughte. Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte, And this figure he added eek therto, That if gold ruste what shal iren doo? For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste, No wonder is a lewed man to ruste; And shame it is, if a prest také keepe, A shiten shepherde and a clene sheepe. Wel oghte a preest ensample for to vive By his clennesse how that his sheepe sholde lyve. He sette nat his benefice to hyre And leet his sheepe encombred in the myre, And ran to Londoun, unto Seint Poules, To seken hym a chaunterie for soules; Or with a bretherhed to been withholde, But dwelte at hoom and kepte wel his folde, So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie,— He was a shepherde, and noght a mercenarie: And though he hooly were and vertuous, He was to synful man nat despitous, Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne, But in his techyng déscreet and benygne, To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse, By good ensample, this was his bisynesse: But it were any persone obstinat, What so he were, of heigh or lough estat, Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys. A bettre preest I trowe that nowher noon ys; He waited after no pompe and reverence, Ne maked him a spiced conscience, But Cristès loore, and his Apostles twelve, He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselve.

With hym ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a fother,—

A trewè swynkere and a good was he, Lyvynge in pees and parfit charitee. God loved he best, with al his hoolè herte, At allè tymès, thogh him gamed or smerte, And thanne his neighèbore right as hymselve. He woldè thresshe, and therto dyke and delve, For Cristès sake, for every poure wight, Withouten hire, if it lay in his myght. His tithès paydè he ful faire and wel, Bothe of his proprè swynk and his catel. In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve and a MILLERE, A Somnour and a Pardoner also, A MAUNCIPLE and myself,—ther were namo. The MILLERE was a stout carl for the nones, Ful byg he was of brawn and eek of bones; That proved wel, for over-al, ther he cam, At wrastlynge he wolde have awey the ram. He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre, Ther has no dore that he nolde heve of harre, Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed. His berd, as any sowe or fox, was reed, And therto brood, as though it were a spade. Upon the cope right of his nose he hade A werte, and theron stood a toft of herys, Reed as the brustles of a sowes erys; His nosėthirlės blakė were and wyde; A swerd and a bokeler bar he by his syde; His mouth as wyde was as a greet forneys, He was a janglere and a goliardeys, And that was moost of synne and harlotries. Well koude he stelen corn and tollen thriës, And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee. A whit cote and a blew hood wered he. A baggépipe wel koude he blowe and sowne, And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple, Of which achátours myghte take exemple For to be wise in byynge of vitaille; For, wheither that he payde or took by taille, Algate he wayted so in his achaat That he was ay biforn and in good staat. Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace The wisdom of an heepe of lerned men? Of maistres hadde he mo than thriës ten. That weren of lawe expert and curious, Of whiche ther weren a duszeyne in that hous Worthy to been stywardes of rente and lond Of any lord that is in Engelond, To maken hym lyvė by his proprė good In honour dettelees, but he were wood, Or lyve as scarsly as hym list desire; And able for to helpen al a shire In any caas that myghte falle or happe; And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The Reve was a sclendre colerik man. His berd was shave as my as ever he kan: His heer was by his erys round y-shorn, His tope was doked lyk a preest biforn, Ful longe were his legges and ful lene, Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene. Wel koude he kepe a gerner and a bynne, Ther was noon auditour koude on him wynne. Wel wiste he, by the droghte and by the reyn, The yeldynge of his seed and of his greyn. His lordes sheepe, his neet, his dayerye, His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye, Was hoolly in this reves governyng, And by his covenant yaf the rekenyng Syn that his lord was twenty yeer of age; Ther koude no man brynge hym in arrerage. There has baillif, ne hierde, nor oother hyne, That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne; They were adrad of hym as of the deeth. His wonyng was ful faire upon an heeth, With grene trees y-shadwed was his place. He koude bettre than his lord purchace. Ful riche he was a-stored pryvely, His lord wel koude he plesen subtilly To yeve and lene hym of his owene good And have a thank, and yet a gowne and hood. In youthe he lerned hadde a good myster, He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter. This Reve sat upon a ful good stot, That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot; A long surcote of pers upon he hade, And by his syde he baar a rusty blade. Of Northfolk was this Reve of which I telle, Biside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle. Tukkėd he was as is a frere, aboute, And ever he rood the hyndreste of oure route.

A Somonour was ther with us in that place, That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face, For sawcefleem he was, with eyen narwe. As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a sparwe, With scaled browes blake and piled berd,—Of his visage children were aferd. Ther nas quyk-silver, lytarge, ne brymstoon, Boras, ceruce, ne oille of Tartre noon, Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte, That hym myghte helpen of the whelkes white, Nor of the knobbes sittynge on his chekes. Wel loved he garleek, onyons, and eek lekes, And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as blood; Thanne wolde he speke, and crie as he were

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had lerned out of som decree,
No wonder is, he herde it al the day,
And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay

Kan clepen Watte as wel as kan the pope. But whoso koude in oother thyng hym grope, Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie; Ay Questio quid juris wolde he crie. He was a gentil harlot and a kynde; A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde. He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyn, A good felawe to have his concubyn A twelf monthe, and excuse hym atte fulle; And privėly a fynch eek koude he pulle; And if he found owher a good felawe, He wolde techen him to have noon awe, In swich caas, of the Ercedekenes curs, But-if a mannės soule were in his purs; For in his purs he sholde y-punysshed be: " Purs is the Ercedekenes helle," seyde he. But wel I woot he lyéd right in dede, Of cursyng oghte ech gilty man him drede, For curs wol slee,—right as assoillyng savith; And also war him of a Significavit. In daunger hadde he at his owene gise The yonge girles of the diocise, And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed. A gerland hadde he set upon his heed, As greet as it were for an ale-stake; A bokeleer hadde he maad him of a cake.

With hym ther rood a gentil PARDONER Of Rouncivale, his freend and his compeer, That streight was comen fro the court of Rome. Ful loude he soong Com hider, love, to me! This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdoun, Was never trompe of half so greet a soun. This Pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex But smothe it heeng as dooth a strike of flex; By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde. And therwith he his shuldres overspradde. But thynne it lay by colpons oon and oon; But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon, For it was trussed up in his walet. Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet; Dischevelee, save his cappe, he rood al bare. Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he as an hare, A vernycle hadde he sowed upon his cappe; His walet lay biforn hym in his lappe Bret-ful of pardon, comen from Rome al hoot. A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot; No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have, As smothe it was as it were late shave; I trowe he were a geldyng or a mare. But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware Ne was ther swich another pardoner, For in his male he hadde a pilwé-beer, Which that, he seyde, was oure lady veyl; He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl That Seinte Peter hadde, whan that he wente Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist hym hente. He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,

And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A poure person dwellynge upon lond,
Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye;
And thus with feyned flaterye and japes
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But, trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste;
Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an Offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affile his tonge
To wynne silver, as he ful wel koude;
Therefore he song the muricular in a clause.
New have I stold you shortly in a clause

Now have I toold you shortly, in a clause,
The staat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was his compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke nyght,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alyght;
And after wol I telle of our viage
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage.

But first, I pray yow of youre curteisye, That ye narette it nat my vileynye, Thogh that I pleynly speke in this mateere To telle yow hir wordes and hir cheere, Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely; For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, Whoso shal telle a tale after a man. He moote reherce, as ny as ever he kan, Everich a word, if it be in his charge, Al speke he never so rudéliche or large; Or ellis he moot telle his tale untrewe. Or feyne thyng, or fynde wordes newe. He may nat spare, althogh he were his brother: He moot as wel seve o word as another. Crist spak hymself ful brode in hooly writ, And wel ye woot no vileynye is it. Eek Plato seith, whoso that kan hym rede. "The wordes moote be cosyn to the dede."

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me Al have I nat set folk in hir degree Heere in this tale, as that they sholde stonde; My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Greet chiere made oure hoost us everichon, And to the soper sette he us anon, And served us with vitaille at the beste: Strong was the wyn and wel to drynke us leste.

A semely man Oure Hoosre was with-alle For to han been a marchal in an halle. A large man he was, with eyen stepe, A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe; Boold of his speche, and wys and well y-taught And of manhod hym lakkede right naught.

Eek therto he was right a myrie man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of myrthe amonges othere thynges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges;
And seyde thus: "Now, lordynges, trewely,
Ye been to me right welcome, hertely;
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so myrie a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I doon yow myrthe, wiste I how.
And of a myrthe I am right now bythoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.

"Ye goon to Canterbury—God yow speede,
The blisful martir quite yow youre meede!
And, wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely confort ne myrthe is noon
To ride by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if you liketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my juggement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be myrie, smyteth of myn heed!
Hoold up youre hond, withouten moore speche."

Oure conseil was nat longe for to seche; Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys, And graunted hym withouten moore avys, And bad him seye his verdit, as hym leste.

"Lordynges," quod he, "nowherkneth for the beste; But taak it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn; This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn, That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye, In this viage shal telle tales tweye,-To Caunterburyward, I mean it so, And homward he shal tellen othere two,-Of aventures that whilom han bifalle. And which of yow that bereth hym beste of alle, That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas Tales of best sentence and moost solaas, Shal have a soper at oure aller cost, Heere in this place, sittynge by this post, Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury. And, for to make yow the moore mury, I wol myselven gladly with yow ryde Right at myn owene cost, and be youre gyde; And whoso wole my juggément withseye Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye. And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so Tel me anon, withouten wordes mo, And I wol erly shape me therfore."

This thyng was graunted, and oure othes swore With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also That he would vouche-sauf for to do so, And that he wolde been oure governour, And of our tales juge and reportour,

And sette a soper at a certeyn pris,
And we wol reuled been at his devys
In heigh and lough; and thus, by oon assent,
We been accorded to his juggement.
And therupon the wyn was fet anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
Withouten any lenger taryynge.

Amorwe, whan that day gan for to sprynge, Up roos oure Hoost and was oure aller cok, And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok, And forth we riden, a litel moore than paas, Unto the wateryng of Seint Thomas; And there oure Hoost bigan his hors areste And seyde, "Lordynges, herkneth, if yow leste: Ye woot youre foreward and I it yow recorde. If even-song and morwe-song accorde, Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale. As ever mote I drynkė wyn or ale, Whoso be rebel to my juggement Shal paye for all that by the wey is spent! Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne. He which that hath the shorteste shal bigynne. Sire Knyght," quod he, " my mayster and my lord, Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord. Cometh neer," quod he, " my lady Prioresse, And ye sire Clerk, lat be your shamefastnesse, Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight bigan, And, shortly for to tellen as it was, Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas, The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knyght, Of which ful blithe and glad was every wyght: And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun, By foreward and by composicioun, As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo? And whan this goode man saugh that it was so, As he that wys was and obedient To kepe his foreward by his free assent, He seyde, "Syn I shal bigynne the game, What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name! Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye." And with that word we ryden forth oure weye; And he bigan with right a myrie cheere His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

CRISEYDE

With this he 1 took his leve and hom he wente And, Lord, so he was glad and wel bigon! Criseyde aros, no lenger she ne stente, But streight into her closet wente anon, And sette her doun as stille as any ston, And every word gan up and doun to winde That he had seyd, as it com her to minde; And was somdel astoned in her thought Right for the newe cas. But whan that she Was ful avised, tho fond she right nought

1 Pandarus.

CHAUCER

Of peril, why she oughte aferéd be; For man may love, of possibilité, A womman, so his herte may to-breste, And she not love ayein, but-if her leste.

But as she sat allone and thoughté thus,
Ascry aros at scarmuch al withoute,
And men cri'de in the strete, "See, Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekés route!"
With that gan al her meyné for to shoute,
"A! Go we see! Caste up the latis wide!
For thorugh this strete he mot to paleys ride;

"For other wey is fro the yate non Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne!" With that com he and al his folk anon An esy pas, riding in routes tweyne, Right as his happy day was, soth to seyne, For-which, men seith, may not distorbed be That shal bitiden of necessité.

This Troilus sat on his baye stede, Al armed save his hed ful richely; And wounded was his hors, and gan to blede, On which he rode a pas ful softely. But swich a knightly sighte trewely As was on him, was not withouten faile To loke on Mars, that God is of bataile!

So lik a man of armés and a knight He was to sen, fulfil'd of heigh prowesse; For bothe he hadde a body and a might To don that thing, as well as hardinesse; And ek to sen him in his gere him dresse, So fressh, so yong, so weldy semed he, It was an hevene upon him for to see!

His helm to-hewên was in twenty places,
That by a tissu heng his bak bihinde;
His sheld to-dasshed was with swerdes and maces,
In which men mighte many an arwe finde
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde;
And ay the peple cri'de, "Here com'th our joye!
And next his brother, holder up of Troye!"

For which he wex a litel red for shame,
Whan he the peple upon him herde cryen,
That to beholde it was a noble game,
How sobreliche he caste doun his yen.
Criseyde anon gan al his chere aspyen,
And let so softe it in her herte sinke
That to her-self she seyde, "Who yaf me drinke?"

For of her owne thought she wex al red, Remembring her right thus, "Lo, this is he Which that myn uncle swer'th he mot be ded But I on him have mercy and pite"; And with that pure thought for-shamed, she Gan in her hed to pulle, and that as faste, Whil he and al the peple for-by paste;

And gan to caste and rollen up and doun Within her thought his excellent prowesse, And his estat, and also his renoun, His wit, his shap, and ek his gentilesse; But most her favour was, for his distresse Was al for her, and thoughte it was a routhe To slen swich oon, if that he mente trouthe.

Now mighte som envious jangle thus:
"This was a sodein love! How mighte it be,
That she so lightly loved Troilus
Right for the firste sighte?"—Ye, pardé!
Now, who-so seith so, mote he nevere thé!
For every thing a ginning hath it nede
Or al be wrought, withouten any drede.

For I seye not that she so sodeinly
Yaf him her love, but that she gan encline
To like him first; and I have told you why
And after that, his manhod and his pine
Made love within her herte for to mine:
For-which by proces and by good servise
He gat her love, and in no sodein wise.

And also blisful Venus, wel arrayed, Sat in her seventhè hous of hevene tho, Disposèd wel, and with aspéctès payed, To helpen sely Troilus of his wo; And, soth to seyn, she n'as not al a fo To Troilus in his nativité: God wot that wel the soner speddè he!

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe, That rideth forth; and let us torne faste Unto Criseyde, that heng her hed ful lowe, Ther-as she sat allone, and gan to caste Wher-on she wolde apoynte her at the laste, If it so were her em ne wolde cesse For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And, Lord! so she gan in her herte arguwe In this matére of which I have you told; And what to don best were, and what t' eschuwe, That plited she ful ofte in many fold: Now was her herte warm, now was it cold; And what she thoughte som-what shal I write, As to myn auctour listeth for t' endite.

She thoughte first that Troilus' persone She knew by sighte, and ek his gentilesse; And also thoughte, "It were not to done To graunte him love; yit for his worthinesse It were honour, with pley and with gladnesse, In honeste with swich a lord to dele, For myn estat, and also for his hele.

"Ek wel wot I my kinges sone is he, And sith he hath to see me swich delit, If I wolde outreliche his sighte flee, Paraunter he mighte have me in despit, Thorugh which I mighte stonde in worse plit: Now were I wis, me hate to purchace Withoute nede, ther I may stonde in grace? "In every thing I wot ther li'th mesure: For though a man forbede dronkenesse, He naught forbet, that every creature Be drinkeles for alwey, as I gesse; Ek sith I wot for me is his distresse, I oughte not for that thing him despise, If it be so, he men'th in goode wise. "And ek I knowe, of longe time agon, His thewes goode, and that he is not nice. N'avauntour, seith men, certeyn, he is non; Too wis is he to don so gret a vice; Ne als I n'il him nevere so cherice That he may make avaunt by juste cause; He shal me nevere binde in swich a clause. "Now sette a cas, the hardest is, y-wis: Men mighten demen that he loveth me. What dishonour to myn estat is this? May ich him lette of that? Why nay, pardé! I knowe also, and alday here and see, Men loven wommen al biside hir leve; And whan hem list no moré, lat hem leve! "Ek wot I wel he worthy is to have Of wommen in this world the thriftieste, As ferforth as she may her honour save; For out and out he is the worthieste, Save only Ector, which that is the beste; And yit his lif li'th al now in my cure! But swich is love, and ek myn áventure! "Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought; For wel wot I myself, so God me spede, Al wolde I that no man wiste of my thought, I am oon of the fairest out of drede And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede; And so men seyn in al the town of Troye. What wonder is, though he of me have joye? " I am myn owne womman, wel at ese, I thanke it God, as after myn estat, Right yong, and stonde untey'd in lusty lese, Withouten jalousye or swich debat: Shal non housbonde seyn to me 'Chekmat!' For either they ben ful of jalousye, Or maisterful, or loven novelrye. "What shal I don? To what fyn live I thus? Shal I not love, in cas if that me leste? What, pardé! I am not religious! And though that I myn herte sette at reste Upon this knight that is the worthieste, And kepe alwey myn honour and my name, By alle right it may do me no shame!" But right as whan the sonne shineth brighte In March that chaungeth ofte time his face, And that a cloude is put with wind to flighte, Which oversprat the sonne as for a space, A cloudy thought gan thorugh her soule pace, That overspradde her brighte thoughtes alle, So that for fere almost she gan to falle.

That thought was this: "Allas! sith I am free. Sholde I now love, and putte in jupartye My sikernesse, and thrallen liberté? Allas! how dorste I thenken that folice? May I not wel in other folk aspye Hir dredful joye, hir constreynt, and hir peyne? Ther loveth non that she n'ath why to pleyne! "For love is yit the moste stormy lif, Right of himself, that evere was bigonne; For evere som mistrust or nice strif Ther is in love, som cloude is over that sonne; Therto we wrecched wommen nothing conne Whan us is wo, but wepe, and sitte and thinke: Our wreche is this, our owne wo to drinke. "Also these wikked tonges ben so prest To speke us harm, ek men ben so untrewe, That, right anon as cessed is hir lest, So cesseth love, and forth to love a-newe! But harm y-don is don, who-so it rewe! For though these men for love hem first to-rende, Ful sharp biginning breketh ofte at ende. "How ofte time hath it y-knowen be, The tresoun that to wommen hath be do! To what fyn is swich love, I can not see, Or wher becom'th it whan it is a-go; Ther is no wight that wot, I trowe so, Wher it becom'th: lo, no wight on it sporneth; That erst was no thing, into nought it torneth. "How bisy, if I love, ek moste I be To plesen hem that jangle of love and demen, And coye hem, that they seyn non harm of me; For, though ther be no cause, yit hem semen Al be for harm that folk hir frendes quemen; And who may stoppen every wikked tonge, Or soun of belles whil that they be ronge?" And after that her thought began to clere, And seyde, "He which that nothing undertaketh, Nothing acheveth, be him loth or dere." And with another thought her herte quaketh; Than slepeth hope, and after drede awaketh; Now hot, now cold; but thus betwixe tweye She rist her up, and wente her for to pleye. A-doun the stayre anon right tho she wente Into the gardin, with her neces three; And up and down they maden many a wente, Flexippe and she, Tarbe and Antigone, To pleyen, that it joye was to see; And other of her wommen, a gret route, Her folwed in the gardin al aboute. This yerd was large, and railed alle th' aléyes, And shadwed wel with blosmy bowes grene; Y-benched newe, and sonded alle the weyes, In which she walketh arm in arm bitwene; Til at the laste Antigone the shene Gan on a Trojan lay to singen clere, That it an hevene was her vois to here.

CHAUCER. JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

She seyde, "O Love, to whom I have and shal Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente As I best can, to you, Lord, give ich al For evere mo myn hertes lust to rente! For nevere yit thy grace no wight sente So blisful cause as me, my lif to lede In alle joye and seurté, out of drede. "Ye, blisful God, han me so wel biset In love, y-wis, that al that bereth lif Imaginen ne coude how to be bet; For, Lord, withouten jalousye or strif, I love oon which is most ententif To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned, That evere was, and leest with harm disteyned. "As he that is the welle of worthinesse, Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodlihed, Of wit Apollo, ston of sikernesse, Of vertu rote, of lust findere and hed, Thorugh which is alle sorwe fro me ded,-Y-wis, I love him best, so doth he me: Now good thrift have he, wher-so that he be ! "Whom sholde I thanken but you, God of Love, Of al this blisse, in which to bathe I ginne? And thanked be ye, Lord, for that I love! This is the righte lif that I am inne, To flemen alle maner vice and sinne! This doth me so to vertu for t'entende, That day by day I in my wil amende. "And who-so seith that for to love is vice, Or thraldom, though he fele in it distresse, He outher is envious or right nice, Or is unmighty, for his shrewednesse, To love. Lo, swiche maner folk, I gesse, Defamen Love, as nothing of him knowe: They speken, but they benten nevere his bowe! "What! Is the sonne wers of kinde right, Though that a man, for feblesse of his yen, May not endure on it to see for bright? Or love the wers, though wrecches on it cryen? No wele is worth, that may no sorwe dryen; And for-thy, who that hath a hed of verre, For cast of stones war him in the werre! "But I with al myn herte and al my might, As I have seyd, wol love unto my laste My dere herte, and al myn owne knight; In which myn herte growen is so faste, And his in me, that it shal evere laste: Al dredde I first to love him to biginne, Now wot I wel ther is no peril inne!" And of her song right with that word she stente; And therwithal, "Now, nece," quod Criseyde, "Who made this song now with so good entente?" Antigone answerde anon and seyde, " Madame, y-wis, the goodlieste mayde Of gret estat in al the toun of Troye, And let her lif in most honour and joye."

"For-sothe so it semeth by her song!"
Quod tho Criseyde, and gan ther-with to site,
And seyde, "Lord, is ther such blisse among
These lovers, as they conne faire endite?"
"Ye, wis!" quod fresshe Antigone the white,
"For alle the folk that han or ben on-live
Ne conne wel the blisse of love discrive.

"But wene ye that every wrecche wot
The parfit blisse of love? Nay, y-wis!
They wenen al be love, if oon be hot!
Do wey, do wey, they wot no thing of this!
Men mosten axe at seintes, if it is
Aught fair in hevene, (why? for they can telle!)
And axen fendes if it be foul in helle."

Criseyde therto no-thing her answerde, But seyde, "Y-wis, it wol be night as faste!" But every word which that she of her herde, She gan to prenten in her herte faste; And ay gan love her lasse for t' agaste Than it dide erst, and sinken in her herte, That she wex somwhat able to converte.

The dayes honour, and the hevenes ye,
The nightes fo, (al this clepe I the sonne)
Gan westren faste, and dounward for to wrye,
As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne;
And white thinges gan to waxen donne
For lak of light, and sterres for t' apere,
That she and alle her folk in wente i-fere.

So whan it liked her to gon to reste, And voided weren tho that voiden oughte, She seyde that to slepen wel her leste: Her women sone unto her bed her broughte. Whan al was hust tho lay she stille and thoughte Of al this thing; the maner and the wise Reherse it nedeth nought, for ye ben wise!

A nightingale upon a cedré grene Under the chambré wal ther-as she lay, Ful loude song ayein the mone shene, Paraunter, in his briddes wise, a lay Of love which that made his herte gay; Him herkned she so longe in good entente, That at the laste the dede slep her hente.

And as she slep, anon right tho her mette How that an egle, fethered whit as bon, Under her brest his longe clawes sette, And out her herte rente, and that anon, And dide his herte into her brest to gon; Of which she nought agroos, ne no-thing smerte; And forth he fleigh, with herte left for herte.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

THE KING SEES THE LADY JOAN

And therewith kest I down mine eye again, Where as I saw, walking under the tour, Full secretly new comen her to pley'n,

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND. HENRYSON

The fairest or the freshest yongë flour
That ever I saw, me thoght, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astert
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stude abaisit tho a lyte,
No wonder was; for-why my wittis all
Were so owercome with pleasance and delyte,
Only through latting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my hert became her thrall,
For ever, of free will; for of menace
There was no token in her swetë face.

And in my heid I drew ryght hastily,
And eft-sonës I leant it forth again,
And saw her walk, that very womanly,
With no wight mo, but only women twain.
Than gan I study in myself and sayn,
"Ah! sweet, are ye a warldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

"Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comen are to louse me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flouris, as they stand?
What sall I think, alas! what reverence
Sall I minister to your excellence?

"Gif ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it nocht astert;
Gif ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why lest God mak you so, my dearest hert,
To do a silly prisoner thus smert,
That luvis you all, and wote of nocht but woe?
And therefore, mercy, sweet! sen it is so."

HENRYSON

THE TALE OF THE UPLANDS MOUSE
AND THE BURGESS MOUSE

Esope, my author, makis mentioun
Of twa mice, and they were sisteris dear,
Of whom the eldest dwelt in ane burgh's toun,
The other wynnit uponland, weill near,
Solitar, while under busk, while under breir,
Whiles in the corn, and other mennis skaith,
As outlawis dois and livis on their waith.

This rural mouse, in to the winter tide, Had hunger, cauld, and tholit great distress. The other mouse that in the burgh can bide, Was gild-brother and made ane free burgess: Toll-free als, but custom mair or less, And freedom had to ga where ever she list, Amang the cheese in ark, and meal in kist.

Ane time when she was full and unfute-sair, She took in mind her sister uponland, And langit for to hear of her weilfare To see what life she had under the wand: Barefute, alone, with pikestaff in her hand, As poor pilgrim she passit out of toun, To seek her sister baith ower dale and doun.

Furth mony wilsome wayis can she walk, Through moss and moor, through bankis, busk and breir,

She ran cryand, whill she come to ane balk:
"Come furth to me, my awin sister dear:
Cry 'peep' anis!" With that the mouse could hear,
And knew her voce, as kinnisman will do,
By very kind; and furth she come her to.

The heartly joy, God! gif ye had seen,
Beis kyth when that thir sisteris met;
And great kindness was shawen them between
For whiles they leuch, and whiles for joy they gret,
While kissit sweet, whiles in armes plet;
And thus they fure, whill soberit was their mood,
Syne fute for fute unto the chalmer yude.

As I hard say, it was ane sober wane,
Of fog and fern full feebily was made
Ane silly shiel under ane steidfast stane,
Of whilk the entres was not hie nor braid;
And in the samyn they went but mair abaid,
Without fire or candle burnand bricht,
For commonly sic pykeris loves nocht licht.

When they were ludgit thus, thir silly mice,
The youngest sister in to her buttery glide,
And brocht furth nuttis and candle in steid of spice;
Gif this was gude fare, I do it on them beside.
The burgess mouse prompit furth in pride,
And said, "Sister, is this your daily fude?"
"Why not," quoth she, "is not this meat richt gude?"

"Na, by my saule, I think it but ane scorn."
"Madame," quoth she, "ye be the mair to blame
My mother said, sister, when we were born,
That I and ye lay baith within ane wame:
I keep the rate and custom of my dame,
And of my living in to poverty,
For landis have we nane in property."

"My fair sister," quoth she, "have me excusit,
This rude diet and I can not accord;
To tender meat my stomach is ay usit,
For whiles I fare als weill as ony lord:
Thir widderit peis, and nuttis, or they be bored,
Will brek my teeth, and mak my wame full sclender,
Whilk was before usit to meatis tender."

"Weill, weill, sister," quoth the rural mouse,
"Gif it please you, sic thingis as ye see here,
Baith meat and drink, herbery and house,
Sall be your awin, will ye remain all year,
Ye sall it have with blithe and merry cheer,
And that sould mak the messis that are rude,
Amang freindis, richt tender and wonder gude.

HENRYSON

"What pleasure is in the feastis delicate, The whilk are given with ane gloomand brow? Ane gentle heart is better recreate With blithe courage, than seethe to him ane cow: Ane modicum is mair for till allow, Swa that gude will be carver at the dais, Than thrawen vult and mony spicit mess." For all her merry exhortatioun, This burgess mouse had little will to sing, But heavily she kest her browis doun, For all the dainties that she could her bring. Yet at the last she said, half in hething: "Sister, this victual and your royal feast May weill suffice unto ane rural beast. "Let be this hole, and come unto my place, I sall to you shaw be experience, My Gude Friday is better nor your Pace; My dish-licking is worth your haill expense. I have houses anew of great defence; Of cat, nor fall-trap, I have na dreid." "I grant," quoth she; and on togidder they yeid. In stubble array through [rankest] gress and corn, And under buskis privily could they creep, The eldest was the guide and went beforn, The younger to her wayis took gude keep. On nicht they ran, and on the day can sleep: Whill in the morning, or the laverock sang, They fand the toun, and in blithely could gang. Not fer fra thine unto ane worthy wane, This burgess brocht them soon where they suld be Without God-speed their herbery was tane, In to ane spence with victual great plenty; Baith cheese and butter upon their skelfis hie, And flesh and fish aneuch, baith fresh and salt, And sekkis full of meal and eke of malt. Efter when they disposit were to dine, Without grace they wesh and went to meit, With all coursis that cookis could define, Mutton and beef struckin in tailyeis great; Ane lordis fare thus could they counterfeit, Except ane thing, they drank the water clear In steid of wine, but yet they made gude cheer. With blithe upcast and merry countenance, The eldest sister spierit at her guest, Gif that she by resoun fand difference Betwix that chalmer and her sarie nest. "Yea, dame," quoth she, "how lang will this lest?" "For evermair, I wait, and langer too." "Gif it be swa, ye are at ease," quoth scho. Till eke their cheer ane subcharge furth she brocht, Ane plate of groatis, and ane dish full of meal, Thraf caikis als I trow she sparit nocht, Abundantly about her for to deal; And mane full fine she brocht in steid of geill,

And ane white candle out of ane coffer stal,

In steid of spice to gust their mouth withal.

Thus made they merry whill they micht na mair, And "haill yuill, haill!" cryit upon hie, Yet efter joy oft-times comis care, And trouble efter great prosperity! Thus as they sat in all their jollity, The spenser come with keyis in his hand, Openit the door and them at denner fand. They tarryit not to wash, as I suppose, But on to ga wha that micht formest win. The burgess had ane hole, and in she goes, Her sister had na hole to hide her in; To see that silly mouse, it was great sin, So desolate and will of ane gude rede, For very dreid she fell in swoon near deid. But as God wald, it fell ane happy case; The spenser had na laser for to bide, Nouther to seek nor search, to scare nor chase, But on he went, and left the door up wide. The bauld burgess his passing weill has spied, Out of her hole she come and cryit on hie, "How fare ye, sister? Cry 'peep,' wherever ye be!" This rural mouse lay flatling on the ground, And for the deith she was full sair dreidand, For till her heart straik mony woeful stound, As in ane fever she trimblit fute and hand; And when her sister in sic ply her fand, For very pity she began to greet, Syne comfort her with wordis honey sweet. "Why lie ye thus? Rise up my sister dear, Come to your meat, this peril is owerpast." The other answerit her, with heavy cheer, " I may not eat, sa sair I am agast; I had liever thir forty dayis fast, With water kail, and to gnaw beanis and peis, Than all your feast, in this dreid and disease." With fair treaty yet she gart her rise, And to the board they went and togidder sat, And scantly had they drunken anis or twice, When in come Gib-hunter, our jolly cat, And bad God-speed: the burgess up with that, And till her hole she went as fire on flint: Bawdronis the other by the back has hint. Fra fute to fute he kest her to and fra, Whiles up, whiles down, as cant as ony kid; Whiles wald he lat her rin under the stra, Whiles wald he wink, and play with her bukheid. Thus to the silly mouse great pain he did, Whill at the last, through fortune and gude hap, Betwix ane board and the wall she crap. And up in haste behind ane parraling She clamb sa hie, that Gilbert micht not get her, Syne by the cluke there craftily can hing, Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better. Syne doun she lap when there was nane to lat her, And to the burgess mouse loud can she cry: "Fareweill, sister, thy feast here I defy!

"Thy mangery is mingit all with care, Thy goose is gude, thy gansell sour as gall; The subcharge of thy service is but sair, Sa sall thou find heirefterwart na fall. I thank yon curtain and yon perpall wall, Of my defence now fra yon cruel beast. Almichty God, keep me fra sic ane feast!

"Were I in to the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wa suld I never come again."
With that she took her leave and furth can ga,
Whiles through the corn, and whiles through the plain,
When she was furth and free, she was full fain,
And merrily merkit unto the moor:
I can not tell how weill thairefter she fure.

But I hard say, she passit to her den, As warm as wool, suppose it was not great, Full benely stuffit, baith but and ben, Of beanis and nuttis, peis, rye and wheat; Whenever she list, she had aneuch to eat, In quiet and ease, withouten ony dreid; But to her sisteris feast na mair she yeid.

MORALITAS

Freindis, ye may find, an ye will tak heed, In to this fable ane gude morality; As fitchis mingit are with noble seed, Swa interminglit is adversity With erdly joy; swa that na estate is free, Without trouble and some vexatioun; As namely they that climbis up maist hie, That are not content with small possessioun.

Blissit be simple life withouten dreid;
Blissit be sober feast in quietie;
Wha has aneuch, of na mair has he need,
Though it be little in to quantity.
Great abundance and blind prosperity
Oft-times makis ane evil conclusioun;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this countrie
Is sickerness, with small possessioun.

O wanton man! that uses for to feed Thy wame, and makis it ane god to be, Look to thyself, I warn thee weill, but dreid: The cat comis, and to the mouse has ee: What vailis than thy feast and royalty, With dreidful heart and tribulatioun? Best thing in erd therefore, I say, for me, Is blitheness in heart, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fire, my freind, sa it be but ane gleid, It warmes weill, and is worth gold to thee; And Salomon sayis, gif that thou will read, "Under the heaven there can not better be, Than ay be blithe, and live in honesty." Wherefore I may conclude by this resoun: Of erdly joy it bearis maist degree, Blitheness in heart, with small possessioun.

DUNBAR

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

When Merche was with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with her silver shouris,
Tane leave at Nature with ane orient blast;
And lusty May, that mother is of flouris,
Had made the birdis to begin their houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight;

In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with her crystal een,
In at the window lookit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage pale and green;
On whois hand a lark sang fro the spleen:
"Awauk, luvaris, out of your slomering,
See how the lusty morrow dois up-spring!"

Me thocht fresh May before my bed up-stood,
In weed depaint of mony divers hue,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bricht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Heavenly of colour, white, reid, broun, and blue,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beamis,
Whill all the house illuminit of her lemis.

"Sluggard," she said, "awauk anon for shame, And in my honour something thou go write; The lark has done the mirry day proclaim, To raise up luvaris with comfort and delight, Yet nocht increases thy courage to indite, Whois hairt some time has glaid and blissful been, Sangis to mak under the leavis green."

"Whereto," said I, "sall I uprise at morrow,
For in this May few birdis heard I sing?
They have more cause to weep and plain their sorrow,
Thy air it is nocht wholesome nor benyng;
Lord Æolus dois in the season ring;
So busteous are the blastis of his horn,
Amang thy bewis to walk I have forborne."

With that this lady soberly did smile,
And said, "Uprise, and do thy observance;
Thou did promit, in Mayis lusty while,
For to descryve the Rose of most pleasance.
Go see the birdis how they sing and dance,
Illuminit ower with orient skyis bricht,
Enamellit richly with new azure licht."

When this was said, depairtit she, this queen,
And enterit in a lusty gairden gent;
And than, me thocht, full hastily beseen,
In serk and mantle [efter her] I went
Into this garth, most dulce and redolent
Of herb and flour, and tender plantis sweet,
And green leavis doing of dew doun fleet.

The purpour sun, with tender beamis reid, In orient bricht as angel did appear, Through golden skyis putting up his heid, Whois gilt tressis shone so wonder clear, That all the world took comfort, fer and near, To look upon his fresh and blissful face, Doing all sable fro the heavenis chase.

And as the blissful soun of hierarchy
The fowlis song through comfort of the licht;
The birdis did with open vocis cry,

"O, luvaris' foe, away, thou dully Nicht, And welcome Day, that comfortis every wicht! Hail, May! Hail, Flora! Hail, Aurora sheen! Hail, Princess Nature! Hail, Venus, luvis Queen!"

Dame Nature gave ane inhibitioun there
To fierce Neptunus, and Æolus the bauld
Nocht to perturb the water nor the air,
And that no shouris, nor blastis cauld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold;
She bad eke Juno, goddess of the sky,
That she the heaven suld keep amene and dry.

She ordain'd eke that every bird and beast
Before her Hieness suld anon compear,
And every flour of virtue, most and least,
And every herb by field, fer and near,
As they had wont in May, fro year to year,
To her their maker to mak obedience,
Full low inclinand with all due reverence.

With that anon she send the swift Roe
To bring in beastis of all conditioun.
The restless Swallow commandit she also
To fetch all fowl of small and great renown;
And to gar flouris compear of all fassoun,
Full craftily conjurit she the Yarrow,
Whilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

All present were in twinkling of ane ee,
Baith beast, and bird, and flour, before the queen,

And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
Was callit there, and he, most fair to seen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before Dame Nature come, and did incline,
With visage bauld, and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
Richt strong of corps, of fassoun fair, but fere,
Lusty of shape, licht of deliverance,
Reid of his colour, as is the ruby glance;
On field of gold he stood full michtily,
With flour-delycis circulit lustily.

This lady liftit up his cluvis clear,
And leit him listly lean upon her knee,
And crownit him with diadem full dear,
Of radious stonis, most royal for to see;
Saying, "The King of Beastis mak I thee,
And the chief protector in woodis and shawis;
Unto thy liegis go furth, and keep the lawis.

"Exerce justice with mercy and conscience, And lat no small beast suffer skaith, na scornis Of great beastis that been of more piscence;
Do law alike to apis and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle, with his busteous hornis,
The meek pleugh-ox oppress, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go peaceable him beside."

When this was said, with noise and soun of joy All kind of beastis in to their degree At onis cryit loud: "Vive le Roy!"

And till his feet fell with humility,
And all they made him homage and feauty
And he did them receive with princely laitis,
Whois noble ire is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit she the Eagle King of Fowlis,
And as steel dertis sherpit she his pennis,
And bad him be als just to awppis and owlis
As unto peacockis, papingais, and cranis,
And mak ae law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis;
And lat no fowl of ravin do effray,
Nor devore birdis but his awin prey.

Than callit she all flouris that grew on field,
Discerning all their fassionis and effeiris;
Upon the awful Thrissill she beheld,
And saw him keepit with a bush of spearis;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radious croun of rubies she him gave,
And said, "In field go furth, and fend the lave;

"And sen thou art a king, thou be discreet;
Herb without virtue thou hald nocht of sic price
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet;
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fallow to the goodly flour-delyce;
Nor lat no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her till the lily's nobleness.

"Nor hald none other flour in sic dainty
As the fresh Rose, of colour reid and white;
For gif thou dois, hurt is thine honesty,
Considering that no flour is so perfyt,
So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight,
So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

Than to the Rose she turnit her visage,
And said, "O lusty dochter most benyng,
Above the lily, illustar of linage,
Fro the stock royal rising fresh and ying,
But ony spot or macle doing spring;
Come, bloom of joy, with gemis to be croun'd,
For ower the lave thy beauty is renown'd."

A costly croun, with clarified stonis bricht,
This comely queen did on her heid inclose,
Whill all the land illuminit of the licht;
Wherefore, me thocht, all flouris did rejose,
Crying at once, "Hail be, thou richest Rose!
Hail, herbis' empress, hail, freshest queen of flouris!
To thee be glory and honour at all houris!"

Than all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
Whois mirthful soun was mervelous to hear;
The mavis song, "Hail, Rose most rich and richt,
That dois up-flouriss under Phæbus' spear;
Hail, plant of youth, hail, prince's dochter dear,
Hail, blossom breking out of the blood royal,
Whois precious virtue is imperial!"

The merle she song, "Hail, Rose of most delight!
Hail, of all flouris Queen and Soverain!"
The lark she song, "Hail, Rose both reid and white,
Most pleasant flour, of michty colouris twain!"
The nichtingale song, "Hail, Naturis suffragane,
In beauty, nurtour, and every nobleness,
In rich array, renown and gentleness!"

The common voce up-rase of birdis small,
Upon this wise: "O blissit be the hour,
That thou was chosen to be our principal!
Welcome to be our princess of honour,
Our pearl, our pleasance, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plain felicity!
Christ thee conserve from all adversity!"

Than all the birdis song with sic a shout,
That I anon awoke where that I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To see this Court; but all were went away:
Than up I leanit, halflingis in affray,
And thus I wret, as ye have hard to-forrow,
Of lusty May upon the nint morrow.

MEDITATION IN WINTER

In to thir dirk and drublie dayis, Whon sable all the heaven arrayis, With misty vapouris, cluddis, and skyis, Nature all courage me denyis Of sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

Whon that the nicht dois lengthen houris, With wind, with hail, and heavy shouris, My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir; My hairt for languor dois forlore, For laik of simmer with his flouris.

I wauk, I turn, sleep may I nocht,
I vexit am with heavy thocht;
This warld all ower I cast about,
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit on every side;
Despair sayis ay: "In time provide,
And get some thing whereon to leve;
Or with great trouble and mischief
Thou sall in to this Court abide."

Than Patience sayis: "Be nocht agast: Hald Hope and Truth within thee fast; And lat Fortoun work furth her rage, Whon that no rasoun may assuage Whill that her glass be run and past." And Prudence in my ear sayis ay: "Why wald thou hald that will away? Or crave that thou may have no space, Thou tending to ane other place, A journey going every day?" And than sayis Age, "My friend, come near, And be not strange, I thee requeir: Come, brother, by the hand me tak, Remember thou has compt to mak Of all thy time thou spendit here." Syne Deid castis up his yettis wide, Saying: "Thir open sall thee bide; Albeit that thou were never sa stout, Under this lintel sall thou lout: There is nane other way beside." For fear of this all day I drowp; No gold in kist, nor wine in cowp; No lady's beauty, nor luvis bliss May lat me to remember this, How glaid that ever I dine or sowp. Yet, whon the nicht beginnis to short, It dois my spreit some pairt comfort, Of thocht oppressit with the shouris. Come, lusty simmer, with thy flouris, That I may leve in some disport!

LAMENT FOR THE MAKERS

I THAT in heill was and glaidness Am trublit now with great seikness And feblit with infirmitie:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,
This false world is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary, Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary, Now dansand mirry, now like to die: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No state in erd here standis sicker; As with the wynd wavis the wicker So wannis this warldis vanitie:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.
Unto the Death gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelatis, and Potestatis,
Paith rich and poor of all degree

Baith rich and poor of all degree:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knichtis in to the field Enarmit under helm and shield; Victor he is at all mellie:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strong unmerciful tyrand
Takis, on the motheris breast sowkand,
The babe full of benignitie:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

DUNBAR, ANONYMOUS

He takis the campion in the stour, The captain closit in the tour, The lady in bour full of bewtie: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He sparis no lord for his piscence, Na clerk for his intelligence; His awful straik may no man flee: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art-magicianis and astrologis, Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis, Them helpis no conclusionis slee: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medicine the most practicianis, Leechis, surrigianis and physicianis, Themself from Death may nocht supplee: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the lave Playis here their pageant, syne gois to grave; Sparit is nocht their facultie; Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has done piteously devour The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour, The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The good Sir Hew of Eglintoun, And eke Heriot, and Wintoun, He has tane out of this cuntrie: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell has done infeck Maister John Clerk, and James Afflek, Fra ballat-making and tragedie: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit; Alas! that he nocht with us levit Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eke he has tane, That made the Aunteris of Gawain; Sir Gilbert Hay endit has he: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry and Sandy Traill Slain with his schour of mortal hail, Whilk Patrick Johnstoun might nocht flee: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Mersar his endite
That did in luve so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie:

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has tane Roull of Aberdene, And gentill Roull of Corstorphine; Two better fallowis did no man see: Timor Mortis conturbat me, In Dunfermline he has done roune With Maister Robert Henrysoun; Sir John the Ross enbrast has he: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he has now tane, last of a', Gude gentill Stobo and Quintin Shaw, Of whom all wichtis has pitie: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Gude Maister Walter Kennedy In point of death lies verily; Great ruth it were that so suld be: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brether tane, He will nocht let me live alane; Of force I man his next prey be: Timor Mortis conturbat me,

Sen for the Death remeid is none, Best is that we for Death dispone Efter our death that live may we: Timor Mortis conturbat me.

ANONYMOUS

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

He. Be it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

She. I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decay'd:
But nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid
That they love true and continue:
Record the Nut-brown Maid,
Which from her love, when her to prove
He came to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

He. Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain in fere
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answere:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.

He.

I am the Knight. I come by night, As secret as I can, Saying, Alas! thus standeth the case, I am a banished man.

She. And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to show, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use—
To their own shame—women to blame
And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so: a deed is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee. The t' one must be.
None other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, mine own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you, lo,
As heartily as I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.

Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind.
Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

Yet I you rede to take good heed

What men will think and say:
Of young, of old, it shall be told
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman
Yet would I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho that do not so
True lovers are they none:
But in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, Remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow ready to draw;
And as a thief thus must ye live
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green-wood go,

Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay, but as ye say;
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more.
From which to part it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;

For, in my mind, of all mankind I love but you alone.

He. For an outlaw this is the law,

That men him take and bind
Without pitie, hanged to be,
And waver with the wind.

If I had need (as God forbede!)
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth I trow, you and your bow
For fear would draw behind.
And no mervail; for little avail
Were in your counsel than:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Full well know ye that women be
Full feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is, indeed,
To be bold as a knight:
Yet in such fear if that ye were
Among enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death [saved] many one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And shortly it is this—
That where ye be, me seemeth, parde,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.

Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diète Should make you pale and wan: Wherefore I to the wood will go, Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle
Where is so great plentè:
And water clear of the rivere
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As, cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man,

She. I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you I have most drede!
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For, right as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardily
Ye would answere whosoever it were,
In way of company:
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:

And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
 It were a cursed deed!
To be felaw with an outlaw—
 Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were the poor squyere
 Alone to forest yede
Than ye shall say another day
 That by my wicked deed
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maid,
 The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green-wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing be upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid
Whom I love more than you:
Another fairer than ever ye were
I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteis every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, of wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you when I began:
I will not to the green-wood go;
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me

Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure;
But it is often seen
When men will break promise they speak
The wordes on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal fro me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not nede further to drede:

I will not disparage
You (God defend), sith ye descend
Of so great a linage.
Now understand: to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an Earles son,
And not a banished man.

Here may ye see that women be

In love meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometime proveth such as loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.
Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne,

At ilka tett of he horse's mane Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap, And louted low down to his knee:

"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!

For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp, along wi'me,
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be!"

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird sall never daunton me;"
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed, She's taen True Thomas up behind, And aye whene'er her bridle rung, The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on— The steed gaed swifter than the wind— Until they reached a desart wide, And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, True Thomas, And lean your head upon my knee;

Abide and rest a little space, And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not you narrow road, So thick beset with thorns and briers? That is the path of righteousness, Tho after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,

hat is the path of wickedness, Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue, Whatever ye may hear or see, For, if you speak word in Elflyn land, Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded thro rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded thro red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins thro the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,
It will give the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said,
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,

At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer, Nor ask of grace from fair ladye:"
"Now hold thy peace," the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth, And a pair of shoes of velvet green, And till seven years were gane and past True Thomas on earth was never seen.

TAM LIN

O I FORBID you, maidens a That wear gowd on your hair, To come or gae by Carterhaugh, For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh But they leave him a wad, Either their rings, or green mantles, Or else their maidenhead,

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose, A rose but only twa, Till up then started young Tam Lin, Says, "Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet, And why breaks thou the wand? Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh Withoutten my command?"

"Carterhaugh, it is my ain, My daddie gave it me; I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh, And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle A little aboon her knee, And she has snooded her yellow hair A little aboon her bree, And she is to her father's ha, As fast as she can hie. Four and twenty ladies fair Were playing at the ba, And out then cam the fair Janet, Ance the flower amang them a' Four and twenty ladies fair Were playing at the chess, And out then cam the fair Janet, As green as onie grass. Out then spak an auld grey knight, Lay o'er the castle wa, And says, " Alas, fair Janet, for thee But we'll be blamed a'." "Haud your tongue, ye auld-fac'd knight, Some ill death may ye die! Father my bairn on whom I will, I'll father nane on thee." Out then spak her father dear, And he spak meek and mild; "And ever alas, sweet Janet," he says, "I think thou gaes wi' child." "If that I gae wi' child, father, Mysel maun bear the blame; There's neer a laird about your ha Shall get the bairn's name. "If my love were an earthly knight, As he's an elfin grey, I wad na gie my ain true-love For nae lord that ye hae. "The steed that my true-love rides on Is lighter than the wind; Wi siller he is shod before Wi burning gowd behind." Janet has kilted her green kirtle A little aboon her knee, And she has snooded her yellow hair A little aboon her bree, And she's awa' to Carterhaugh, As fast as she can hie. When she cam to Carterhaugh, Tam Lin was at the well, And there she fand his steed standing, But away was himsel. She had na pu'd a double rose, A rose but only twa, Till up then started young Tam Lin, Says, "Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,

Amang the groves sae green,

That we gat us between?"

And a' to kill the bonie babe

"O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin," she says, " For's sake that died on tree, If e'er ye was in holy chapel, Or christendom did see?" "Roxbrugh he was my grandfather, Took me with him to bide, And ance it fell upon a day That wae did me betide. "And ance it fell upon a day, A cauld day and a snell, When we were frae the hunting come, That frae my horse I fell; The Queen o' Fairies she caught me, In yon green hill to dwell. "And pleasant is the fairy land, But, an eerie tale to tell, Ay at the end of seven years We pay a tiend to hell; I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh I'm feared it be mysel. "But the night is Halloween, lady, The morn is Hallowday; Then win me, win me, and ye will, For weel I wat ye may. "Just at the mirk and midnight hour The fairy folk will ride, And they that wad their true-love win, At Miles Cross they maun bide." "But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin, Or how my true-love know, Amang sae mony unco knights The like I never saw?" "O first let pass the black, lady, And syne let pass the brown, But quickly run to the milk-white steed, Pu ye his rider down. " For I'll ride on the milk-white steed, And ay nearest the town; Because I was an earthly knight They gie me that renown. "My right hand will be glov'd, lady, My left hand will be bare, Cockt up shall my bonnet be, And kaim'd down shall my hair; And thae's the takens I gie thee, Nae doubt I will be there. "They'll turn me in your arms, lady, Into an esk and adder; But hold me fast, and fear me not, I am your bairn's father. "They'll turn me to a bear sae grim, And then a lion bold; But hold me fast, and fear me not, As ye shall love your child.

SCOTT. GASCOIGNE. SACKVILLE

- "Again they'll turn me in your arms
 To a red het gaud of airn;
 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
 I'll do to you nae harm.
- "And last they'll turn me in your arms
 Into the burning gleed;
 Then throw me into well water,
 O throw me in wi' speed.
- "And then I'll be your ain true-love, I'll turn a naked knight; Then cover me wi your green mantle, And cover me out o' sight."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night, And eerie was the way, As fair Jenny in her green mantle To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night She heard the bridles ring; This lady was as glad at that As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say, And young Tam Lin did win; Syne covered him wi her green mantle, As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies, Out of a bush o' broom:

"Them that has gotten young Tam Lin Has gotten a stately groom."

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies, And an angry woman was she; "Shame betide her ill-far'd face, And an ill death may she die,

For she's taen awa the bonniest knight In a' my companie.

"But had I kend, Tam Lin," she says,
"What now this night I see,
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree."

CLERK SAUNDERS

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret Walk'd ower yon garden green; And sad and heavy was the love That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me!"

"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be,

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers, Wi' torches burning bright; They'll say,—'We hae but ae sister, And behold she's wi a knight!'"

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard, And slowly lift the pin; And you may swear, and save your aith, Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand, And tie up baith your bonny een, And you may swear, and save your aith, Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour, When they asleep were laid, When in and came her seven brothers, Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers, Wi' torches burning bright: They said, "We hae but ae sister, And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them, And never a word spake he; But he has striped his bright brown brand Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd Into his arms as asleep she lay; And sad and silent was the night That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleeped sound, Albeit the sun began to sheen; She looked atween her and the wa', And dull and drowsie were his een,

Then in and came her father dear;
Said,—"Let a' your mourning be:
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons;
For comforted will I never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get, Nor our true love sall never twin, Until ye come within my bower, And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight, I wot the wild fowl are boding day; Give me my faith and troth again, And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?"

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wet, sweet company for to see.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight, I wot the wild fowl are boding day; The psalms of heaven will soon be sung, And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret, I thank ye, Marg'ret; And aye I thank ye heartilie; Gin ever the dead come for the quick, Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Is there ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now,
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now, But and my winding-sheet; The dew it falls nae sooner down Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonnie birk, And lay it on my breast; And shed a tear upon my grave, And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret, And Marg'ret, o' veritie, Gin ere ye love another man, Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk-white cock, And up and crew the gray; Her lover vanish'd in the air, And she gaed weeping away.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well, And a wealthy wife was she; She had three stout and stalwart sons, And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her, A week but barely ane, When word came to the carline wife That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her, A week but barely three, Whan word came to the carlin wife That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease, Nor fashes in the flood, Till my three sons come hame to me, In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch, Nor yet in ony sheugh; But at the gates o' Paradise That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed, She's made it large and wide; And she's ta'en her mantle her about, Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock, And up and crew the gray; The eldest to the youngest said, "'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once, And clapp'd his wings at a', Whan the youngest to the eldest said, "Brother, we must awa.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw, The channerin worm doth chide;

Gin we be mist out o' our place, A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper

To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight, Sat at the king's right knee: "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor

'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter, And seal'd it with his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,

Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,

'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'
The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;

The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed, And tauld the king o' me,

To send us out, at this time of the year, To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, Our ship must sail the faem;

The king's daughter of Noroway, 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn, Wi' a' the speed they may; They hae landed in Noroway, Upon a Wodensday. They hadna been a week, a week In Noroway but twae, When that the lords o' Noroway Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud, And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud! Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,

And I brought a half-fou' o' gude red goud, Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry-men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now ever alake, my master dear, I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen, Wi' the auld moon in her arm; And if we gang to sea, master, I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap, It was sic a deadly storm; And the waves cam o'er the broken ship, Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor, To take my helm in hand, Till I get up to the tall top-mast, To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine, And wap them into our ship's side, And let na the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine, And they wapped them roun that gude ship's side

But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords To weet their cork-heel'd shoon! But lang or a the play was play'd They wat their hats aboon,

And mony was the feather-bed
That fluttered on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white, The maidens tore their hair, A' for the sake of their true loves, For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see Sir Patrick Spens Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit, Wi' their goud kaims in their hair, A' waiting for their ain dear loves! For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

Ir fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes, With them the Lindesays, light and gay; But the Jardines wald not with him ride, And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire.
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about:
"O wha's the lord of this castle?
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then, And O but he spake hie! "I am the lord of this castle,

"I am the lord of this castle, My wife's the lady gaye."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle, Sae weel it pleases me! For, ere I cross the Border fells, The tane of us sall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand, Shod with the metal free, And for to meet the Douglas there, He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green, And never an eye to see, I wad hae had you, flesh and fell; But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
"Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,

But there is nought at Otterbourne, To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To feed my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"—
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,

"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne, Upon the bent sae brown; They lighted high on Otterbourne, And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy, Sent out his horse to grass, And he that had not a bonnie boy, His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page, Before the peep of dawn:

"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord, For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie;
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

"But I have dream'd a dreary dream, Beyond the Isle of Sky; I saw a dead man win a fight, And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword, And to the field he ran; But he forgot the helmet good, That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword, That could so sharply wound, Has wounded Douglas on the brow, Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page, And said—"Run speedilie, And fetch my ain dear sister's son, Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken-bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken-bush, Beneath the blooming brier; Let never living mortal ken That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken-bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood, They steep'd their hose and shoon; The Lindesays flew like fire about, Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between,

"Yield thee, now yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"

"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun, Nor yet shalt thou yield to me; But yield thee to the braken-bush, That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken-bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW

Late at e'en, drinking the wine, And ere they paid the lawing, They set a combat them between, To fight it in the dawing.

"Oh, stay at hame, my noble lord, Oh, stay at hame, my marrow! My cruel brother will you betray On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"Oh, fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh, fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks of Yarrow."
She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Oh, come ye here to part your land, The bonnie Forest thorough? Or come ye here to wield your brand, On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

And he's away to Yarrow.

"I come not here to part my land, And neither to beg nor borrow; I come to wield my noble brand, On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
An that's an unequal marrow:
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain, On the bloody braes of Yarrow; Till that stubborn knight came him behind, And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John, And tell your sister Sarah, To come and lift her leafu' lord;

To come and lift her leafu' lord; He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south, From where my love repaireth, Convey a kiss from his dear mouth, And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men; They've wrought me dole and sorrow; They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain— He bleeding lies on Yarrow." As she sped down you high, high hill, She gaed wi' dole and sorrow, And in the den spied ten slain men, On the dowie banks of Yarrow. She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair, She search'd his wounds all thorough, She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red, On the dowie houms of Yarrow. "Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear! For a' this breeds but sorrow; I'll wed ye to a better lord Than him ye lost on Yarrow." "Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear! Ye mind me but of sorrow: A fairer rose did never bloom

Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

WILLIE'S rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll mak it narrow,
For a' the lee-lang winter nicht
I lie twined o' my marrow.

O came ye by yon water-side,
Pu'd ye the rose or lily?

Or cam ye by yon meadow green?

WILLIE DROWN'D IN YARROW

Or saw ye my sweet Willie?
She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;

Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

WALY, WALY O WALY, waly, up the bank, O waly, waly, down the brae. And waly, waly, yon burn side, Where I and my love wont to gae. I leaned my back unto an aik, And thocht it was a trustie tree, But first it bow'd and syne it brak, Sae my true love did lichtly me. O waly, waly, but love is bonnie A little time while it is new. But when it's auld it waxes cauld, And fades away like morning dew. O wherefore should I busk my head, O wherefore should I kame my hair, For my true love has me forsook, And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed, The sheets sall ise'er be pressed by me, St. Anton's well sall be my drink, Since my true love has forsaken me. Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw, And shake the green leaves off the tree! O gentle Death, when wilt thou come? For of my life I am wearie! 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell, Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie. Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry, But my love's heart grown cauld to me. When we came in by Glasgow toun We were a comely sicht to see; My love was clad in the black velvet, And I mysel in cramasie. But had I wist before I kist That love had been sae ill to win, I had lockt my heart in a case of gold, And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin. Oh, oh! if my young babe were born, And set upon the nurse's knee; And I mysel were dead and gane, And the green grass growing over me!

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane, I heard twa corbies making a mane; The tane unto the t'other say, "Where sall we gang and dine the day?" "In behint you auld fail dyke, I wot there lies a new-slain knight; And naebody kens that he lies there But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair. "His hound is to the hunting gane, His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, His lady's ta'en another mate, So we may mak our dinner sweet, "Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane, And I'll pike out his bonny blue een; Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek our nest when it grows bare. "Mony ane for him maks mane, But nane sall ken where he is gane, O'er his white banes, when they are bare, The wind sall blaw for evermair."

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!
Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

ANONYMOUS. WYATT

O think na ye my heart was sair, When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair! There did she swoon wi' meikle care, On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side, None but my foe to be my guide, None but my foe to be my guide, On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw, I hacked him in pieces sma', I hacked him in pieces sma', For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"
O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste! If I were with thee, I'd be blest, Where thou lies low and taks thy rest, On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green, A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en, And I in Helen's arms lying, On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies! Night and day on me she cries; And I am weary of the skies, For her sake that died for me.

WYATT

LO, WHAT IT IS TO LOVE Lo, what it is to love! Learn ye that list to prove At me, I say, No ways that may The ground of grief remove, My life alway That doth decay: Lo, what it is to love! Flee alway from the snare! Learn by me to beware Of such a train Which doubles pain, And endless woe and care That doth retain: Which to refrain, Flee alway from the snare! To love and to be wise, To rage with good advice: Now thus, now than, Now off, now an,

Uncertain as the dice:

There is no man
At once that can
To love and to be wise.

Such are the divers throes,
Such that no man knows,
That hath not proved,
And once have loved:
Such are the raging woes,
Sooner reproved
Than well removed:
Such are the divers throes.

Love is a fervent fire
Kindled by hot desire;
For a short pleasure
Long displeasure;
Repentance is the hire;
A poor treasure
Without measure:
Love is a fervent fire.
—Lo, what it is to love!

ONCE, AS METHOUGHT, FORTUNE ME KIST

Once, as methought, Fortune me kist, And bad me ask what I thought best, And I should have it as me list, Therewith to set my heart in rest.

I asked nought but my dear heart,
To have for evermore mine own:
Then at an end were all my smart;
Then should I need no more to moan.

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had overturn'd this goodly day,
And Fortune seemed at the last
That to her promess she said nay.

But like as one out of despair,
To sudden hope revived I;
Now Fortune shew'th herself so fair
That I content me wonderly.

My most desire my hand may reach;
My will is alway at my hand;
Me need not long for to beseech
Her that hath power me to command.

What earthly thing more can I crave?
What would I wish more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save, that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune hath kept her promess In granting me my most desire; Of my suffrance I have redress, And I content me with my hire.

FORGET NOT YET THE TRIED INTENT

FORGET not yet the tried intent Of such a truth as I have meant; My great travail so gladly spent Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began The weary life ye know, since whan The suit, the service, none tell can; Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays, The cruel wrong, the scornful ways, The painful patience in denays, Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, forget not this, How long ago hath been, and is The mind that never meant amiss-Forget not this!

Forget not then thine own approved, The which so long hath thee so loved, Whose steadfast faith yet never moved-Forget not this!

AND WILT THOU LEAVE ME THUS ?

AND wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay! Say nay, for shame! To save thee from the blame Of all my grief and grame, And wilt thou leave me thus, Say nay! Say nay! And wilt thou leave me thus, That hath loved thee so long, In wealth and woe among? And is thy heart so strong As for to leave me thus? Say nay! Say nay! And wilt thou leave me thus, That hath given thee my heart, Never for to depart, Nother for pain nor smart? And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay! Say nay! And wilt thou leave me thus, And have no more pity Of him that loveth thee? Helas! thy cruelty! And wilt thou leave me thus?

MY LUTE, AWAKE !

Say nay! Say nay!

My lute, awake! Perform the last Labour that thou and I shall waste, And end that I have now begun; For when this song is sung and past, My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none, As lead to grave in marble stone, My song may pierce her heart as soon. Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan? No, no, my lute! for I have done. The rocks do not so cruelly Repulse the waves continually, As she my suit and affection; So that I am past remedy: Whereby my lute and I have done. Proud of the spoil that thou hast got Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot, By whom, unkind, thou hast them won Think not he hath his bow forgot, Although my lute and I have done. Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain, That makest but game on earnest pain; Think not alone under the sun Unquit to cause thy lover's plain, Although my lute and I have done. May chance thee lie wither'd and old The winter nights that are so cold, Plaining in vain unto the moon: Thy wishes then dare not be told: Care then who list, for I have done. And then may chance thee to repent The time that thou hast lost and spent, To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon; Then shalt thou know beauty but lent, And wish and want as I have done. Now cease, my lute! This is the last Labour that thou and I shall waste, And ended is that we begun. Now is this song both sung and past; My lute, be still! for I have done.

SURREY

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before That spent your boasts and brags in vain; My lady's beauty passeth more The best of yours, I dare well sayn, Than doth the sun the candle light, Or brightest day the darkest night. And thereto hath a troth as just As had Penelope the fair; For what she saith, ye may it trust, As it by writing sealed were; And virtues hath she many moe Than I with pen have skill to show. I could rehearse, if that I would, The whole effect of Nature's plaint, When she had lost the perfit mould, The like to whom she could not paint: With wringing hands how she did cry, And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain:
She could not make the like again.
Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

A WORTHIER WIGHT THAN HELEN

When raging love with extreme pain Most cruelly distrains my heart; When that my tears, as floods of rain, Bear witness of my woful smart; When sighs have wasted so my breath That I lie at the point of death: I call to mind the navy great That the Greeks brought to Troye town, And how the boistrous winds did beat Their ships, and rent their sails adown, Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood Appeased the gods that them withstood. And how that in those ten years' war Full many a bloody deed was done; And many a lord that came full far, There caught his bane, alas! too soon; And many a good knight overrun, Before the Greeks had Helen won. Then think I thus: Sith such repair, So long time war of valiant men, Was all to win a lady fair,

Therefore I never will repent,
But pains, contented, still endure;
For like as when, rough Winter spent,
The pleasant Spring straight draweth in ure,
So after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

Shall I not learn to suffer then,

And think my life well spent, to be

Serving a worthier wight than she?

THE GOLDEN GIFT THAT NATURE DID THEE GIVE

The golden gift that Nature did thee give To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will With form and favour, taught me to believe, How thou art made to show her greatest skill; Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown, But lively dooms might gather at the first, Where Beauty so her perfect seed hath sown, Of other graces follow needs there must. Now certes, Garret, since all this is true, That from above thy gifts are thus elect,

Do not deface them then with fancies new, Nor change of minds let not thy mind infect; But mercy him thy friend that doth thee serve, Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

IN SPRING

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings, With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale: The nightingale with feathers new she sings; The turtle to her make hath told her tale. Summer is come, for every spray now springs: The hait hath hung his old head on the pale; The buck in brake his winter coat he flings; The fishes float with new repaired scale; The adder all her slough away she slings; The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale; The busy bee her honey now she mings; Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS WYATT

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest:
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain;
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:
Such profit he of envy posterior did from a

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame; Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain, As on a stithy; where some work of fame Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain;

A visage stern, and mild; where both did grow Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice; Amid great storms, whom grace assured so, To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice;

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)

Some may approach, but never none shall hit; A tongue, that served in foreign realms his king; Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring Our English youth, by travail, unto fame;

An eye, whose judgement no affect could blind, Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile; Whose piercing look did represent a mind With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile;

A heart, where dread was never so imprest
Tohide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune loft, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance;

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met:
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes;
Lived, and ran the race that Nature set;
Of manhood's shape where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shall be dead;
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost; The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

EPITAPH ON HIS FRIEND CLERE

Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead: Clere, of the Count of Cleremont thou hight; Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred, And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy sight. Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase: (Ay me! while life did last that league was tender) Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze, Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render. At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure, Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will; Which cause did thee this pining death procure, Ere summer four times seven thou couldst fulfil. Ah! Clere, if love had booted, care, or cost,

Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

A PRISONER IN WINDSOR CASTLE So cruel prison how could betide, alas! As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy, With a King's son, my childish years did pass, In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy. Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour: The large green courts where we were wont to hove, With eyes cast up unto the maidens' tower, And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love. The stately sales, the ladies bright of hue, The dances short, long tales of great delight; With words and looks, that tigers could but rue, Where each of us did plead the other's right; The palme-play, where, despoiled for the game, With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame, To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above; The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm, On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts, With cheer as though the one should overwhelm, Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts; With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth, In active games of nimbleness and strength Where we did strain, trailed by swarms of youth Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length; The secret groves, which oft we made resound Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise: Recording soft what grace each one had found, What hope of speed, what dread of long delays; The wild forest, the clothed holts with green: With reins avaled, and swift ybreathed horse, With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between, Where we did chase the fearful hart a-force; The void walls eke that harbour'd us each night: Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight; The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest; The secret thoughts imparted with such trust, The wanton talk, the divers change of play,

The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just, Wherewith we past the winter nights away. And with this thought the blood forsakes my face; The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue; The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas! Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew: "O place of bliss! renewer of my woes! Give me accompt, where is my noble fere? Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose, To other lief, but unto me most dear." Each stone, alas! that doth my sorrow rue, Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint. Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew, In prison pine, with bondage and restraint: And with remembrance of the greater grief To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

A. SCOTT

OPPRESSIT HAIRT, ENDURE

OPPRESSIT hairt, endure In dolour and distress, Wappit, without recure, In woe remediless; Sen she is merciless, And causis all thy smert, Whilk suld thy dolour dress, Endure, oppressit hairt! Perforce tak patience, And dree thy destiny; To luve but recompense Is great perplexity; Of thine adversity Wyte thyself and no mo, For, when that thou was free, Thou wald nocht hald thee so. Thou langit ay to prove The strength of luvis lair, And what kin thing was luve, Whilk now sets thee so sair; Of all thy woe and care It mends thee nocht to mene; Howbeit thou suld forfare, Thyself the cause has been. When thou was weill at ease, And subject to no wicht, Thou her for luve did chese, Whilk sets thy luve at licht; And though thou knew her slicht, Yet wald thou nocht refrain, Therefore it is but richt That thou endure the pain. But yet my corpse, alace! Is wrangously opprest By thee into this case, And brocht to great wantest. Why suld it so be drest

SCOTT. GASCOIGNE. SACKVILLE

By thee, and daily pined, Whilk still it ay detest? Thy wanton, foolish mind!

The blinkin' of an ee
Ay gart thee gove and glaik,
My body bad lat be,
And of thy sighing slake;
Thou wald nocht rest, but rake,
And lair thee in the mire,
Yet failit thou to faik
That thou did maist desire.

Though thou do mourn and weep,
With inwart spreit opprest,
When other men taks sleep,
Thou wants the nichtis rest:
She whom thou luvis best
Of thee taks little thocht:
Thy woe and great wanrest
And care she countis nocht.

Therefore go hence in haste,
My langour to lament;
Do nocht my body waste,
Whilk never did consent;
And though thou wald repent
That thou her has persewit,
Yet man thou stand content,
And drink that thou has brewit.

GASCOIGNE

LULLABY OF A LOVER

Sinc lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And if I be not much beguiled,

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed:
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby, then, youth be still;
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind!

Full many a wanton babe have I,

Which must be still'd with lullaby.

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will;
Let reason's rule now reign thy thought;
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will. . . .

SACKVILLE

A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES

THE INDUCTION

The wrathful winter proaching on apace, With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen, And old Saturnus with his frosty face With chilling cold had pierced the tender green: The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown, The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue:
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's
queen

Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts down blew: And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold:
And, dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies, And Venus in her message Hermes sped To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise, While she herself approach'd in speedy wise; And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius' dart, Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipt, Down slid into the Ocean flood apart, The Bear that in the Irish seas had dipt His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipt: For Thetis hasting from the Virgin's bed, Pursued the Bear, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaeton now near reaching to his race With glistering beams, gold-streaming where they bent, Was prest to enter in his resting-place. Erythius that in the cart first went Had even now attain'd his journey's stent. And fast declining hid away his head, While Titan coucht him in his purple bed.

And pale Cynthea with her borrow'd light Beginning to supply her brother's place, Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face With twinkling light shone on the earth apace, That while they brought about the nightes chare, The dark had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers, The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn, The sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers, The fields so fade that flourisht so beforne, It taught me well all earthly things be born To die the death, for nought long time may last. The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams
With nightes stars thick powder'd everywhere,
Which erst so glisten'd with the golden streams
That cheerful Phœbus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near:
The sudden sight reduced to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought, Which comes and goes more faster than we see The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought, My busy mind presented unto me Such fall of peers as in this realm had be: That oft I wisht some would their woes descryve, To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace For that I saw the night drew on so fast, In black all clad, there fell before my face A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste, Furth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast, And sighing sore her hands she wrong and fold, Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forwither'd and forspent, As is the stalk that summer's drought opprest, Her welked face with woeful tears besprent, Her colour pale, and (as it seem'd her best) In woe and plaint reposed was her rest. And as the stone that drops of water wears, So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat, Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously, Her forceless hands together oft she smote, With doleful shrieks, that echoed in the sky: Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany, That in my doom was never man did see A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

I stood agast beholding all her plight,
Tween dread and dolour so distrain'd in heart
That while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears out stream'd for sorrow of her smart:
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle, which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes what ever wight thou be And stint betime to spill thy self with plaint, Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint. And with that word of sorrow all forfaint She looked up, and prostrate as she lay, With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say.

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distrain'd With wasting woes that never shall aslake, Sorrow I am, in endless torments pain'd, Among the furies in the infernal lake: Where Pluto god of Hell so grisly black Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those,
Whom Fortune in this maze of misery
Of wretched chance most woeful mirrors chose,
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most
sure,

Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure.

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out bray'd Those woeful words, wherewith she sorrow'd so, But out alas she shryght and never stay'd, Fell down, and all to-dasht her self for woe. The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo, And I so sorrow'd at her sorrows eft, That what with grief and fear my wits were reft.

I stretcht my self, and straight my heart revives, That dread and dolour erst did so appale, Like him that with the fervent fever strives When sickness seeks his castle health to scale: With gather'd spirits so forced I fear to avale. And rearing her with anguish all fordone, My spirits return'd, and then I thus begun.

O Sorrow, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name, And that to thee this drear doth well pertain, In vain it were to seek to cease the same: But as a man himself with sorrow slain, So I alas do comfort thee in pain, That here in sorrow art forsunk so deep That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep.

I had no sooner spoken of a sike But that the storm so rumbled in her breast, As Æolus could never roar the like, And showers down rained from her eyen so fast, That all bedreynt the place, till at the last Well eased they the dolour of her mind, As rage of rain doth swage the stormy wind.

For furth she paced in her fearful tale: Come, come, (quoth she) and see what I shall show, Come hear the plaining, and the bitter bale Of worthy men, by Fortune overthrow.

SACKVILLE

Come thou and see them ruing all in row. They were but shades that erst in mind thou roll'd: Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agast: To hear her tell whereon I mused whilere? So was I mazed therewith, till at the last, Musing upon her words, and what they were, All suddenly well lesson'd was my fear: For to my mind returned how she tell'd Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that she a Goddess was, And therewithal resorted to my mind My thought, that late presented me the glass Of brittle state, of cares that here we find, Of thousand woes to silly men assign'd: And how she now bid me come and behold, To see with eye that erst in thought I roll'd.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adored her, perceiving now that she
A Goddess sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus show'd her self to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty:
And while I honour'd thus her godhead's might,
With plaining voice these words to me she shryght.

I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake, And thence unto the blissful place of rest. Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they make, That whilom here bare swinge among the best. This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest That thou must bide before thou canst attain Unto the dreadful place where these remain.

And with these words as I upraised stood,
And gan to follow her that straight furth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,
As but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo, while thus amid the desert dark, We passed on with steps and pace unmeet: A rumbling roar confused with howl and bark Of Dogs, shook all the ground under our feet, And struck the din within our ears so deep, As half distraught unto the ground I fell, Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she forthwith uplifting me apace Removed my dread, and with a stedfast mind Bad me come on, for here was now the place, The place where we our travail end should find. Wherewith I arose, and to the place assign'd Astoynd I stalk, when straight we approached near The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape, Of endless depth, o'erwhelm'd with ragged stone, With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape, And to our sight confounds itself in one. Here enter'd we, and yeding forth, anon An horrible loathly lake we might discern As black as pitch, that cleped is Averne.

A deadly gulf where nought but rubbish grows, With foul black swelth in thicken'd lumps that lies, Which up in the air such stinking vapors throws That over there, may fly no fowl but dies, Choked with the pestilent savours that arise. Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace, In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell Sate deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent With tears: and to herself oft would she tell Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent To sob and sigh: but ever thus lament, With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there, Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought, So was her mind continually in fear, Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought Of those detested crimes which she had wrought: With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky, Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread all trembling how he shook, With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there: Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look Searcht every place all pale and dead for fear, His cap borne up with staring of his hair, Stoynd and amazed at his own shade for dreed, And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire:
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloody foul pretence Had show'd herself as next in order set, With trembling limbs we softly parted thence, Till in our eyes another sight we met: When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet Ruing, alas, upon the woeful plight Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and somedeal pined away, And eke his hands consumed to the bone, But what his body was I can not say, For on his carcass, raiment had he none Save clouts and patches pieced one by one. With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast, His chief defence against the winter's blast. His food for most, was wild fruits of the tree, Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share: Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he, As on the which full daintly would he fare. His drink the running stream, his cup the bare Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground: To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld, With tender ruth on him and on his feres, In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we held. And by and by, an other shape appears Of Greedy Care, still brushing up the breres, His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in, With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun,
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep the cousin of Death Flat on the ground, and still as any stone, A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath. Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on, Or whom she lifted up into the throne Of high renown, but as a living death, So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he:
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Crossus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found, His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind, With drooping cheer still poring on the ground, As on the place where nature him assign'd To rest, when that the sisters had untwined His vital thread, and ended with their knife The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint Rue with himself his end approaching fast, And all for nought his wretched mind torment, With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past, And fresh delights of lusty youth forwaste. Recounting which, how would he sob and shrick, And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast can not return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
That in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld (accompanied with his loathsome train)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit:
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood Unto himself, and how he would bemoan His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone, He would have mused, and mervayl'd much whereon This wretched Age should life desire so fain, And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crook-backt he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed, Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four, With old lame bones, that rattled by his side, His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore: His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door: Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath: For brief, the shape and messenger of death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed, Sore sick in bed, her colour all forgone, Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste, Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone: Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one Abhorring her, her sickness past recure, Detesting physick, and all physick's cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see, We turn'd our look, and on the other side A grisly shape of Famine mought we see, With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried, And roar'd for meat as she should there have died, Her body thin, and bare as any bone, Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawn on everywhere, All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain From tears, to see how she her arms could tear And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain: When all for nought she fain would so sustain Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade, Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw:
With gaping jaws that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas! her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes, That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight, Lo, suddenly she shryght in so huge wise, As made hell gates to shiver with the might, Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light Right on her breast, and therewithal pale death Enthrilling it to reave her of her breath. And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw, Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright, That daunts all earthly creatures to his law: Against whose force in vain it is to fight. Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight, Ne towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower, But all perforce must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took, And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see) With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook, That most of all my fears affrayed me: His body dight with nought but bones, perdye, The naked shape of man there saw I plain, All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood War in glittering arms yelad, With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued: In his right hand a naked sword he had, That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued: And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued) Famine and fire he held, and therewithal He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sackt, and realms that whilom flower'd In honour, glory, and rule above the best, He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd, Consumed, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceased, Till he their wealth, their name, and all opprest. His face forhew'd with wounds, and by his side There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there we found Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair, That with a bloody fillet was ybound, Outbreathing nought but discord everywhere. And round about were portray'd here and there The hugy hosts, Darius and his power, His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight, With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride, Pierced through his realms, and daunted all his might. Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside, In Canna's field, victor how he did ride, And woeful Romans that in vain withstood, And Consul Paulus cover'd all in blood.

Yet saw I more the fight at Trasimene, And Treby field, and eke when Hannibal And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen Before Carthago gate, to try for all The world's empire, to whom it should befall: There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in arms, Their hosts allied and all their civil harms:

With conquerours' hands forbathed in their own blood,

And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head. Yet saw I Sylla and Marius where they stood, Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed Of friends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead, And how the Queen with great despite hath flung His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes the Persian king yet saw I there With his huge host that drank the rivers dry, Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear, His host and all yet saw I slain perdye. Thebes I saw all razed how it did lie In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil, With walls and towers flat even'd with the soil.

But Troy, alas! (me thought) above them all, It made mine eyes in very tears consume: When I beheld the woeful weird befall, That by the wrathful will of Gods was come: And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoom On Priam king, and on his town so bent. I could not lyn, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destiny was so stern
As force perforce, there might no force avail,
But she must fall: and by her fall we learn,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail.
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevail,
All were there prest full many a prince and peer
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector worthiest of them all, Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought. O Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale, The hugy horse within thy walls is brought: Thy turrets fall, thy knights that whilom fought In arms amid the field, are slain in bed, Thy Gods defiled, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they creep From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste, Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep, Some rush in here, some run in there as fast. In every where or sword or fire they taste. The walls are torn, the towers whirl'd to the ground, There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From Pallas' house, with spercled tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vain how he did run
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bain
Of his son's blood before the altar slain.

But how can I descryve the doleful sight,
That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?
Sith in this world I think was never wight
Could have set furth the half, not half so fine.
I can no more but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes down,
And from the soil great Troy Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw That fill'd with tears as doth the springing well, We passed on so far furth till we saw

SACKVILLE. BRETON. BISHOP STILL

Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell, Where grisly Charon at their fixed tide Still ferries ghosts unto the farder side.

The aged God no sooner Sorrow spied, But hasting straight unto the bank apace With hollow call unto the rout he cried, To swarve apart, and give the Goddess place. Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace, Where hand in hand as we then linked fast, Within the boat we are together placed.

And furth we launch full fraughted to the brink, Whan with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel Began to crack as if the same should sink. We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while For to arrive, but that we heard anon A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we saw, Black Cerberus the hideous hound of hell, With bristles rear'd, and with a three-mouthed jaw, Foredinning the air with his horrible yell, Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell: The Goddess straight he knew, and by and by He peaced and couch'd, while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign of Pluto in his trone where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain:
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air, and all resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed With folded hands their sorry chance bewail'd. Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead, That slew themselves when nothing else avail'd: A thousand sorts of sorrows here that wail'd With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere, That (oh alas) it was a hell to hear.

We stay'd us straight, and with a rueful fear, Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes The vapor'd tears down stilled here and there, And Sorrow eke in far more woeful wise Took on with plaint, up heaving to the skies Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

Lo, here (quoth Sorrow) Princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel
Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,
Even with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile,
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt hear,
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Peer.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham, His cloke of black all pill'd and quite forworn, Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame, Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn. With ghastly looks as one in manner lorn, Oft spread his arms, stretcht hands he joins as fast, With rueful cheer, and vapor'd eyes upcast.

His cloke he rent, his manly breast he beat, His hair all torn about the place it lay, My heart so molt to see his grief so great, As feelingly me thought it dropt away: His eyes they whirl'd about withouten stay, With stormy sighs the place did so complain, As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale, And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice, At each of which he shrieked so withal As though the heavens rived with the noise: Till at the last recovering his voice, Supping the tears that all his breast berain'd, On cruel fortune weeping thus he plain'd.

BRETON

PASTORAL

In the merry month of May, In a morn by break of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood-side When as May was in his pride: There I spied all alone Phillida and Coridon. Much ado there was, God wot! He would love and she would not. She said, Never man was true; He said, None was false to you. He said, He had loved her long; She said, Love should have no wrong. Coridon would kiss her then; She said, Maids must kiss no men Till they did for good and all; Then she made the shepherd call All the heavens to witness truth Never loved a truer youth. Thus with many a pretty oath, Yea and nay, and faith and troth, Such as silly shepherds use When they will not Love abuse, Love, which had been long deluded, Was with kisses sweet concluded; And Phillida, with garlands gay, Was made the Lady of the May.

BISHOP STILL

I CANNOT EAT BUT LITTLE MEAT

I CANNOT eat but little meat, My stomach is not good; But sure I think that I can drink With him that wears a hood.

BISHOP STILL. RALEIGH

Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;

Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd

Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare; Both foot and hand go cold; But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old.

RALEIGH

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live Acting by others' action; Not loved unless they give, Not strong but by a faction: If potentates reply, Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

RALEIGH. SPENSER

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.
So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.

And when the grand twelve million jury Of our sins, with direful fury, Against our souls black verdicts give, Christ pleads his death, and then we live. Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader, Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder! Thou givest salvation even for alms: Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. And this is mine eternal plea To him that made heaven, earth, and sea, That, since my flesh must die so soon, And want a head to dine next noon, Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread, Set on my soul an everlasting head! Then am I ready, like a palmer fit, To tread those blest paths which before I writ. Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

VERSES FOUND IN HIS BIBLE

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SPENSER

SONNET LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
Go to my love, where she is careless laid
Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make,
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call again the passed time.

EPITHALAMION

YE learned sisters which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn:
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:

Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside, And having all your heads with girlands crown'd, Help me mine own love's praises to resound, Ne let the same of any be envied: So Orpheus did for his own bride, So I unto my self alone will sing; The woods shall to me answer and my echo ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp, His golden beam upon the hills doth spread, Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp, Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed, Go to the bower of my beloved love, My truest turtle dove, Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake, And long since ready forth his masque to move, With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake, And many a bachelor to wait on him, In their fresh garments trim. Bid her awake therefore and soon her dight, For lo, the wished day is come at last, That shall for all the pains and sorrows past, Pay to her usury of long delight; And whilst she doth her dight, Do ye to her of joy and solace sing, That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you can hear Both of the rivers and the forests green: And of the sea that neighbours to her near, All with gay girlands goodly well beseen, And let them also with them bring in hand, Another gay girland, For my fair love, of lilies and of roses, Bound truelove-wise with a blue silk riband. And let them make great store of bridal posies, And let them eke bring store of other flowers To deck the bridal bowers. And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread, For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong, Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, And diaper'd like the discolour'd mead. Which done, do at her chamber door await, For she will waken straight, The whiles do ye this song unto her sing, The woods shall to you answer and your echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed The silver scaly trouts do tend full well, And greedy pikes which use therein to feed, (These trouts and pikes all others do excel) And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake, Where none do fishes take, Bind up the locks the which hang scatter'd light, And in his waters which your mirror make, Behold your faces as the crystal bright, That when you come whereas my love doth lie, No blemish she may spy.

And eke ye lightfoot maids which keep the deer,

That on the hoary mountain use to tower,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming near
Be also present here,
To help to deck her and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Wake now my love, awake; for it is time, The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed. All ready to her silver coach to climb, And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head. Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays And carol of love's praise. The merry Lark her matins sings aloft, The thrush replies, the Mavis descant plays, The Ousel shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft, So goodly all agree with sweet consent, To this day's merriment. Ah my dear love why do ye sleep thus long, When meeter were that ye should now awake, To await the coming of your joyous make, And hearken to the birds' lovelearned song, The dewy leaves among: For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream, And her fair eyes like stars that dimmed were With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear. Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight, Help quickly her to dight, But first come ye fair hours which were begot In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night, Which do the seasons of the year allot, And all that ever in this world is fair Do make and still repair. And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen, The which do still adorn her beauty's pride, Help to adorn my beautifullest bride; And as ye her array, still throw between Some graces to be seen: And as ye use to Venus, to her sing, The whiles the woods shall answer and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come, Let all the virgins therefore well await, And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight. Set all your things in seemly good array Fit for so joyful day, The joyful'st day that ever sun did see. Fair Sun, show forth thy favourable ray, And let thy life-full heat not fervent be For fear of burning her sunshiny face, Her beauty to disgrace. O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse, If ever I did honour thee aright, Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,

SPENSER

Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse, But let this day, let this one day be mine, Let all the rest be thine. Then I thy soverain praises loud will sing, That all the woods shall answer and their echo ring.

Hark how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud Their merry musick that resounds from far, The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud That well agree withouten breach or jar. But most of all the Damsels do delight, When they their timbrels smite, And thereunto do dance and carol sweet, That all the senses they do ravish quite, The whiles the boys run up and down the street, Crying aloud with strong confused noise, As if it were one voice. Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout, That even to the heavens their shouting shrill Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill; To which the people standing all about, As in approvance do thereto applaud And loud advance her laud, And evermore they Hymen Hymen sing, That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Lo where she comes along with portly pace, Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East, Arising forth to run her mighty race, Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best. So well it her beseems that ye would ween Some angel she had been. Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire, Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween, Do like a golden mantle her attire, And being crowned with a girland green, Seem like some maiden Queen. Her modest eyes abashed to behold So many gazers, as on her do stare, Upon the lowly ground affixed are. Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold, But blush to hear her praises sung so loud, So far from being proud. Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing, That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Tell me ye merchants' daughters, did ye see So fair a creature in your town before? So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she, Adorn'd with beauty's grace and virtue's store, Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright, Her forehead ivory white, Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded, Her lips like cherries charming men to bite, Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded, Her paps like lilies budded, Her snowy neck like to a marble tower, And all her body like a palace fair, Ascending up with many a stately stair,

To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower. Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze, Upon her so to gaze, Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing, To which the woods did answer and your echo ring? But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, The inward beauty of her lively spright, Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree, Much more then would ye wonder at that sight, And stand astonisht like to those which read Medusa's mazeful head. There dwells sweet love and constant chastity, Unspotted faith and comely womanhood, Regard of honour and mild modesty, There virtue reigns as Queen in royal throne, And giveth laws alone, The which the base affections do obey, And yield their services unto her will, Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill. Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures, And unrevealed pleasures, Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,

That all the woods should answer and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love, Open them wide that she may enter in, And all the posts adorn as doth behove, And all the pillars deck with girlands trim, For to receive this Saint with honour due, That cometh in to you. With trembling steps and humble reverence, She cometh in, before the Almighty's view; Of her ye virgins learn obedience, When so ye come into those holy places, To humble your proud faces: Bring her up to the high altar, that she may The sacred ceremonies there partake, The which do endless matrimony make, And let the roaring organs loudly play The praises of the Lord in lively notes, The whiles with hollow throats The choristers the joyous Anthem sing, That all the woods may answer and their echo ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain,
That even the Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty.

That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Now all is done; bring home the bride again, Bring home the triumph of our victory, Bring home with you the glory of her gain, With joyance bring her and with jollity. Never had man more joyful day than this, Whom heaven would heap with bliss. Make feast therefore now all this live-long day, This day for ever to me holy is, Pour out the wine without restraint or stay, Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full, Pour out to all that wull, And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine, That they may sweat, and drunken be withal. Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal, And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine, And let the Graces dance unto the rest; For they can do it best: The whiles the maidens do their carol sing, To which the woods shall answer and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town, And leave your wonted labours for this day: This day is holy; do ye write it down, That ye for ever it remember may. This day the sun is in his chiefest height. With Barnaby the bright, From whence declining daily by degrees, He somewhat loseth of his heat and light, When once the Crab behind his back he sees, But for this time it ill ordained was, To choose the longest day in all the year, And shortest night, when longest fitter were: Yet never day so long, but late would pass. Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away, And bonefires make all day, And dance about them, and about them sing: That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end, And lend me leave to come unto my love? How slowly do the hours their numbers spend! How slowly does sad Time his feathers move! Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home Within the western foam:

Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest. Long though it be, at last I see it gloom, And the bright evening star with golden crest Appear out of the East.

Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love, That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead, And guidest lovers through the nightes dread, How cheerfully thou lookest from above,

And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling light As joying in the sight Of these glad many which for joy do sing, That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast; Enough is it, that all the day was yours: Now day is done, and night is nighing fast: Now bring the Bride into the bridal bowers. The night is come, now soon her disarray, And in her bed her lay: Lay her in lilies and in violets, And silken curtains over her display, And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets, Behold how goodly my fair love does lie In proud humility; Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took, In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass, Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was, With bathing in the Acidalian brook. Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone, And leave my Love alone, And leave likewise your former lay to sing: The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected, That long day's labour dost at last defray, And all my cares, which cruel love collected, Hast sum'd in one, and cancelled for ay: Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me, That no man may us see, And in thy sable mantle us enwrap, From fear of peril and foul horror free. Let no false treason seek us to entrap, Nor any dread disquiet once annoy The safety of our joy: But let the night be calm and quietsome, Without tempestuous storms or sad affray: Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay, When he begot the great Tirynthian groom: Or like as when he with thyself did lie, And begot Majesty. And let the maids and young men cease to sing: Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house fires, nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let Hob-Goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.
Let not the shriek-owl, nor the stork be heard:
Nor the night raven that still deadly yells,
Nor damned ghosts call'd up with mighty spells,

SPENSER

Nor grisly vultures make us once afear'd: Ne let the unpleasant quire of frogs still croaking Make us to wish their choking. Let none of these their dreary accents sing; Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still silence true night-watches keep, That sacred peace may in assurance reign, And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep, May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain, The whiles an hundred little winged loves, Like divers feather'd doves, Shall fly and flutter round about your bed, And in the secret dark, that none reproves, Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread, To filch away sweet snatches of delight, Conceal'd through covert night. Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at will, For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys, Thinks more upon her paradise of joys, Than what ye do, albe it good or ill. All night therefore attend your merry play, For it will soon be day: Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing, Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring

Who is the same, which at my window peeps? Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright? Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps, But walks about high heaven all the night? O fairest goddess, do thou not envy My love with me to spy: For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought, And for a fleece of wool, which privily, The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought, His pleasures with thee wrought. Therefore to us be favourable now; And sith of women's labours thou hast charge, And generation goodly dost enlarge, Incline thy will to effect our wishful vow, And the chaste womb inform with timely seed, That may our comfort breed: Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing, Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou great Juno, which with awful might The laws of wedlock still dost patronize, And the religion of the faith first plight With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize: And eke for comfort often called art Of women in their smart, Eternally bind thou this lovely band, And all thy blessings unto us impart. And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand The bridal bower and genial bed remain, Without blemish or stain, And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight With secret aid dost succour and supply, Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,

Send us the timely fruit of this same night. And thou fair Hebe, and thou Hymen free, Grant that it may so be. Till which we cease your further praise to sing, Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods, In which a thousand torches flaming bright Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods, In dreadful darkness lend desired light; And all ye powers which in the same remain, More than we men can feign, Pour out your blessing on us plenteously, And happy influence upon us rain, That we may raise a large posterity, Which from the earth, which they may long possess With lasting happiness, Up to your haughty palaces may mount, And for the guerdon of their glorious merit May heavenly tabernacles there inherit, Of blessed Saints for to increase the count. So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this, And cease till then our timely joys to sing, The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless moniment.

PROTHALAMION

OR A SPOUSALL VERSE MADE BY EDM. SPENSER IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE GENTLEMEN M. HENRY GILFORD, AND M. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air, Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair: When I whom sullen care, Through discontent of my long fruitless stay In Prince's Court, and expectation vain Of idle hopes, which still do fly away, Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain, Walkt forth to ease my pain Along the shore of silver streaming Thames; Whose rooty bank, the which his river hems, Was painted all with variable flowers, And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems, Fit to deck maidens' bowers,

SPENSER

And crown their paramours, Against the bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. There, in a meadow, by the river's side, A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy, All lovely daughters of the flood thereby, With goodly greenish locks all loose untied, As each had been a bride, And each one had a little wicker basket, Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously, In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket: And with fine fingers, cropt full feateously The tender stalks on hie. Of every sort, which in that meadow grew, They gathered some, the violet pallid blue, The little daisy, that at evening closes, The virgin lily, and the primrose true, With store of vermeil roses, To deck their bridegroom's posies, Against the bridal day, which was not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. With that I saw two Swans of goodly hue, Come softly swimming down along the lee: Two fairer birds I yet did never see: The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew, Did never whiter show, Nor Jove himself when he a swan would be For love of Leda, whiter did appear: Yet Leda was they say as white as he, Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near; So purely white they were, That even the gentle stream, the which them bare, Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows spare To wet their silken feathers, lest they might Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair, And mar their beauties bright, That shone as heaven's light, Against their bridal day, which was not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill Ran all in haste, to see that silver brood, As they came floating on the crystal flood, Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still, Their wondering eyes to fill, Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair, Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team, For sure they did not seem To be begot of any earthly seed, But rather Angels or of Angels' breed: Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say, In sweetest season, when each flower and weed The earth did fresh array, So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their bridal day, which was not long:

Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew Great store of flowers, the honour of the field, That to the sense did fragrant odours yield, All which upon those goodly Birds they threw, And all the waves did strew, That like old Peneus' waters they did seem, When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore Scatt'red with flowers, through Thessaly they stream, That they appear through lilies' plenteous store, Like a bride's chamber floor: Two of those Nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands bound, Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found, The which presenting all in trim array, Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd, Whilst one did sing this lay. Prepared against that day, Against their bridal day, which was not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. Ye gentle Birds, the world's fair ornament, And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower. Joy may you have and gentle hearts' content Of your loves' couplement: And let fair Venus, that is Queen of love, With her heart-quelling Son upon you smile, Whose smile they say, hath virtue to remove All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile For ever to assoil. Let endless Peace your steadfast hearts accord, And blessed Plenty wait upon your board. And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound, That fruitful issue may to you afford, Which may your foes confound, And make your joys redound, Upon your bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. So ended she: and all the rest around To her redoubled that her undersong, Which said, their bridal day should not be long And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground, Their accents did resound. So forth, those joyous Birds did pass along, Adown the lee, that to them murmur'd low, As he would speak, but that he lackt a tongue Yet did by signs his glad affection show, Making his stream run slow. And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell Gan flock about these twain, that did excel The rest, so far, as Cynthia doth shend The lesser stars. So they enranged well. Did on those two attend, And their best service lend, Against their wedding day, which was not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song. At length they all to merry London came, To merry London, my most kindly nurse, That to me gave this life's first native source:

Though from another place I take my name, An house of ancient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers, The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride, Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers, There whylome wont the Templar Knights to bide, Till they decay'd through pride:

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,

Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:
But ah! here fits not well

But ah! here fits not well Old woes, but joys, to tell Against the bridal day, whi

Against the bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer, Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder, Whose dreadful name, late through all Spain did thunder,

And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of Honour, flower of Chivalry,
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowess and victorious arms,
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms:
And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,

Upon the bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble Lord issuing, Like radiant Hesper when his golden hair In the Ocean billows he hath bathed fair, Descended to the river's open viewing, With a great train ensuing. Above the rest were goodly to be seen Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature Beseeming well the bower of any Queen, With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature, Fit for so goodly stature: That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight, Which deck the baldric of the heavens bright. They two forth pacing to the river's side, Received those two fair brides, their loves' delight, Which at the appointed tide, Each one did make his bride, Against their bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song.

A HYMN IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY

An! whither, Love, wilt thou now carry me? What wontless fury dost thou now inspire

Into my feeble breast, too full of thee? Whilst seeking to aslake, thy raging fire, Thou in me kindlest much more great desire, And up aloft above my strength dost raise The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I erst, in praise of thine own name,
So now in honour of thy Mother dear,
An honourable Hymn I eke should frame,
And, with the brightness of her beauty clear,
The ravisht hearts of gazeful men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soul-enchanting might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddess! Queen of Beauty, Mother of Love, and of all world's delight, Without whose soverain grace and kindly duty Nothing on earth seems fair to fleshly sight, Do thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light To illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, And beautify this sacred hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,
And eke to her, whose fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreme,
It may so please, that she at length will stream
Some dew of grace into my withered heart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLD'S GREAT WORKMAISTER DID

To make all things such as we now behold, It seems that he before his eyes had placed A goodly Pattern, to whose perfect mould He fashion'd them as comely as he could, That now so fair and seemly they appear, As nought may be amended anywhere.

That wondrous Pattern, wheresoe'er it be, Whether in earth laid up in secret store, Or else in heaven, that no man may it see With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore, Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore; Whose face and feature doth so much excel All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes Or more or less, by influence divine, So it more fair accordingly it makes, And the gross matter of this earthly mine Which clotheth it thereafter doth refine, Doing away the dross which dims the light Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestial power,
The duller earth it quickeneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth pour
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seem to please. That is thy soverain might,
O Cyprian Queen! which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire, Light of thy lamp; which, shining in the face, Thence to the soul darts amorous desire, And robs the hearts of those which it admire; Therewith thou pointest thy Son's poison'd arrow, That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow. How vainly then do idle wits invent, That beauty is nought else but mixture made Of colours fair, and goodly temperament Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade And pass away, like to a summer's shade; Or that it is but comely composition Of parts well measured, with meet disposition! Hath white and red in it such wondrous power, That it can pierce through the eyes unto the heart, And therein stir such rage and restless stour, As nought but death can stint his dolour's smart? Or can proportion of the outward part Move such affection in the inward mind, That it can rob both sense, and reason blind? Why do not then the blossoms of the field, Which are array'd with much more orient hue, And to the sense most dainty odours yield, Work like impression in the looker's view? Or why do not fair pictures like power show, In which oft-times we nature see of art Excel'd, in perfect limning every part? But ah! believe me there is more than so, That works such wonders in the minds of men; I, that have often proved, too well it know, And who so list the like assays to ken, Shall find by trial, and confess it then, That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem, An outward show of things that only seem. For that same goodly hue of white and red, With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay, And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away To that they were, even to corrupted clay: That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright, Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light. But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire, Shall never be extinguisht nor decay; But, when the vital spirits do expire, Unto her native planet shall retire; For it is heavenly born and cannot die, Being a parcel of the purest sky. For when the soul, the which derived was, At first, out of that great immortal Spright, By whom all live to love, whilome did pass Down from the top of purest heaven's hight To be embodied here, it then took light And lively spirits from that fairest star Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which power retaining still or more or less, When she in fleshly seed is eft enraced, Through every part she doth the same impress, According as the heavens have her graced, And frames her house, in which she will be placed, Fit for herself, adorning it with spoil Of the heavenly riches which she rob'd erewhile. Thereof it comes that these fair souls, which have The most resemblance of that heavenly light, Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight, And the gross matter by a soverain might Tempers so trim, that it may well be seen A palace fit for such a virgin Queen. So every spirit, as it is most pure, And hath in it the more of heavenly light, So it the fairer body doth procure To habit in, and it more fairly dight With cheerful grace and amiable sight; For of the soul the body form doth take; For soul is form, and doth the body make. Therefore wherever that thou dost behold A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued, Know this for certain, that the same doth hold A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed, Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed; For all that fair is, is by nature good; That is a sign to know the gentle blood. Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind Dwells in deformed tabernacle drown'd, Either by chance, against the course of kind, Or through unaptness in the substance found, Which it assumed of some stubborn ground, That will not yield unto her forms direction, But is deform'd with some foul imperfection. And oft it falls, (ay me, the more to rue!) That goodly beauty, albe heavenly born, Is foul abused, and that celestial hue, Which doth the world with her delight adorn, Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorne, Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it, But every one doth seek but to deprave it. Yet nathëmore is that fair beauty's blame, But theirs that do abuse it unto ill: Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame May be corrupt, and wrested unto will: Natheless the soul is fair and beauteous still, How ever flesh's fault it filthy make; For things immortal no corruption take. But ye, fair Dames! the world's dear ornaments And lively images of heaven's light, Let not your beams with such disparagements Be dim'd, and your bright glory darken'd quite; But, mindful still of your first country's sight, Do still preserve your first informed grace, Whose shadow yet shines in your beauteous face.

Loathe that foul blot, that hellish firebrand, Disloyal lust, fair beauty's foulest blame, That base affections, which your ears would bland, Commend to you by love's abused name, But is indeed the bondslave of defame; Which will the garland of your glory mar, And quench the light of your bright shining star. But gentle Love, that loval is and true. Will more illumine your resplendent ray And add more brightness to your goodly hue, From light of his pure fire; which, by like way Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display; Like as two mirrors, by opposed reflexion, Do both express the face's first impression. Therefore, to make your beauty more appear, It you behoves to love, and forth to lay That heavenly riches which in you ye bear, That men the more admire their fountain may; For else what booteth that celestial ray, If it in darkness be enshrined ever, That it of loving eyes be viewed never? But, in your choice of Loves, this well advise, That likest to yourselves ye them select, The which your forms' first source may sympathize, And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt; For, if you loosely love without respect, It is no love, but a discordant war, Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jar. For Love is a celestial harmony Of likely hearts composed of stars' concent, Which join together in sweet sympathy, To work each other's joy and true content, Which they have harbour'd since their first descent Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see And know each other here belov'd to be. Then wrong it were that any other twain Should in love's gentle band combined be But those whom heaven did at first ordain, And made out of one mould the more to agree; For all, that like the beauty which they see, Straight do not love; for Love is not so light As straight to burn at first beholder's sight. But they, which love indeed, look otherwise, With pure regard and spotless true intent, Drawing out of the object of their eyes A more refined form, which they present Unto their mind, void of all blemishment; Which it reducing to her first perfection, Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection. And then conforming it unto the light, Which in it self it hath remaining still, Of that first Sun, yet sparkling in his sight, Thereof he fashions in his higher skill An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will; And, it embracing in his mind entire, The mirror of his own thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly fair to be, As outward it appeareth to the eye, And with his spirit's proportion to agree He thereon fixeth all his fantasy, And fully setteth his felicity; Counting it fairer than it is indeed, And yet indeed her fairness doth exceed. For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be Than other men's, and in dear love's delight See more than any other eyes can see, Through mutual receipt of beames bright. Which carry privy message to the spright, And to their eyes that inmost fair display, As plain as light discovers dawning day. Therein they see, through amorous eye-glances, Armies of Loves still flying to and fro, Which dart at them their little fiery lances; Whom having wounded, back again they go, Carrying compassion to their lovely foe; Who, seeing her fair eyes so sharp effect, Cures all their sorrows with one sweet aspect. In which how many wonders do they read To their conceit, that others never see! Now of her smiles, with which their souls they feed, Like Gods with Nectar in their banquets free; Now of her looks, which like to cordials be; But when her words embássade forth she sends, Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lends! Sometimes upon her forehead they behold A thousand Graces masking in delight; Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night; But on her lips, like rosy buds in May, So many millions of chaste pleasures play. All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend, To deck thy beauty with their dainties' store, That may it more to mortal eyes commend, And make it more admired of foe and friend; That in men's hearts thou mayst thy throne install, And spread thy lovely kingdom over all. Then Io, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen, Advance the banner of thy conquest hie, That all this world, the which thy vassals been, May draw to thee, and with due fealty Adore the power of thy great Majesty, Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name, Compiled by me, which thy poor liegeman am! In lieu whereof grant, O great Soverain! That she, whose conquering beauty doth captive My trembling heart in her eternal chain, One drop of grace at length will to me give, That I her bounden thrall by her may live, And this same life, which first fro me she reaved, May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you, fair Venus' dearling, my dear dread!
Fresh flower of grace, great Goddess of my life,
When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
'That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
And show what wondrous power your beauty
hath,

That can restore a damned wight from death.

THE SUITOR'S STATE

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state! Most miserable man, whom wicked fate Hath brought to Court, to sue for Had I wist, That few have found, and many one hath miss'd! Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried, What hell it is in suing long to bide: To lose good days, that might be better spent; To waste long nights in pensive discontent; To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow; To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow; To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers'; To have thy asking, yet wait many years; To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares; To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs: To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run, To spend, to give, to want, to be undone. Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end, That doth his life in so long tendance spend!

PASTORAL

The fiery sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden chariot glistering light;
And fair Aurora, with her rosy hair,
The hateful darkness now had put to flight;
Whenas the shepherd, seeing day appear,
His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad where pasture best befals.

To an high mountain's top he with them went, Where thickest grass did clothe the open hills: They now amongst the woods and thickets ment, Now in the valleys wandering at their wills, Spread themselves far abroad through each descent; Some on the soft green grass feeding their fills, Some, clambering through the hollow cliffs on

Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop,
And browse the woodbine twigs that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharp teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;
The whiles another high doth overlook
Her own like image in a crystal brook.

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE"

THE DWELLING OF MORPHEUS

Hz, making speedy way through spersed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fair framed of burnisht ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the Sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsy fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swown.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard; but careless quiet lies
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

DESPAIR

ERE long they come where that same wicked wight His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave, Far underneath a craggy clift ypight, Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave, That still for carrion carcases doth crave: On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl, Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl; And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl.

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcases were scattered on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near;
But the other forced him stay, and comforted in fear.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find That cursed man, low sitting on the ground, Musing full sadly in his sullen mind: His griesie locks, long growen and unbound, Disord'red hong about his shoulders round, And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound; His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine, Were shronk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts, With thorns together pin'd and patched was, The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts: And him beside there lay upon the grass A dreary corse, whose life away did pass, All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood, That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas! In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood, And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villain said: "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed
in sight?"

"What frantic fit," (quoth he) "hath thus distraught Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give? What justice ever other judgement taught, But he should die who merits not to live? None else to death this man despairing drive But his own guilty mind, deserving death. Is then unjust to each his due to give? Or let him die, that loatheth living breath, Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

"Who travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him overpast,
Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave,
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please."

The knight much wond'red at his sudden wit, And said: "The term of life is limited, Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it: The soldier may not move from watchful stead, Nor leave his stand until his Captain bed." "Who life did limit by almighty doom,"
(Quoth he) "knows best the terms established;
And he, that points the sentinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning drum.

"Is not his deed, what ever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun:
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence,
nor why.

"The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin; The greater sin, the greater punishment: All those great battles, which thou boasts to win Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement, Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt repent; For life must life, and blood must blood repay. Is not enough thy evil life forespent? For he that once hath missed the right way, The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

"Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
The ill to prevent, that life ensewen may;
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousand mo, do make a loathsome life.

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need, If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state; For never knight, that dared warlike deed, More luckless disaventures did amate: Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late Thy life shut up for death so oft did call; And though good luck prolonged hath thy date, Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall, Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen fall.

"Why then dost thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self defiled?

"Is not he just, that all this doth behold From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye? Shall we thy sins up in his knowledge fold, And guilty be of thine impiety? Is not his law, Let every sinner die: Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done, Is it not better to do willingly, Than linger till the glass be all out run? Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's son!"

The knight was much enmoved with his speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powers it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchanted rimes;
That oftentimes he quaked, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waver, weak and frail,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail;
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He show'd him, painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of the Almighty's law.
Then gan the villain him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire;
For death was due to him that had provoked God's ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been.
At last, resolved to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vein The cruddled cold ran to her well of life, As in a swown: but, soon relived again, Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife, And threw it to the ground, enraged rife, And to him said: "Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight! What meanest thou by this reproachful strife? Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come; come away, frail, feeble, fleshly wight, Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart, Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright: In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part? Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art? Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace, The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart, And that accurst hand-writing doth deface. Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted straight. Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight, He chose an halter from among the rest, And with it hong himself, unbid, unblest. But death he could not work himself thereby; For thousand times he so himself had drest, Yet natheless it could not do him die, Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

HONOUR

"Bur what art thou, O Lady! which dost range In this wild forest, where no pleasure is, And dost not it for joyous court exchange, Amongst thine equal peers, where happy bliss And all delight does reign, much more than this? There thou mayst love, and dearly loved be, And swim in pleasure, which thou here dost miss; There mayst thou best be seen, and best mayst see: The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee."

"Whoso in pomp of proud estate" (quoth she)
"Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does waste his days in dark obscurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abounds it's eath to do amiss:
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful toil shall honour soonest find:

"In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But easy is the way and passage plain
To pleasure's palace: it may soon be spied,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide."

MAMMON

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a steadfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compass firms his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helm apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairly forward fly:

So Guyon having lost his trusty guide, Late left beyond that Idle Lake, proceeds Yet on his way, of none accompanied; And evermore himself with comfort feeds Of his own virtues and praiseworthy deeds. So, long he yode, yet no adventure found, Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reads; For still he travel'd through wide wasteful ground, 'That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hue and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tan'd, and eyes were blear'd,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been sear'd
In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appear'd.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistering gloss, darken'd with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with anticks and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
And turned upside down, to feed his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude ore, not purified
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and distent
Into great ingoes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars strange and rare.

Soon as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those precious hills from stranger's envious sight,
And down them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stay'd
His hand that trembled as one terrified;
And though himself were at the sight dismay'd,
Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtful said:

"What art thou, man (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitance,
And these rich heaps of wealth dost hide apart
From the world's eye, and from her right usance?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askance,
In great disdain he answer'd: "Hardy Elf,
That darest view my direful countenance,
I read thee rash and heedless of thyself,
To trouble my still seat, and heaps of precious pelf.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call, Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky, That of my plenty pour out unto all, And unto none my graces do envy: Riches, renowme, and principality, Honour, estate, and all this worldes good, For which men swink and sweat incessantly, Fro me do flow into an ample flood, And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

"Wherefore, if me thou deign to serve and sue,
At thy command lo! all these mountains be:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numb'red frank and free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godhead's vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gain
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servants entertain.

"Me ill besits, that in der-doing arms,
And honour's suit my vowed days do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baits and pleasing charms,
With which weak men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend,
And low abase the high heroic spright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend:
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vainglorious Elf," said he, "dost not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet,
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;
And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie,
And him that reign'd into his room thrust down,
And whom I lust do heap with glory and renown?"

"All otherwise," said he, "I riches read,
And deem them root of all disquietness;
First got with guile, and then preserved with dread
And after spent with pride and lavishness,
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness:
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetise,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despise.

"Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the sceptres thine; But realms and rulers thou dost both confound, And loyal truth to treason dost incline: Witness the guiltless blood pour'd oft on ground, The crowned often slain, the slayer crown'd; The sacred diadem in pieces rent, And purple robe gored with many a wound, Castles surprised, great cities sackt and brent: So mak'st thou kings, and gainestwrongful government.

"Long were to tell the troublous storms that toss
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sails in Caspian Sea doth cross,
And in frail wood on Adrian Gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet."

Then Mammon wexing wroth: "And why then," said, "Are mortal men so fond and undiscreet
So evil thing to seek unto their aid,
And having not, complain, and having it, upbraid?"

"Indeed," quoth he, "through foul intemperance, Frail men are oft captived to covetise; But would they think with how small allowance Untroubled Nature doth herself suffice, Such superfluities they would despise, Which with sad cares empeach our native joys. At the well-head the purest streams arise; But mucky filth his branching arms annoys, And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.

"The antique world, in his first flowering youth, Found no defect in his Creator's grace; But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth, The gifts of soverain bounty did embrace: Like angels' life was then men's happy case; But later ages' pride, like corn-fed steed, Abused her plenty and fat swoln increase To all licentious lust, and gan exceed The measure of her mean and natural first need.

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet womb
Of his great Grandmother with steel to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tomb
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountains of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoons he did compound;
Then avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

"Son," said he then, "let be thy bitter scorn, And leave the rudeness of that antique age To them that lived therein in state forlorn: Thou, that dost live in later times, must wage Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage. If then thee list my off'red grace to use, Take what thou please of all this surplusage; If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse: But thing refused do not afterward accuse."

"Me list not," said the Elfin knight, "receive
Thing off'red, till I know it well be got;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that bloodguiltiness or guile them blot."
"Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eye did view,
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From heaven's sight, and power of all which them
pursue."

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold So huge a mass, and hide from heaven's eye? Or where hast thou thy won, that so much gold Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?" "Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by Through that thick covert he them led, and found A darksome way, which no man could descry, That deep descended through the hollow ground, And was with dread and horror compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itself into an ample plain;
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign.
By that way's side there sate infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite, Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate; But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite; And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly, And found no place where safe he shroud him might; Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie, And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celaeno, sitting on a clift
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings
That heart of flint asunder could have rift;
Which having ended after him she flieth swift.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought;
But the Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of Richesse from Hell-mouth
divide.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thither-ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hell-gate them both
betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door To him did open and afforded way: Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore, Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay. Soon as he ent'red was, the door straightway Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day, The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept, And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest, If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye, Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best, Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie, Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie He over him did hold his cruel claws, Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die, And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws, If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong
Emboss'd with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black
than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold, But overgrown with dust and old decay, And hid in darkness, that none could behold The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day Did never in that house itself display, But a faint shadow of uncertain light; Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away, Or as the Moon, clothed with cloudy night, Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All bar'd with double bends, that none could ween
Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along;
But all the ground with skulls was scattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke word, Till that they came unto an iron door, Which to them open'd of his own accord, And show'd of riches such exceeding store, As eye of man did never see before, Ne ever could within one place be found, Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore, Could gathered be through all the world around, And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright Commanded was, who thereby did attend, And warily awaited day and night, From other covetous fiends it to defend, Who it to rob and ransack did intend. Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said:
"Lo! here the worldes bliss: lo! here the end,
To which all men do aim, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," said he, "I nill thine off'red grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them that list these base regards I lend;
But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting hours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave."

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate, And grieved, so long to lack his greedy prey; For well he weened that so glorious bait Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay; Had he so done, he had him snatcht away, More light than culver in the falcon's fist. Eternal God thee save from such decay! But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose miss'd, Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Unto another room, whose door forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught.
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
By every furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gathered filling air,
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, maistering them, renew'd his former heat:
Some scum'd the dross that from the metal came;
Some stir'd the molten ore with ladles great;
And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistering in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that came that way:
Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame he would retire;
Till that him thus bespake their soverain Lord and
Sire:

"Behold, thou Fairy's Son, with mortal eye, That living eye before did never see. The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly, To weet whence all the wealth late show'd by me Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee. Here is the fountain of the worldes good:
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avise thee well, and change thy wilful mood,
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffice it then, thou Money God," quoth he,
"That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need, I have: what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use?
With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeased, yet note he choose
But bear the rigour of his bold misprize;
And thence him forward led him further to entice.

He brought him, through a darksome narrow strait, To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wait
A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himself was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he quell'd.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain
To be so call'd, and who so did him call:
Stern was his look, and full of stomach vain;
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing the hight of men terrestrial,
Like an huge Giant of the Titans' race;
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others' power deface:
More fit amongst black fiends than men to have his
place.

Soon as those glittering arms he did espy,
That with their brightness made that darkness light,
His harmful club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battle to the Fairy Knight;
Who likewise gan himself to battle dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counsel'd him abstain from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacified,
And that fierce carle commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
As it some guild or solemn temple were.
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain;
And every pillar decked was full dear
With crowns and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal princes wore whiles they on earth did
reign.

A rout of people there assembled were, Of every sort and nation under sky, Which with great uproar pressed to draw near To the upper part, where was advanced hie A stately siege of soverain majesty; And thereon sat a woman, gorgeous gay And richly clad in robes of royalty, That never earthly prince in such array His glory did enhance, and pompous pride dîsplay.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her own native hue,
But wrought by art and counterfeited show,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Natheless most heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime
withal.

There, as in glistering glory she did sit, She held a great gold chain ylinked well, Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit, And lower part did reach to lowest Hell; And all that press did round about her swell To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby To climb aloft, and others to excel: That was Ambition, rash desire to sty, And every link thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree By riches and unrighteous reward; Some by close shouldering; some by flattery; Others through friends; others for base regard; And all by wrong ways for themselves prepared: Those that were up themselves kept others low; Those that were low themselves held others hard, Ne suff'red them to rise or greater grow; But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that press about that Lady's throne,
And what was she that did so high aspire?
Him Mammon answered: "That goodly one
Whom all that folk with such contention
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is:
Honour and dignity from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes bliss,
For which ye men do strive; few get, but many miss:

"And fair Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under sky,
But that this darksome nether world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity;
Worthy of heaven and hie felicity,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and merits just."

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and off'red high estate;
But I, that am frail flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortal mate
Myself well wote, and mine unequal fate:

And were I not, yet is my troth yplight, And love avow'd to other lady late, That to remove the same I have no might: To change love causeless is reproach to warlike knight."

Mammon emoved was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence led,
Through grisly shadows by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnished
With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be read:
Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
Throws forth to men, sweet and well savoured,
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.

There mournful Cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortal Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which the unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest Belamy!

The Garden of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly over-dight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold,
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which the Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which the Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris dempt it Venus' due,
And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elf much wond'red at this tree So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground, And his broad branches, laden with rich fee, Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound Of this great garden, compass'd with a mound; Which overhanging, they themselves did steep In a black flood, which flow'd about it round. That is the river of Cocytus deep, In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bank,
And looking down saw many damned wights
In those sad waves, which direful deadly stank,
Plunged continually of cruel sprights,
That with their piteous cries, and yelling shrights,
They made the further shore resounden wide.
Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
One cursed creature he by chance espied,
That drenched lay full deep under the garden side.

Deep was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drink
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often think
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink;
The whiles he sterved with hunger, and with drouth
He daily died, yet never throughly dyen couth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who, groaning deep, thus answer'd him again:
"Most cursed of all creatures under sky,
Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lie:
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted be;
Lo! here I now for want of food do die:
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me!"

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of unjustice, there to let him die.

He lookt a little further, and espied
Another wretch, whose carcass deep was drent
Within the river, which the same did hide;
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And feign'd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fouler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

The knight him calling asked who he was? Who, lifting up his head, him answer'd thus: "I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas! And most unjust; that by unrighteous And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous

Deliver'd up the Lord of life to die, And did acquit a murderer felonous; The whiles my hands I washt in purity, The whiles my soul was soil'd with foul iniquity."

Infinite moe tormented in like pain
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remain,
For terror of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned souls he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearful fool,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold?
Ne sittest down on that same silver stool,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool?"

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frail intemperance through sinful bait;
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
Would have him rent in thousand pieces straight:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitful sleight,
Ne suff'red lust his safety to betray:
So goodly did beguile the Guiler of his prey.

And now he has so long remained there,
That vital powers gan wex both weak and wan
For want of food and sleep, which two upbear,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man,
That none without the same enduren can:
For now three days of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprise began;
For-thy great Mammon fairly he besought
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

The God, though loath, yet was constrain'd to obey; For lenger time than that no living wight Below the earth might suffer'd be to stay: So back again him brought to living light. But all so soon as his enfeebled spright Gan suck this vital air into his breast, As overcome with too exceeding might, The life did flit away out of her nest, And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate; A place pickt out by choice of best alive, That nature's work by art can imitate: In which whatever in this worldly state Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense, Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate, Was poured forth with plentiful dispense, And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about, As well their enter'd guests to keep within, As those unruly beasts to hold without; Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin: Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win, But wisdom's power, and temperance's might, By which the mightiest things efforced bin: And eke the gate was wrought of substance light, Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medea was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit;
The wonder'd Argo, which in venturous piece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of
Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermeil, like the boy's blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,
It seem'd the enchanted flame which did Crëusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came; but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice:
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestial power, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Self, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblants which he makes us see:
He of this Garden had the governal,
And Pleasure's porter was devised to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

With diverse flowers he daintily was deckt, And strowed round about; and by his side A mighty mazer bowl of wine was set, As if it had to him been sacrificed: Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified: So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his idle courtesy defied,
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
And broke his staff with which he charmed semblants
sly.

Thus being enter'd, they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strowed with pleasance; whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes in the early
morn.

Thereto the Heavens always jovial
Lookt on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
Ne suff'red storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
To afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attemp'red, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell:

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill Of Rhodope, on which the Nymph that bore A giant babe herself for grief did kill; Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore; Or Ida, where the Gods loved to repair, When ever they their heavenly bowers forlore; Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair; Or Eden's self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Much wond'red Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suff'red no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will and maistering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a Porch with rare device, Archt over head with an embracing vine, Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice All passers by to taste their luscious wine, And did themselves into their hands incline, As freely offering to be gathered; Some deep empurpled as the Hyacine, Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red, Some like fair Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold, So made by art to beautify the rest, Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold, As lurking from the view of covetous guest, That the weak boughs, with so rich load opprest
Did bow adown as overburdened.
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fair weeds but foul disordered,
And garments loose that seem'd unmeet for womanhead.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she used to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon off'red it to taste,
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fand,
And with the liquor stained all the land:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet n'ote the same amend, ne yet withstand,
But suffered him to pass, all were she loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

There the most dainty Paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude And scorned parts were mingled with the fine) That Nature had for wantonness ensued Art, and that Art at Nature did repine; So striving each the other to undermine, Each did the others work more beautify; So diff'ring both in wills agreed in fine: So all agreed, through sweet diversity, This Garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread A trail of ivy in his native hue; For the rich metal was so coloured, That wight who did not well avised it view Would surely deem it to be ivy true; Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers they tenderly did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon happen'd by the same to wend,
Two naked damsels he therein espied,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne cared to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them
eyed.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quite
Above the waters, and then down again
Her plunge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remain,
And each the other from to rise restrain;
The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a veil,
So through the crystal waves appeared plain:
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
And the amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

As that fair Star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea doth rear;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow hair
Crystalline humor dropped down apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborn breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then the one her self low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a stranger did avise;
But the other rather higher did arise,
And her two lily paps aloft display'd,
And all that might his melting heart entice
To her delights she unto him bewray'd;
The rest hid underneath him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose, And her fair locks, which formerly were bound Up in one knot, she low adown did loose, Which flowing low and thick her clothed around, And the ivory in golden mantle gown'd: So that fair spectacle from him was reft, Yet that which reft it no less fair was found. So hid in locks and waves from lookers' theft, Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withal she laughed, and she blusht withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spied the knight to slack his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did increase,
And to him beckon'd to approach more near,
And show'd him many sights that courage cold could rear.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw, He much rebuked those wandering eyes of his, And counsel'd well him forward thence did draw. Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss, Of her fond favorites so named amiss, When thus the Palmer: "Now, Sir, well avise; For here the end of all our travel is: Here wons Acrasia, whom we must surprise, Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be.
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree:

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade Their notes unto the voice attemp'red sweet; The angelical soft trembling voices made To the instruments divine respondence meet; The silver sounding instruments did meet With the base murmur of the water's fall; The water's fall with difference discreet, Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call; The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to be, Was the fair Witch herself now solacing With a new lover, whom, through sorcery And witchcraft, she from far did thither bring: There she had him now laid aslumbering In secret shade after long wanton joys; Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing Many fair ladies and lascivious boys, That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.

And all that while right over him she hong With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight, As seeking medicine whence she was stong, Or greedily depasturing delight; And oft inclining down, with kisses light For fear of waking him, his lips bedew'd, And through his humid eyes did suck his spright, Quite molten unto lust and pleasure lewd; Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rued.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay: Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see, In springing flower the image of thy day; Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty, That fairer seems the less ye see her may; Lo! see soon after how more bold and free Her bared bosom she doth broad display; Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day, Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower; Ne more doth flourish after first decay, That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower Of many a lady, and many a paramour. Gather therefore the Rose whilst yet is prime, For soon comes age that will her pride deflower; Gather the Rose of love whilst yet is time, Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

He ceased; and then gan all the quire of birds Their diverse notes to attune unto his lay, As in approvance of his pleasing words. The constant pair heard all that he did say, Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way Through many covert groves and thickets close, In which they creeping did at last display That wanton Lady with her lover loose, Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of Roses she was laid, As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin; And was array'd, or rather disarray'd, All in a veil of silk and silver thin, That hid no whit her alabaster skin, But rather show'd more white, if more might be: More subtile web Arachne cannot spin; Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see Of scorched dew, do not in the air more lightly flee.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd; And yet, through languor of her late sweet toil, Few drops, more clear than Nectar, forth distil'd, That like pure Orient pearls adown it trill'd; And her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight, Moisten'd their fiery beams, with which she thrill'd Frail hearts, yet quenched not; like starry light, Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seem'd to be Some goodly swain of honourable place, That certes it great pity was to see Him his nobility so foul deface: A sweet regard and amiable grace,

Mixed with manly sternness, did appear, Yet sleeping, in his well proportion'd face; And on his tender lips the downy hair Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms bear.

His warlike arms, the idle instruments Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree; And his brave shield, full of old moniments, Was foully rased, that none the signs might see: Ne for them ne for honour cared he, Ne ought that did to his advancement tend; But in lewd loves, and wasteful luxury, His days, his goods, his body, he did spend: O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

The noble Elf and careful Palmer drew So nigh them, minding nought but lustful game, That sudden forth they on them rusht, and threw A subtile net, which only for that same The skilful Palmer formally did frame: So held them under fast; the whiles the rest Fled all away for fear of fouler shame. The fair Enchantress so unwares opprest. Tried all her arts and all her sleights thence out to

And eke her lover strove, but all in vain; For that same net so cunningly was wound, That neither guile nor force might it distrain. They took them both, and both them strongly bound In captive bands, which there they ready found: But her in chains of adamant he tied; For nothing else might keep her safe and sound: But Verdant (so he hight) he soon untied, And counsel sage in stead thereof to him applied.

But all those pleasant bowers, and palace brave, Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless; Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness, But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness. Their groves he fell'd; their gardens did deface; Their arbers spoil; their cabinets suppress; Their banquet-houses burn; their buildings rase; And, of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight They with them led, both sorrowful and sad. The way they came, the same return'd they right, Till they arrived where they lately had Charm'd those wild-bealts that raged with fury mad; Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly, As in their mistress' rescue whom they lad; But them the Palmer soon did pacify. Then Guyon askt, what meant those beasts which there

Said he; "These seeming beasts are men indeed, Whom this Enchantress hath transformed thus; Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed, Now turned into figures hideous,

According to their minds like monstruous."
"Sad end," (quoth he) "of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joys delicious!
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state."

Straightway he with his virtuous staff them strook, And straight of beasts they comely men became; Yet being men they did unmanly look, And stared ghastly; some for inward shame, And some for wrath to see their captive Dame: But one above the rest in special That had an hog been late, hight Gryll by name, Repined greatly, and did him miscall That had from hoggish form him brought to natural.

Said Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lack intelligence!"
To whom the Palmer thus: "The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind;
But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and
wind."

MUTABILITY

T

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many men's decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herself began to rear
Gainst all the Gods, and the empire sought from them to bear.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regist'red of old
In Faery Land 'mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturn's son for heaven's regiment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdom did deprive,
Yet many of their stem long after did survive:

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand
He placed all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversely
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on high
Wars and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this Titaness aspire
Rule and dominion to herself to gain;
That as a Goddess men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twain:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtain;
Where she such proof and sad examples shew'd
Of her great power, to many one's great pain,
That not men only (whom she soon subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rued.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the world's fair frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne she the laws of Nature only brake,
But eke of Justice and of Policy;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishly:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O piteous work of Mutability,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our
Nurse!

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought To her behest, and thralled to her might, She gan to cast in her ambitious thought To attempt the empire of the heaven's hight, And Jove himself to shoulder from his right. And first, she past the region of the air And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight Made no resistance, ne could her contraire, But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence to the Circle of the Moon she clamb, Where Cynthia reigns in everlasting glory, To whose bright shining palace straight she came, All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly story; Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hoary Old aged Sire, with hour-glass in hand, Hight Time), she ent'red, were he lief or sorry; Ne staid till she the highest stage had scan'd, Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
Drawn of two steeds, the one black, the other white,
Environ'd with ten thousand stars around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-star intend;
That with his torch, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lighten'd all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandering travellers did lend:

That when the hardy Titaness beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heaven's substance, and upheld
With thousand crystal pillars of huge hight,
She gan to burn in her ambitious spright,
And to envy her that in such glory reigned.
Eftsoons she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herself to have gained
The kingdom of the Night, and waters by her
waned.

Boldly she bid the Goddess down descend, And let herself into that ivory throne; For she herself more worthy thereof ween'd, And better able it to guide alone; Whether to men, whose fall she did bemoan, Or unto Gods, whose state she did malign, Or to the infernal Powers her need give loan Of her fair light and bounty most benign, Herself of all that rule she deemed most condign.

But she, that had to her that soverain seat By highest Jove assign'd, therein to bear Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat, Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear; But with stern countenance and disdainful cheer, Bending her horned brows, did put her back; And boldly blaming her for coming there, Bade her at once from heaven's coast to pack, Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunder's wrack.

Yet nathemore the Giantess forbare,
But boldly pressing on raught forth her hand
To pluck her down perforce from off her chair;
And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
Threaten'd to strike her if she did withstand:
Whereat the stars, which round about her blazed,
And eke the moon's bright wagon still did stand,
All being with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and stern look still gazed.

Meanwhile the lower World, which nothing knew Of all that chanced here, was darken'd quite; And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew Of happy wights, now unpurvey'd of light, Were much afraid, and wond'red at that sight; Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain, And brought again on them eternal night; But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reign, Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plain.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Jove's fair palace fixt in heaven's hight;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that sudden lack of light.
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting lest Typhon were again uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoons the son of Maia forth he sent
Down to the Circle of the Moon, to know
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslow;
And if that any were on earth below
That did with charms or magic her molest,
Him to attach, and down to hell to throw;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wing'd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat, That soon he came whereas the Titaness Was striving with fair Cynthia for her seat; At whose strange sight and haughty hardiness He wonder'd much, and feared her no less: Yet laying fear aside to do his charge, At last he bade her (with bold steadfastness) Cease to molest the Moon to walk at large, Or come before high Jove her doings to discharge.

And therewithal he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awful power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends afraid:
Whereat the Titaness did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evil hour
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave fair Cynthia's silver bower;
Sith she his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more than Cynthia's self; but all their kingdoms
sought.

The Heaven's Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in the highest sky,
Was placed in his principal estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove; who changing nought his count'nance bold
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold:

"Harken to me awhile, ye heavenly Powers.
Ye may remember since the Earth's cursed seed
Sought to assail the heavens' eternal towers,
And to us all exceeding fear did breed;
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all do know, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An offspring of their blood, which did alight
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet despite.

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred, That now with bold presumption doth aspire To thrust fair Phœbe from her silver bed, And eke our selves from heaven's high empire, If that her might were match to her desire. Wherefore it now behoves us to advise What way is best to drive her to retire, Whether by open force, or counsel wise: Areed, ye sons of God, as best ye can devise."

So having said, he ceased; and with his brow (His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, And even the highest Powers of heaven to check) Made sign to them in their degrees to speak, Who straight gan cast their counsel grave and wise. Meanwhile the Earth's daughter, though she nought did reck

Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

Eftsoons she thus resolved: that whilst the Gods (After return of Hermes' embassy)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
Before they could new counsels re-ally,
To set upon them in that extasy,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Jove's high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good onset bodes good end.

She there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsel close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they sudden all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to choose:
But Jove, all fearless, forced them to aby;
And in his soverain throne gan straight dispose
Himself, more full of grace and majesty,
That mote encheer his friends, and foes mote terrify.

That when the haughty Titaness beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd;
And inly quaking seem'd as reft of sense
And void of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himself herself bespake:
"Speak, thou frail woman, speak with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now
make?

What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion to forsake?"

She, half confused with his great command.
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand:
"I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
Of her that is Grandmother magnified
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos' child;
But by the father's, (be it not envied)
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
Than all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven
exiled.

"For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturn's elder brother by birth-right,
Both sons of Uranus; but by unjust
And guileful means, through Corybantes' sleight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:

Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens' rule from Titan's sons by might,
And them to hellish dungeons down hast fell'd.
Witness, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have
tell'd!"

Whilst she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good ear To her bold words, and marked well her grace, Being of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautiful of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steers,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
Unwares is chanced, far straying from his peers:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

Till, having paused awhile, Jove thus bespake: "Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire In this bold sort to Heaven claim to make, And touch celestial seats with earthly mire? I would have thought that bold Procrustes' hire, Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's pain, Or great Prometheus' tasting of our ire, Would have sufficed the rest for to restrain, And warn'd all men by their example to refrain.

But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,
And challenge the heritage of this our sky;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which fair beams of beauty did appear
That could the greatest wrath soon turn to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear)
He staid his hand; and, having changed his cheer,
He thus again in milder wise began:
"But, ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can.

"But thee, fair Titan's child, I rather ween,
Through some vain error, or inducement light,
To see that mortal eyes have never seen;
Or through ensample of thy sister's might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spite,
Since thou hast seen her dreadful power below,
Mongst wretched men (dismay'd with her affright)
To bandy crowns, and kingdoms to bestow:
And sure thy worth no less than hers doth seem to
show.

"But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaness, That not the worth of any living wight May challenge ought in Heaven's interesse; Much less the title of old Titan's right: For we by conquest, of our soverain might, And by eternal doom of Fate's decree, Have won the empire of the heavens bright; Which to our selves we hold, and to whom we Shall worthy deem partakers of our bliss to be.

"Then cease thy idle claim, thou foolish girl: And seek by grace and goodness to obtain That place, from which by folly Titan fell: Thereto thou mayst perhaps, if so thou fain Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soverain." So having said, she thus to him replied: "Cease, Saturn's Son, to seek by proffers vain Of idle hopes to allure me to thy side, For to betray my right before I have it tried.

"But thee, O Jove! no equal Judge I deem
Of my desert, or of my dueful right;
That in thine own behalf mayst partial seem:
But to the highest him that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equal might,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeal."
Thereat Jove wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal;
And bade Dan Phœbus' scribe her appellation seal.

TT

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have tell'd,
Before her came dame Mutability;
And being low before her presence fell'd
With meek obeisance and humility,
Thus gan her plaintive plea with words to amplify.

"To thee, O greatest Goddess, only great!
An humble suppliant, lo! I lowly fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious injury,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

"To thee, therefore, of this same Jove I plain,
And of his fellow gods that feign to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole world's reign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itself by heritage in fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more than men thou dost esteem;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods do seem.

"Then weigh, O soverain Goddess! by what right These gods do claim the world's whole soverainty, And that is only due unto thy might Arrogate to themselves ambitiously: As for the gods' own principality, Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be My heritage Jove's self cannot deny, From my great grandsire Titan unto me Derived by due descent; as is well known to thee.

"Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside, I do possess the world's most regiment; As if ye please it into parts divide, And every part's inholders to convent, Shall to your eyes appear incontinent. And first, the Earth (great mother of us all) That only seems unmoved and permanent, And unto Mutability not thrall, Yet is she changed in part, and eke in general:

"For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
However fair it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead,
To turn again into their earthly slime:
Yet out of their decay and mortal crime,
We daily see new creatures to arise,
And of their winter spring another prime,
Unlike in form, and changed by strange disguise:
So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

"As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred die
As thralls and vassals unto men's behests;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne do their bodies only flit and fly,
But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

"Ne is the Water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these below;
For the Ocean moveth still from place to place,
And every river still doth ebb and flow;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
Ne pool so small, that can his smoothness hold
When any wind doth under heaven blow;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great hills, and straight like sluices them
unfold.

"So likewise are all watery living wights
Still tost and turned with continual change,
Never abiding in their steadfast plights:
The fish, still floating, do at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling-places, as the streams them carry:
Ne have the watery fowls a certain grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still do fly, and still their places vary.

"Next is the Air; which who feels not by sense (For of all sense it is the middle mean) To flit still, and with subtle influence Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintain In state of life? O weak life! that does lean On thing so tickle as the unsteady air, Which every hour is changed and alter'd clean With every blast that bloweth, foul or fair: The fair doth it prolong; the foul doth it impair.

"Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance;
Now boiling hot, straight freezing deadly cold;
Now fair sunshine, that makes all skip and dance,
Straight bitter storms, and baleful countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad penance,
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
make.

"Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever, Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day We see his parts, so soon as they do sever, To lose their heat and shortly to decay; So makes himself his own consuming prey: Ne any living creatures doth he breed, But all that are of others bred doth slay; And with their death his cruel life doth feed; Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seed.

"Thus all these four (the which the groundwork be Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they changed (by other wondrous sleights)
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Air, and the Air to Water sheer,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Air with Earth, approaching near:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

"So in them all reigns Mutability,
However these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do claim the rule and soverainty;
As Vesta, of the fire aethereal;
Vulcan, of this with us so usual;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the air;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphs, of rivers all:
For all those rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

"Which to approven true, as I have told, Vouchsafe, O Goddess! to thy presence call The rest which do the world in being hold; As times and seasons of the year that fall: Of all the which demand in general, Or judge thyself, by verdict of thine eye, Whether to me they are not subject all." Nature did yield thereto; and by and by Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year. First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers That freshly budded and new blooms did bear, (In which a thousand birds had built their bowers, That sweetly sung to call forth paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light;
And on his head a girland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated
sore,

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrol'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil.
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went;
And after them the Months all riding came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent;
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through the Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which the earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd
in sight

With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight,

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground, Deckt all with dainties of her season's pride, And throwing flowers out of her lap around. Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride, The twins of Leda; which on either side Supported her like to their soverain Queen: Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spied And leapt and danced as they had ravisht been! And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear.
Upon a Crab he rode, that did him bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
It was the beast that whylome did foray
The Nemean forest, till the Amphitryonide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
Behind his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was loved, and justice sold,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven
extol'd.

Next him September marched, eke on foot, Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot, And him enricht with bounty of the soil: In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil, He held a knife-hook; and in the other hand A pair of weights, with which he did assoil Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand, And equal gave to each as Justice duly scan'd.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noll was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November; he full gross and fat As fed with lard, and that right well might seem; For he had been a fatting hogs of late, That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam, And yet the season was full sharp and breem: In planting eke he took no small delight. Whereon he rode not easy was to deem; For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight, The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December: Yet he, through merry feasting which he made And great bonfires, did not the cold remember; His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad. Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode, The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years, They say, was nourisht by the Idæan maid; And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears, Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon an huge great earth-pot stean he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their due
places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night, Riding together both with equal pace, The one on a Palfrey black, the other white; But Night had covered her uncomely face With a black veil, and held in hand a mace, On top whereof the moon and stars were pight; And sleep and darkness round about did trace: But Day did bear upon his scepter's hight The goodly Sun encompass'd all with beames bright.

Then came the hours, fair daughters of high Jove And timely Night; the which were all endued With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love; But they were virgins all, and love eschewed That might forslack the charge to them foreshowed By mighty Jove; who did them porters make Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued) Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodièd, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the Titaness:

"Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway;
For who sees not that Time on all doth prey?
But times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?"

Then thus gan Jove: "Right true it is, that these And all things else that under heaven dwell Are changed of Time, who doth them all disseise Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himself doth move, and still compel To keep his course? Is not that namely we Which pour that virtue from our heavenly cell That moves them all, and makes them changed be? So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee."

To whom thus Mutability: "The things, Which we see not how they are moved and sway'd, Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings, And say, they by your secret power are made: But what we see not, who shall us persuade? But were they so, as ye them feign to be, Moved by your might and order'd by your aid, Yet what if I can prove, that even ye Yourselves are likewise changed, and subject unto me?

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, fair Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Jove's dearest darling: she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake,
Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now brown and
gray;

So that 'as changeful as the Moon' men use to say.

"Next Mercury; who though he less appear To change his hue, and always seem as one, Yet he his course doth alter every year, And is of late far out of order gone. So Venus eke, that goodly paragon, Though fair all night, yet is she dark all day: And Phæbus self, who lightsome is alone, Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way, And fills the darken'd world with terror and dismay.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most; For he sometimes so far runs out of square, That he his way doth seem quite to have lost, And clean without his usual sphere to fare; That even these star-gazers stonisht are At sight thereof, and damn their lying books: So likewise grim Sir Saturn oft doth spare His stern aspect, and calm his crabbed looks. So many turning cranks these have, so many crooks.

"But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye do claim,
Are you not subject eke to this misfare?
Then, let me ask you this withouten blame:
Where were ye born? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And born here in this world; ne other can appear.

"Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to me, Unless the kingdom of the sky ye make Immortal and unchangeable to be: Besides, that power and virtue which ye spake, That ye here work, doth many changes take, And your own natures change; for each of you, That virtue have or this or that to make, Is checkt and changed from his nature true, By others' opposition or obliquid view.

"Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
So sundry ways and fashions as clerks feign,
Some in short space, and some in longer years,
What is the same but alteration plain?
Only the starry sky doth still remain:
Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
And even itself is moved, as wizards sain:
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

"Then, since within this wide great Universe Nothing doth firm and permanent appear, But all things tost and turned by transverse, What then should let, but I aloft should rear My trophy, and from all the triumph bear? Now judge then, (O thou greatest Goddess true) According as thy self dost see and hear, And unto me addoom that is my due; That is, the rule of all, all being ruled by you."

So having ended, silence long ensued;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting the end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the soverain place:
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches
few.

"I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things steadfastness do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly weigh'd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign,
But they rule over change, and do their states maintain.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me,
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see."
So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss'd,
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

LYLY

SING TO APOLLO, GOD OF DAY Sing to Apollo, God of day, Whose golden beams with morning play, And make her eyes so brightly shine, Aurora's face is call'd divine. Sing to Phœbus, and that throne Of diamonds which he sits upon; Io Pæans let us sing To Physick's and to Poesy's King. Crown all his altars with bright fire, Laurels bind about his lyre, A Daphnean coronet for his head, The Muses dance about his bed; When on his ravishing lute he plays, Strew his temple round with bays. Io Pæans let us sing To the glittering Delian King.

WHAT BIRD SO SINGS, YET SO DOES WAIL?
WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale!
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!

APELLES' SONG

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd At cards for kisses, Cupid paid:

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SUNEY

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA: SONNET I

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to show, That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my

Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain: I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe, Studying inventions fine, her wit to entertain; Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's

And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way. Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes.

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;

—" Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart,
and write!"

SONNET XXXI

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies! How silently, and with how wan a face! What! may it be that even in heavenly place That busy archer his sharp arrows tries? Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case: I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace To me, that feel the like, thy state descries. Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me, Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit? Are beauties there as proud as here they be? Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

SONNET XXXIX

COME, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace, The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe, The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

Do they call "virtue," there, ungratefulness?

Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SONG

Wно hath his fancy pleasèd With fruits of happy sight, Let here his eyes be raised On Nature's sweetest light; A light which doth dissever And yet unite the eyes, A light which, dying never, Is cause the looker dies. She never dies, but lasteth In life of lover's heart; He ever dies that wasteth In love his chiefest part: Thus is her life still guarded In never-dying faith; Thus is his death rewarded. Since she lives in his death. Look then, and die! The pleasure Doth answer well the pain: Small loss of mortal treasure, Who may immortal gain! Immortal be her graces, Immortal is her mind; They, fit for heavenly places— This, heaven in it doth bind. But eyes these beauties see not, Nor sense that grace descries; Yet eyes deprived be not From sight of her fair eyes-Which, as of inward glory They are the outward seal, So may they live still sorry, Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleased
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On Nature's sweetest light!

DESIRE

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare, Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thought; Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care; Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought: Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought, With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware: Too long, too long asleep thou hast me brought, Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare. But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought: In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire: In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire; For Virtue hath this better lesson taught—Within myself to seek my only hire, Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

LEAVE ME, O LOVE

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

LORD BROOKE

TANTUM RELIGIO POTUIT SUADERE MALORUM

(Chorus of Tartars: from the Tragedy of Mustapha)

VAST Superstition! Glorious style of weakness! Sprung from the deep disquiet of man's passion, To dissolution and despair of Nature: Thy texts bring princes' titles into question; Thy prophets set on work the sword of tyrants; They manacle sweet Truth with their distinctions; Let virtue blood; teach cruelty for God's sake; Fashioning one God, yet Him of many fashions, Like many-headed Error, in their passions. Mankind! Trust not these superstitious dreams, Fear's idols, Pleasure's relics, Sorrow's pleasures: They make the wilful hearts their holy temples, The rebels unto government their martyrs. No! thou child of false miracles begotten! False miracles, which are but ignorance of cause, Lift up the hopes of thy abjected prophets:

Courage and Worth abjure thy painted heavens. Sickness thy blessings are; Misery, thy trial; Nothing, thy way unto eternal being; Death, to salvation; and the grave, to heaven. So blest are they, so angel'd, so eternized, That tie their senses to thy senseless glories, And die, to cloy the after-age with stories. Man should make much of Life, as Nature's table, Wherein she writes the cypher of her glory. Forsake not Nature, nor misunderstand her: Her mysteries are read without Faith's eye-sight: She speaketh in our flesh; and from our senses Delivers down her wisdoms to our reason. If any man would break her laws to kill, Nature doth for defence allow offences. She neither taught the father to destroy, Nor promised any man, by dying, joy.

OH, WEARISOME CONDITION OF HUMANITY!

(Chorus of Priests: from the Tragedy of Mustapha)

OH, wearisome condition of Humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound:
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason self-division cause.

Is it the mask or majesty of Power

To make offences that it may forgive?

Nature herself doth her own self deflower,

To have those errors she herself doth give

To hate those errors she herself doth give: For how should man think that he may not do, If Nature did not fail and punish too?

Tyrant to others, to herself unjust;
Only commands things difficult and hard;
Forbids us all things which she knows we lust;
Makes easy pains, impossible reward:
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.

We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach belief in God, and stir devotion,
To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights—
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

LODGE

ROSALIND'S SONG

Love in my bosom like a bee

Doth suck his sweet:

Now with his wings he plays with me,

Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:

Ah! wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute; he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
—Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee;
Then let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

TURN I MY LOOKS UNTO THE SKIES

Turn I my looks unto the skies, Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes; If so I gaze upon the ground, Love then in every flower is found; Search I the shade to fly my pain, He meets me in the shade again; Wend I to walk in secret grove, Even there I meet with sacred Love. If so I bain me in the spring, Even on the brink I hear him sing; If so I meditate alone, He will be partner of my moan; If so I mourn, he weeps with me, And where I am, there will he be. Whenas I talk of Rosalind, The god from coyness waxeth kind, And seems in self-same flames to fry, Because he loves as well as I. Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue, For why than Love I am more true: He, if he speed, will quickly fly, But in thy love I live and die.

FIRST SHALL THE HEAVENS WANT STARRY LIGHT

First shall the heavens want starry light; 'The seas be robbed of their waves; The day want sun, and sun want bright;

The night want shade, the dead men graves; The April, flowers and leaf and tree, Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills By humble plains be overpried; And poets scorn the Muses' quills, And fish forsake the water-glide; And Iris lose her colour'd weed, Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace, And Love relent in deep disdain; And Death his fatal stroke shall cease, And Envy pity every pain; And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile, Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race, And Winter bless his brows with corn; And snow bemoisten July's face, And Winter spring, and Summer mourn, Before my pen by help of fame Cease to recite thy sacred name.

LOVE GUARDS THE ROSES OF THY LIPS

Love guards the roses of thy lips And flies about them like a bee; If I approach he forward skips, And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire, And in my tears doth firm the same; And if I tempt it will retire, And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers; And pity me, and calm her eye; Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers; Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

ROSALINE

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;

And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

PEELE

SONG

Enone. FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Enone. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Ambo Simul. They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Enone. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Enone. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays;
Amen to Cupid's curse—
They that do change old love for new,

Pray gods they change for worse!

Paris. They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Ambo. Fair and fair, &c.

HIS GOLDEN LOCKS TIME HATH TO SILVER TURN'D

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd:

O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His Youth gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain: Youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, Strength, Youth are flowers, but fading seen;
Duty, Faith, Love are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age's alms;
But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong!
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your Beadsman now, that was your Knight.

GREENE

SEPHESTIA'S LULLABY

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee; When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Streaming tears that never stint, Like pearl-drops from a flint, Fell by course from his eyes, That one another's place supplies; Thus he grieved in every part, Tears of blood fell from his heart, When he left his pretty boy, Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

IN PRAISE OF FAWNIA

At ! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
Just as she shows, so seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovran of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd bower.
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn.

Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn, She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all music else be still, For none must be compared to her note; Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill, Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat. Ah! when she riseth from her blissful bed She comforts all the world as doth the sun, And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled; When she is set the gladsome day is done.

O glorious sun, imagine me the west, Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

CONTENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

CHAPMAN

EPISTLE DEDICATORY 1

To the high-born Prince of men, Henry, Thrice royal Inheritor to the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, &c.

SINCE perfect happiness, by princes sought, Is not with birth born, nor exchequers bought, Nor follows in great trains, nor is possess'd With any outward state, but makes him blest That governs inward, and beholdeth there All his affections stand about him bare, That by his power can send to tower and death All traitorous passions, marshalling beneath His justice, his mere will, and in his mind Holds such a sceptre as can keep confined His whole life's actions in the royal bounds Of virtue and religion, and their grounds Takes in to sow his honours, his delights, And complete empire; you should learn these rights, Great Prince of men, by princely precedents, Which here, in all kinds, my true zeal presents To furnish your youth's groundwork and first state, And let you see one godlike man create All sorts of worthiest men, to be contrived In your worth only, giving him revived, For whose life Alexander would have given One of his kingdoms; who, as sent from heaven, And thinking well that so divine a creature Would never more enrich the race of nature, Kept as his crown his works, and thought them still His angels, in all power to rule his will; And would affirm that Homer's poesy Did more advance his Asian victory, Than all his armies. O! 'tis wondrous much, Though nothing prized, that the right virtuous touch Of a well-written soul to virtue moves: Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves Of fitting objects be not so inflamed. How much then were this kingdom's main soul maim'd.

To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls! All realms but yours
Are honour'd with him, and hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate:
In which humanity to her height is raised,
Which all the world, yet none enough, hath praised.
Seas, earth, and heaven he did in verse comprise,
Outsung the Muses, and did equalize
Their king Apollo; being so far from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie

Your lutes and viols, and more loftily

Dedication of Chapman's Translation of the

Dedication of Chapman's Translation of the first Twelve Books of the *Iliad*, 1609. Make the heroics of your Homer sung;
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue,
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phœnix, she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun,
Thousands of years attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been
Subverted in them; laws, religions, all
Offer'd to change and greedy funeral;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves how firm truth builds in poets feigning.

A prince's statue, or in marble carved,
Or steel, or gold, and shrined, to be preserved,
Aloft on pillars or pyramides,
Time into lowest ruins may depress;
But drawn with all his virtues in learn'd verse,
Fame shall resound them on oblivion's hearse,
Till graves gasp with her blasts, and dead men rise.
No gold can follow where true Poesy flies.

Then let not this Divinity in earth, Dear Prince, be slighted as she were the birth Of idle fancy, since she works so high; Nor let her poor disposer, Learning, lie Still bed-rid. Both which being in men defaced, In men with them is God's bright image rased; For as the Sun and Moon are figures given Of his refulgent Deity in heaven, So Learning and her lightener Poesy In earth present his fiery majesty. Nor are kings like him since their diadems Thunder and lighten and project brave beams, But since they his clear virtues emulate, In truth and justice imaging his state, In bounty and humanity since they shine, Than which is nothing like him more divine: Not fire, not light, the sun's admired course, The rise nor set of stars, nor all their force In us and all this cope beneath the sky, Nor great existence, term'd his treasury: Since not for being greatest he is blest, But being just, and in all virtues blest.

What sets his justice and his truth best forth, Best Prince, then use best, which is Poesy's worth. For, as great princes, well inform'd and deckt With gracious virtue, give more sure effect To her persuasions, pleasures, real worth, Than all the inferior subjects she sets forth; Since there she shines at full, hath birth, wealth,

Power, fortune, honour, fit to elevate
Her heavenly merits, and so fit they are,
Since she was made for them, and they for her;
So Truth, with Poesy graced, is fairer far,
More proper, moving, chaste, and regular,
Than when she runs away with untruss'd Prose;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose

Her virtuous treasure, and is Queen of Graces; In Poesy decking her with choicest phrases, Figures and numbers; when loose Prose puts on Plain letter-habits, makes her trot upon Dull earthly business, she being mere divine; Holds her to homely cates and harsh hedge-wine, That should drink Poesy's nectar; every way One made for other, as the sun and day, Princes and virtues. And, as in a spring, The pliant water, moved with anything Let fall into it, puts her motion out In perfect circles, that move round about The gentle fountain, one another raising; So Truth and Poesy work; so Poesy, blazing All subjects fallen in her exhaustless fount, Works most exactly, makes a true account Of all things to her true discharges given, Till all be circular and round as heaven.

And lastly, great Prince, mark and pardon me: As in a flourishing and ripe fruit-tree, Nature hath made the bark to save the bole, The bole the sap, the sap to deck the whole With leaves and branches, they to bear and shield The useful fruit, the fruit itself to yield Guard to the kernel, and for that all those, Since out of that again the whole tree grows; So in our tree of man, whose nervy root Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot There runs a mutual aid through all his parts, All join'd in one to serve his Queen of Arts,1 In which doth Poesy like the kernel lie Obscured, though her Promethean faculty Can create men, and make even death to live, For which she should live honour'd; kings should give Comfort and help to her that she might still Hold up their spirits in virtue, make the will That governs in them to the power conform'd, The power to justice; that the scandals, storm'd Against the poor dame, clear'd by your fair grace, Your grace may shine the clearer. Her low place, Not showing her, the highest leaves obscure. Who raise her, raise themselves; and he sits sure Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, since on it Eternity doth, crowning virtue, sit. All whose poor seed, like violets in their beds, Now grow with bosom-hung and hidden heads; For whom I must speak, though their fate convinces Me worst of poets, to you best of princes.

SOUTHWELL

AT HOME IN HEAVEN

FAIR Soul! how long shall veils thy graces shroud?
How long shall this exile withhold thy right?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,

And give thy glories scope to blaze their light? Oh, that a star, more fit for angels' eyes, Should pine in earth, not shine above the skies!

1 The soul.

Thy ghostly beauty offer'd force to God;
It chained Him in links of tender love;
It won His will with man to make abode;
It stay'd His sword, and did his wrath remove:
It made the vigour of His justice yield,
And crowned Mercy empress of the field.

This lull'd our heavenly Samson fast asleep,
And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap;
This made Him under mortal load to creep,
And in our flesh His Godhead to enwrap;
This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in His style.

This brought Him from the ranks of heavenly quires
Into this vale of tears, and cursed soil;
From flowers of grace into a world of briars,
From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
This made Him wander in our pilgrim weed,
And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O Soul! do not thy noble thoughts abase, To lose thy loves in any mortal wight; Content thy eye at home with native grace, Sith God Himself is ravish'd with thy sight; If on thy beauty God enamour'd be, Base is thy love of any less than He.

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,

That deems the feature of a pleasing face
To be the sweetest bait to lure the will,

Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace;
Let God's and angels' censure win belief,
That of all beauties judge our souls the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
And Judith once for beauty bare the vaunt;
But he that could our souls' endowments view,
Would soon to souls the crown of beauty grant.
O Soul! out of thyself seek God alone:
Grace more than thine, but God's, the world hath
none.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

ALAS! our Day is forced to fly by night;
Light without light, and Sun by silent shade!
O Nature, blush! that sufferest such a wight,
That in thy Sun this dark eclipse hath made:
Day to his eyes, light to his steps deny,
That hates the Light which graceth every eye.

Sun being fled, the stars do less their light,
And shining beams in bloody streams they drench;
A cruel storm of Herod's mortal spite
Their lives and lights with bloody showers doth quench:

The tyrant, to be sure of murdering one, For fear of sparing Him doth pardon none.

O blessed babes! First flowers of Christian spring, Who, though untimely cropt, fair garlands frame,

SOUTHWELL. DANIEL

With open throats and silent mouths you sing
His praise whom age permits you not to name;
Your tunes are tears, your instruments are swords,
Your ditty death, and blood in lieu of words!

DANIEL

SONG

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,

If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies, If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries, Hey ho!

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN

Siren. Come, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me:
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail on the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses. Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest me there,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth:
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren. Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name;
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame:
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life—our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
No honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch

For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren. Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Ulysses. But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last

To show that it was ill.

Siren. That doth Opinion only cause
That's out of Custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses. But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest:
And these great Spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

Siren. Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won, that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
To undo, or be undone.

DELIA: SONNET XL

Bur love whilst that thou mayst be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flowers,
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the Summer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night,
And that thy brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou
show'st,

And think the same becomes thy fading best, Which then shall most enveil and shadow most. Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was, When once they find her flower, her glory pass,

SONNET XLI

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow, sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining;
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been thy self shall see,
And that thou wast unkind, thou mayst repent.
Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

SONNET L

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that, in Beauty's lease expired, appears
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death—
But ah! no more, this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

EPISTLE TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

He that of such a height hath built his mind, And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong, As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong His settled peace, or to disturb the same: What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down Upon these lower regions of turmoil! Where all the storms of passions mainly beat On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown Are only gay afflictions, golden toil; Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet As frailty doth; and only great doth seem To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs' wars But only as on stately robberies; Where evermore the fortune that prevails Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses, And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives, And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man, And builds on blood, and rises by distress; And the inheritance of desolation leaves

To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon, As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye, And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares the man that hath prepared A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour, all you can,
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned By that clear judgment, that hath carried you Beyond the feeble limits of your kind, As they can stand against the strongest head Passion can make; inured to any hue The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind Out of her form of goodness, that doth see Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befals, You in the region of yourself remain: Where no vain breath of the impudent molests, That hath secured within the brazen walls Of a clear conscience, that without all stain Rises in peace, in innocency rests; Whilst all what malice from without procures, Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being contemn'd,
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show,
How worthily your clearness had condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being powerless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still: so much delight they have,
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best They reach unto, when they have cast the sum And reckonings of their glory. And you know, This floating life hath but this port of rest, A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come. And that man's greatness rests but in his show, The best of all whose days consumed are, Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In the inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold of leaden mines can frame,

LITERATURE

O BLESSED Letters, that combine in one All ages past, and make one live with all! By you we do confer with who are gone, And the dead living unto council call; By you the unborn shall have communion Of what we feel, and what doth us befall,

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE

Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence, That with the strong rein of commanding words Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence Of men's affections, more than all their swords: Shall we not offer to thy excellence The richest treasure that our wit affords? Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen Than all the powers of princes can effect: And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men Better than force or rigour can direct: Should we this ornament of glory, then, As the unmaterial fruits of shades neglect? Or should we, careless, come behind the rest In power of words, that go before in worth, Whenas our accents, equal to the best, Is able greater wonders to bring forth: When all that ever hotter spirits exprest Comes better'd by the patience of the North? And who, in time, knows whither we may vent

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores;
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refined with the accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand

The greatness of our style is now ordained;
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,

What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrain'd,

What mischief it may powerfully withstand, And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

DRAYTON

SONNET

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride, King Henry to deride, His ransom to provide Unto him sending; Which he neglects the while As from a nation vile, Yet with an angry smile Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd:
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd,

"And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain

Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,

By many a warlike feat Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread The eager vaward led; With the main Henry sped Among his henchmen.

Excester had the rear, A braver man not there: O Lord, how hot they were On the false Frenchmen! They now to fight are gone, Armour on armour shone, Drum now to drum did groan, To hear was wonder; That with the cries they make The very earth did shake: Trumpet to trumpet spake, Thunder to thunder. Well it thine age became, O noble Erpingham, Which didst the signal aim To our hid forces! When from a meadow by. Like a storm suddenly The English archery Stuck the French horses. With Spanish yew so strong, Arrows a cloth-yard long That like to serpents stung, Piercing the weather; None from his fellow starts, But playing manly parts, And like true English hearts Stuck close together. When down their bows they threw, And forth their bilbos drew, And on the French they flew, Not one was tardy; Arms were from shoulders sent, Scalps to the teeth were rent, Down the French peasants went-Our men were hardy. This while our noble king, His broadsword brandishing, Down the French host did ding As to o'erwhelm it; And many a deep wound lent, His arms with blood besprent, And many a cruel dent Bruisèd his helmet. Gloster, that duke so good, Next of the royal blood, For famous England stood With his brave brother; Clarence, in steel so bright, Though but a maiden knight,

And cruel slaughter made Still as they ran up;

Yet in that furious fight

Oxford the foe invade,

Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.
Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue;
Go and subdue!

Whilst loitering hinds

Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long:

Quickly aboard bestow you,

And with a merry gale

Swell your stretch'd sail

With vows as strong

As the winds that blow you. Your course securely steer,

West and by south forth keep!
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
When Eolus scowls

You need not fear; So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold

Virginia,

Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store Fowl, venison, and fish, And the fruitfull'st soil

Without your toil Three harvests more,

All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine

Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,

The cypress, pine, And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age Still nature's laws doth give, No other cares that tend, But them to defend

From winter's rage,

That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell Of that delicious land Above the seas that flows The clear wind throws. Your hearts to swell Approaching the dear strand; In kenning of the shore (Thanks to God first given) O you the happiest men, Be frolic then! Let cannons roar. Frighting the wide heaven. And in regions far, Such heroes bring ye forth As those from whom we came; And plant our name Under that star Not known unto our North. And as there plenty grows Of laurel everywhere— Apollo's sacred tree— You it may see

A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.
Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,

Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit,

NYMPHIDIA

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell, Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel, A later third of Dowsabel,

With such poor trifles playing; Others the like have laboured at, Some of this thing and some of that, And many of they know not what,

But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will Be talking of the Fairies still, Nor never can they have their fill,

As they were wedded to them; No tales of them their thirst can slake, So much delight therein they take, And some strange thing they fain would make

Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold, Or of the later, or the old, Those elvish secrets to unfold,

Which lie from others' reading, My active Muse to light shall bring The Court of that proud Fairy King, And tell there of the revelling:

Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay, Which, meeting me upon the way, These secrets didst to me bewray,

Which now I am in telling; My pretty, light, fantastic maid, I here invoke thee to my aid, That I may speak what thou hast said,

In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air, By necromancy placed there, That it no tempests needs to fear,

Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon,
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made Well mortised and finely laid; He was the master of his trade

It curiously that builded; 'The windows of the eyes of cats, And for the roof, instead of slats, Is cover'd with the skins of bats,

With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon him sport to make, Their rest when weary mortals take, And none but only fairies wake,

Descendeth for his pleasure; And Mab, his merry Queen, by night Bestrides young folks that lie upright (In elder times, the mare that hight),

Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes, Of little frisking elves and apes To earth do make their wanton scapes,

As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttery rue, By pinching them both black and blue, And put a penny in their shoe

The house for cleanly sweeping; And in their courses make that round In meadows and in marshes found, Of them so called the Fairy Ground,

Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got Which after proves an idiot When folk perceive it thriveth not,

The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doting, brainless calf
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this aulfe
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well, he fear'd, his Queen that knew,

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight, One wondrous gracious in the sight Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night

He amorously observed;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wished him starved.

His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend Some token to Queen Mab to send, If sea or land could ought him lend

Were worthy of her wearing; At length this lover doth devise A bracelet made of emmets' eyes, A thing he thought that she would prize,

No whit her state impairing. And to the Queen a letter writes, Which he most curiously indites, Conjuring her by all the rites

Of love, she would be pleased To meet him, her true servant, where They might, without suspect or fear, Themselves to one another clear

And have their poor hearts eased.

At midnight the appointed hour.

"At midnight the appointed hour, And for the Queen a fitting bower," Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower

On Hipcut hill that bloweth: In all your train there's not a fay That ever went to gather may But she hath made it, in her way; The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page, He sent it, and doth him engage By promise of a mighty wage

It secretly to carry;
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all:
She would go see her summer hall,

She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,

For nought must her be letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer
Upon the coach-box getting.

DRAYTON

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones, And daintily made for the nonce, For fear of rattling on the stones

With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it,

She mounts her chariot with a trice, Nor would she stay, for no advice, Until her maids that were so nice

To wait on her were fitted; But ran herself away alone, Which when they heard, there was not one But hasted after to be gone,

As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear, Pip and Trip and Skip that were To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear, Her-special maids of honour;

Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin, Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin, Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,

The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them;
A cobweb over them they throw,

A cobweb over them they throw, To shield the wind if it should blow, Themselves they wisely could bestow

Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile (Through many a gate, o'er many a stile, That now had gotten by this wile),

Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care
And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear, He rent his clothes and tore his hair, And as he runneth here and there

An acorn cup he greeteth, Which soon he taketh by the stalk, About his head he lets it walk, Nor doth he any creature balk, But lays on all he meeteth. The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon,
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encountering with a Wasp, He in his arms the fly doth clasp As though his breath he forth would grasp,

Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he;

"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee; Restore her, or thou diest by me!"

Whereat the poor Wasp quaking, Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King, Content thee, I am no such thing: I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"

At which the Fairy started; When soon away the Wasp doth go, Poor wretch, was never frighted so; He thought his wings were much too slow,

O'erjoyed they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light (You must suppose it now was night), Which, for her hinder part was bright,

He took to be a devil, And furiously doth her assail For carrying fire in her tail; He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail;

The mad King fear'd no evil.
"Oh!" quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy-land!
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?

Hold, or of life despair I!"
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal;

Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive: Amongst the bees he letteth drive, And down their combs begins to rive,

All likely to have spoiled,
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard:
It would have made a man afear'd

To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides;
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,

And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout;
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case, And all be-slurred head and face, On runs he in this wild-goose chase,

As here and there he rambles; Half blind, against a molehole hit, And for a mountain taking it, For all he was out of his wit

Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top, Yet there himself he could not stop, But down on the other side doth chop,

And to the foot came rumbling; So that the grubs, therein that bred, Hearing such turmoil overhead, Thought surely they had all been dead; So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake, Which him up to the neck doth take, His fury somewhat it doth slake;

He calleth for a ferry; Where you may some recovery note, What was his club he made his boat, And in his oaken cup doth float, As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange Of Don Quishott, and of their change, Through which he armed oft did range,

Of Sancha Pancha's travel; But should a man tell everything Done by this frantic Fairy King, And them in lofty numbers sing, It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal He meeteth Puck, which most men call Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall

With words from frenzy spoken: "Ho, ho," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace! Who drest thee in this piteous case? He thus that spoil'd my sovereign's face, I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt, Still walking like a ragged colt, And oft out of a bush doth bolt,

Of purpose to deceive us; And leading us makes us to stray, Long winter's nights, out of the way; And when we stick in mire and clay, Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone: As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon, Let everything but this alone,

With vengeance and pursue her; Bring her to me alive or dead, Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head; That villain hath defiled my bed, He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin, But I will thorough thick and thin, Until at length I bring her in;

My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it. Thorough brake, thorough briar, Thorough muck, thorough mire, Thorough water, thorough fire;

And thus Puck goes about it." This thing Nymphidia overheard, That on this mad king had a guard, Not doubting of a great reward

For first this business broaching; And through the air away doth go, Swift as an arrow from the bow, To let her sovereign Mab to know

What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'st charm Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm; Her merry maids, that thought no harm,

About the room were skipping; A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd Upon his hautboy, every maid Fit for this revel was array'd,

The hornpipe neatly tripping. In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry, "My sovereign, for your safety fly, For there is danger but too nigh;

I posted to forewarn you: The King hath sent Hobgoblin out, To seek you all the fields about, And of your safety you may doubt If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town, Before them everything went down; Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,

'Gainst one another justling; They flew about like chaff i' the wind; For haste some left their masks behind: Some could not stay their gloves to find;

There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way, Into a brake that near them lay; Yet much they doubted there to stay,

Lest Hob should hap to find them; He had a sharp and piercing sight, All one to him the day and night; And therefore were resolved by flight To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut, In the end of which a hole was cut, Which lay upon a hazel root,

There scatter'd by a squirrel Which out the kernel gotten had; When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be glad; Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,

I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she, "Come closely in; be ruled by me; Each one may here a chooser be,

For room ye need not wrastle: Nor need ye be together heapt; "So one by one therein they crept, And lying down they soundly slept, And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch, Perceived if Puck the Queen should catch That he should be her over-match,

Of which she well bethought her; Found it must be some powerful charm, The Queen against him that must arm, Or surely he would do her harm,

For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,

That her might hinder, or might fear, But finding still the coast was clear,

Nor creature had descried her; Each circumstance and having scan'd, She came thereby to understand, Puck would be with them out of hand; When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow, The kernel of the mistletoe; And here and there as Puck should go,

With terror to affright him, She nightshade straws to work him ill, Therewith her vervain and her dill, That hindereth witches of their will,

Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,

From lunary distilling:
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal;
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,

The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep, Which at both ends was rooted deep, And over it three times she leap;

Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog, By the howling of the dog, By the crying of the hog

Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans, By the lubrican's sad moans, By the noise of dead men's bones

In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound, By the thunder's dreadful stound, Yells of spirits underground,

I charge thee not to fear us;
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat

With thorns, if thou come near us!"

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside, And in a chink herself doth hide, To see thereof what would betide,

For she doth only mind him: When presently she Puck espies, And well she mark'd his gloating eyes, How under every leaf he pries,

In seeking still to find them.
But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;

For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

At length upon his feet he gets, Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets; And as again he forward sets,

And through the bushes scrambles, A stump doth trip him in his pace; Down comes poor Hob upon his face, And lamentably tore his case,

Amongst the briars and brambles.

I plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he,

"And all her maids where'er they be:

I think the devil guided me,

To seek her so provoked!"
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before, Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar, That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore

Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out, Queen Mab and all her fairy rout, And come again to have a bout

With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry, "King Oberon, I thee defy,

And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field, A little cockle-shell his shield, Which he could very bravely wield,

Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail, Which was of a fish's scale, That when his foe should him assail,

No point should be prevailing: His rapier was a horner's sting; It was a very dangerous thing, For if he chanced to hurt the King, It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head, Most horrible and full of dread, That able was to strike one dead,

Yet did it well become him;
And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set, Yet scarce he on his back could get, So oft and high he did curvet,

Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin, One that a valiant knight had been, And to King Oberon of kin;

Quoth he, "Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy His slanders and his infamy, And as a mortal enemy

Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,

Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide To hear his sovereign vilified; But to the Fairy Court him hied (Full furiously he posted), With everything Pigwiggen said:

How title to the crown he laid, And in what arms he was array'd, As how himself he boasted.

Twixt head and foot, from point to point, He told the arming of each joint, In every piece how neat and quaint,

For Tomalin could do it: How fair he sat, how sure he rid, As of the courser he bestrid, How managed, and how well he did;

The King which listened to it, Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed, Provide me arms, provide my steed, And everything that I shall need;

By thee I will be guided;
To straight account call thou thy wit;
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land, Which gave Queen Mab to understand The combat that was then in hand

Betwixt those men so mighty: Which greatly she began to rue, Perceiving that all Fairy knew, The first occasion from her grew Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids, Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,

To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,

Which of much care would ease her. A while there let we Mab alone, And come we to King Oberon, Who, arm'd to meet his foe, is gone,

For proud Pigwiggen crying: Who sought the Fairy King as fast, And had so well his journeys cast, That he arrived at the last,

His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King, Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring, That perfect were in everything

To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage
To see them exercise their rage
With fair and comely equipage,

Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were, As they had been a very pair, So that a man would almost swear

That either had been either; Their furious steeds began to neigh, That they were heard a mighty way; Their staves upon their rests they lay;

Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath, Which was indifferent to them both, That on their knightly faith and troth

No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran, That to the ground came horse and man, The blood out of their helmets span,

So sharp were their encounters; And though they to the earth were thrown, Yet quickly they regain'd their own, Such nimbleness was never shown,

They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again, They forward came with might and main, Yet which had better of the twain,

The seconds could not judge yet; Their shields were into pieces cleft, Their helmets from their heads were reft, And to defend them nothing left,

These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw, Their cruel swords they quickly drew, And freshly they the fight renew,

They every stroke redoubled;
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes, She takes the fogs from thence that rose, And in a bag doth them enclose,

When well she had them blended.
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone Unto the place where Oberon And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,

Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide

The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,

So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post;
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease Proserpina commandeth peace; And that a while they should release

Each other of their peril;
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel:

"But here yourselves you must engage Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage; Your grievous thirst and to assuage

That first you drink this liquor, Which shall your understanding clear, As plainly shall to you appear; Those things from me that you shall hear

Conceiving much the quicker."
This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,

Is all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think;
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had That he for jealousy ran mad, But of his Queen was wondrous glad,

And ask'd how they came thither:
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought That e'er they had each other sought, Much less that they a combat fought,

But such a dream were loathing:
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy Court they went
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

DESCRIPTION OF A DAY, IN "THE MUSES' ELYSIUM"

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn, All chequer'd was the sky; Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye. The wind had no more strength than this, That leisurely it blew, To make one leaf the next to kiss, That closely by it grew. The rills that on the pebbles play'd Might now be heard at will; This world they only music made, Else everything was still. The flowers like brave embroider'd girls Look'd as they much desired To see whose head with orient pearls Most curiously was tired; And to itself the subtle air Such sovereignty assumes, That it received too large a share From nature's rich perfumes.

MARLOWE

FRAGMENT

I walk'd along a stream, for pureness rare, Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint The dullest sight with all the glorious prey That in the pebble-paved channel lay. No molten crystal, but a richer mine, Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there: Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine, Through whose bright-gliding current might appear A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine, Enamelling the banks, made them more dear Than ever was that glorious palace-gate Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate. Upon this brim the eglantine and rose, The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree, As kind companions, in one union grows, Folding their twining arms, as oft we see Turtle-taught lovers either other close, Lending to dulness feeling sympathy; And as a costly valance o'er a bed, So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread. Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show, Though all were green, yet difference such in green, Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,

Prided the running main, as it had been-

FROM "HERO AND LEANDER"

WHO EVER LOVED, THAT LOVED NOT AT FIRST SIGHT?

In the midst a silver altar stood: There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood, Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close, And modestly they open'd as she rose: Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head, And thus Leander was enamoured. Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed, Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook, Such force and virtue hath an amorous look. It lies not in our power to love or hate, For will in us is over-ruled by fate. When two are stript, long ere the course begin, We wish that one should lose, the other win; And one especially do we affect Of two gold ingots, like in each respect: The reason no man knows: let it suffice, What we behold is censured by our eyes. Where both deliberate, the love is slight: Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but unto her devoutly pray'd; Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said: "Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him," And as she spake those words, came somewhat near

He started up, she blush'd as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touch'd her hand, in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled.

The air with sparks of living fire was spangled, And Night, deep drench'd in misty Acheron, Heaved up her head, and half the world upon Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's

day):
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs and tears,
Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears,
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:

"Fair creature, let me speak without offence: I would my rude words had the influence To lead thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine: Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine. Be not unkind and fair: mis-shapen stuff Are of behaviour boisterous and rough: O shun me not, but hear me ere you go; God knows I cannot force love, as you do. My words shall be as spotless as my youth, Full of simplicity and naked truth.

This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending, From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending, Doth testify that you exceed her far, To whom you offer, and whose nun you are:-Why should you worship her? Her you surpass, As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass. A diamond set in lead his worth retains; A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains, Receives no blemish, but oft-times more grace; Which makes me hope, although I am but base, (Base in respect of thee, divine and pure) Dutiful service may thy love procure; And I in duty will excel all other, As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother. Nor Heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon: As Heaven preserves all things, so save thou one. A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall, The Ocean maketh more majestical: Why vowest thou then to live in Sestos here, Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear? Like untuned golden strings all women are, Which long time lie untouch'd, will harshly jar. Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine; What difference betwixt the richest mine And basest mould, but use? For both not used Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused, When misers keep it; being put to loan, In time it will return us two for one. Rich robes themselves and others do adorn; Neither themselves nor others, if not worn. Who builds a palace and rams up the gate, Shall see it ruinous and desolate. Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish! Lone women like to empty houses perish. Less sins the poor rich man that starves himself, In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf, Than such as you: his golden earth remains, Which after his decease some other gains. But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone, When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none. Or if it could, down from the enamel'd sky All Heaven would come to claim this legacy. And with intestine broils the world destroy, And quite confound nature's sweet harmony. Well therefore by the gods decreed it is, We human creatures should enjoy that bliss."

Who Taught thee Rhetoric to Deceive a Maid?

These arguments he used, and many more, Wherewith she yielded, that was won before. Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war: Women are won when they begin to jar. Thus, having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook, The more she strived, the deeper was she strook: Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still, And would be thought to grant against her will. So having paused a while, at last she said, "Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?

Ay me! such words as these should I abhor, And yet I like them for the orator." With that, Leander stoop'd to have embraced her, But from his spreading arms away she cast her, And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear To touch the sacred garments which I wear. Upon a rock, and underneath a hill, Far from the town, where all is whist and still, Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand, Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land, Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus In silence of the night to visit us, My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day. A dwarfish beldam bears me company, That hops about the chamber where I lie, And spends the night, that might be better spent, In vain discourse and apish merriment: Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tript,

For unawares "Come thither" from her slipt; And suddenly her former colour changed, And here and there her eyes through anger ranged; And, like a planet moving several ways At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays, Loving, not to love at all, and every part Strove to resist the motions of her heart: And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch Did she uphold to Venus, and again Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain; Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings; Her vows above the empty air he flings: All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent; And shot a shaft that burning from him went; Wherewith she strooken looked so dolefully, As made Love sigh to see his tyranny. . . . Then towards the palace of the Destinies, Laden with languishment and grief, he flies, And to those stern nymphs humbly made request Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love, And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys, dales and fields, Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed their flocks By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses And a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

MARLOWE. RALEIGH. ANONYMOUS SONGS

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

RALEIGH

THE MAID'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

Ir all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee and be thy Love. But Time drives flocks from field to fold; When rivers rage and rocks grow cold; And Philomel becometh dumb; The rest complains of cares to come. The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward Winter reckoning yields: A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, Soon break, soon wither-soon forgotten. In folly ripe, in reason rotten. Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds, Thy coral clasps and amber studs,— All these in me no means can move To come to thee and be thy Love. But could youth last, and love still breed, Had joys no date, nor age no need, Then these delights my mind might move To live with thee and be thy Love.

ANONYMOUS SONGS

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

Phyllida. CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
Corydon. Who is it that calleth Corydon?

Who is it that I hear?

Phyl. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!

Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?

I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon; Eat them for my sake. Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one, Sport for thee to make.

Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee

A pair of stockings white as milk.

Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,

To make thee, to make thee

A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon, To set in thy cap.

Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one, To put in thy lap.

Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay, For Sundays, for Sundays, To wear about his legs so tall.

Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say, For Sundays, for Sundays, To wear about her middle small.

Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill Making melody—

Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel, Singing cheerily—

Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel For sweetness, for sweetness,

Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell

For clearness for clearness

For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyl. Had my Corydon, my Corydon, Been, alack! her swain—

Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one, Been in Ida plain—

Phyl. Cynthia Endymion had refused, Preferring, preferring My Corydon to play withal.

Cor. The Queen of Love had been excused Bequeathing, bequeathing My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon! Whither shall I fly?

Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one, While she passeth by.

Phyl. Say to her thy true love was not here; Remember, remember

To-morrow is another day.

Cor. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear

Farewell then, farewell then!

Heaven keep our loves alway.

LOVE WING'D MY HOPES

Love wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fly Far from base earth, but not to mount too high:

For true pleasure Lives in measure, Which if men forsake,

Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

ANONYMOUS SONGS. CHALKHILL

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight, Enamour'd sought to woo the sun's fair light,

Whose rich brightness Moved their lightness To aspire so high

That all scorch'd and consumed with fire now drown'd in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue, For Love did know that their desires were true;

> Though fate frowned, And now drowned They in sorrow dwell,

It was the purest light of heav'n for whose fair love they fell.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOTH SHOW HER WIT

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

SISTER, AWAKE! CLOSE NOT YOUR EYES!

Sister, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say, And let us, without staying, All in our gowns of green so gay Into the park a-maying!

NOW HAVE I LEARN'D

Now have I learn'd with much ado at last
By true disdain to kill desire;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast,
Unto this height I did aspire:
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.
What hast thou left wherewith to move my worst.

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind,
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,
I feel no heat in all thy fire:
Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,
Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's blaze, In vain thy wanton eyes allure; These are but toys for them that love to gaze,

I know what harm thy looks procure: Some strange conceit must be devised, Or thou and all thy skill despised.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart:
For these may fail or turn to ill
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me eyer!

BREAK OF DAY

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise!
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

J. CHALKHILL

CORIDON'S SONG

OH, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

CHALKHILL. BEST. SHAKESPEARE

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,

And wend along with me.

But oh! the honest countryman

Speaks truly from his heart;

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,

Heigh trolollie lollie lee. His pride is in his tillage,

His horses and his cart;

Then care away, And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins, Grey russet for our wives; Heigh trolollie lollie loe,

Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives;

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughmen, though he labour hard, Yet on the holiday,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, Heigh trolollie lollie lee.

No emperor so merrily
Doth pass his time away;
Then care away,

And wend along with me. To recompense our tillage,

The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments

The earth affords us bowers;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale Full merrily do sing,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, Heigh trolollie lollie lee.

And with their pleasant roundelays Bid welcome to the spring;

Then care away, And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness The countryman enjoys; Heigh trolollie lollie loe,

Heigh trolollie lollie lee.

Though others think they have as much,

Yet he that says so lies; Then come away,

Turn countryman with me.

CHARLES BEST

A SONNET OF THE MOON

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour.
But when the silver waggon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will,
My joys low ebbing when you do depart,
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

SHAKESPEARE

LUCRECE

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent, Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state; What priceless wealth the Heavens had him lent In the possession of his beauteous mate; Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate, That kings might be espoused to more fame, But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the Sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty Suggested this proud issue of a king; For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be: Perchance that envy of so rich a thing, Braving compare, disdainfully did sting

His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should

That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil, Little suspecteth the false worshipper; For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil; Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save something too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruisèd arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And, when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter, and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;

Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect

The thing we have; and, all for want of wit, Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, Pawning his honour to obtain his lust; And for himself himself he must forsake: Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust? When shall he think to find a stranger just,

When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night, When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes: No comfortable star did lend his light, No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries; Now serves the season that they may surprise

The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still, While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed, Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; Is madly toss'd between desire and dread; Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm; But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire, Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire. His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth, That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly; Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth, Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye; And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:

"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire, So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate The dangers of his loathsome enterprise, And in his inward mind he doth debate What following sorrow may on this arise: Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust, And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not To darken her whose light excelleth thine: And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot With your uncleanness that which is divine; Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

Let fair humanity abhor the deed That spots and stains love's modest snow-whiteweed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, And be an eye-sore in my golden coat; Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive, To cipher me how fondly I did dote; That my posterity, shamed with the note, Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,

Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;

And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But, as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,

But, as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
"Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,

All pure effects, and doth so far proceed, That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand, And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes, Fearing some hard news from the warlike band. Where her beloved Collatinus lies. O, how her fear did make her colour rise!

First red as roses that on lawn we lay, Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd, Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear ! Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd, Until her husband's welfare she did hear; Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,

That, had Narcissus seen her as she stood, Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses? All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth; Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth: Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;

And, when his gaudy banner is display'd, The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd. "Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age! My heart shall never countermand mine eye: Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage: My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize; Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear Is almost choked by unresisted lust. Away he steals with open listening ear, Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust; Both which, as servitors to the unjust,

So cross him with their opposite persuasion, That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits, And in the self-same seat sits Collatine: That eye which looks on her confounds his wits; That eye which him beholds, as more divine, Unto a view so false will not incline;

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart, Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers, Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show, Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours; And as their captain, so their pride doth grow, Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led, The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will, Each one, by him enforced, retires his ward; But, as they open, they all rate his ill, Which drives the creeping thief to some regard: The threshold grates the door to have him heard; Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there; They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, Through little vents and crannies of the place The wind wars with his torch to make him stay, And blows the smoke of it into his face, Extinguishing his conduct in this case; But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch, Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks: He takes it from the rushes where it lies, And griping it, the needle his finger pricks; As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks Is not inured; return again in haste; Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him; He in the worst sense construes their denial: The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him, He takes for accidental things of trial; Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial, Who with a lingering stay his course doth let, Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time, Like little frosts that sometime threat the Spring, To add a more rejoicing to the prime, And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing. Pain pays the income of each precious thing; Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and

sands.

'The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door That shuts him from the heaven of his thought, Which with a yielding latch, and with no more, Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought. So from himself impiety hath wrought,

That for his prey to pray he doth begin, As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But, in the midst of his unfruitful prayer, Having solicited the eternal Power That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair, And they would stand auspicious to the hour, Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must deflower: The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,

How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide! My will is back'd with resolution: Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried; The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution; Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch, And with his knee the door he opens wide. The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch: Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.

Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.
Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchwood to his head fall acc

Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon. To draw the cloud that hides this silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed Sun, Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight; Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun To wink, being blinded with a greater light: Whether it is that she reflects so bright,

That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed; But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder, Swelling on either side to want his bliss; Between whose hills her head entombed is;

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies, To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet; whose perfect white Show'd like an April daisy on the grass, With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,

And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,

But that life lived in death, and death in life.
Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.

These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about

From this fair throne to heave the owner out. What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, And in his will his wilful eye he tired.

With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.
As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for, standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,

Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:
And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,

Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking. His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, His eye commends the leading to his hand; His hand, as proud of such a dignity, Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;

Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale, Left their round turrets destitute and pale,

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,

Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd. Imagine her as one in dead of night From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking, That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite, Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking; What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,

From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.
Rapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:

Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,— Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!— May feel her heart—poor citizen—distress'd, Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall, Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity, To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin To sound a parley to his heartless foe; Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin, The reason of this rash alarm to know,

Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.
Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.
"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.
"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty, And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity; Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee: If thou deny, then force must work my way, For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee: That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay, To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;

And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him, Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain The scornful mark of every open eye; Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain, Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy: And thou the author of their obloquy,

Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes, And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend: The fault unknown is as a thought unacted: A little harm done to a great good end For lawful policy remains enacted.

The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted In a pure compound; being so applied, His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake, Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot The shame that from them no device can take, The blemish that will never be forgot; Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:

For marks descried in men's nativity

Are Nature's faults, not their own infamy."
Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,

To the rough beast that knows no gentle right, Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

As, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat, In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding, From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get, Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding, Hindering their present fall by this dividing;

So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.
Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:

Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd In the remorseless wrinkles of his face; Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd, Which to her oratory adds more grace. She puts the period often from his place;

And midst the sentence so her accent breaks, That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both
That to his horrow'd hed he make review

That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow

To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare me; Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me; Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me; Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me;

My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee: | His true respect will prison false desire, If ever man were moved with woman's moans, Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans; "All which together, like a troubled ocean, Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart, To soften it with their continual motion; For stones, dissolved, to water do convert. O, if no harder than a stone thou art, Melt at my tears, and be compassionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate. "In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee: Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame? To all the host of Heaven I complain me, Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name. Thou art not what thou seem'st; and, if the same, Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king; For kings like gods should govern every thing. "How will thy shame be seeded in thine age, When thus thy vices bud before thy spring! If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage, What darest thou not when once thou art a king? O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing From vassal actors can be wiped away; Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay. "This deed will make thee only loved for fear; But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love: With foul offenders thou perforce must bear, When they in thee the like offences prove: If but for fear of this, thy will remove; For princes are the glass, the school, the book, Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look. "And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn? Must he in thee read lectures of such shame? Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern Authority for sin, warrant for blame, To privilege dishonour in thy name? Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud, And makest fair reputation but a bawd. "Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee, From a pure heart command thy rebel will: Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity, For it was lent thee all that brood to kill. Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil, When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say, He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way? "Think but how vile a spectacle it were, To view thy present trespass in another. Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear; Their own transgressions partially they smother: This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother. O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes! "To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal, Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier: I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;

Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne, That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine." "Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrollèd tide Turns not, but swells the higher by this let. Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide, And with the wind in greater fury fret: The petty streams that pay a daily debt To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste Add to his flow, but alter not his taste." "Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king; And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning, Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood. If all these petty ills shall change thy good, Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed, And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed. "So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave; Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave; Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride: The lesser thing should not the greater hide; The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot, But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root. "So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"-"No more," quoth he; "by Heaven I will not hear Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee; That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee Unto the base bed of some rascal groom, To be thy partner in this shameful doom." This said, he sets his foot upon the light, For light and lust are deadly enemies: Shame folded up in blind concealing night, When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize. The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries; Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold: For with the nightly linen that she wears He pens her piteous clamours in her head; Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed. O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed! The spots whereof could weeping purify, Her tears should drop on them perpetually. But she hath lost a dearer thing than life, And he hath won what he would lose again: This forced league doth force a further strife; This momentary joy breeds months of pain; This hot desire converts to cold disdain: Pure Chastity is rifled of her store, And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before. Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk, Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,

Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

The prey wherein by nature they delight; So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night: His taste delicious, in digestion souring, Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and, when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds his doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
'The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day;
"For day," quoth she, "night's 'scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."
Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.

And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of Hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night! Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime, Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light, Make war against proportion'd course of time; Or, if thou wilt permit the Sun to climb His wonted height, yet, ere he go to bed, Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air; Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick The life of purity, the supreme fair, Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick: And let thy misty vapours march so thick,

That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child, The silver-shining queen he would distain; Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled, Through Night's black bosom should not peep again: So should I have co-partners in my pain;

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans, Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke, Let not the jealous Day behold that face Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace! Keep still possession of thy gloomy place, That all the faults which in thy reign are made May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

97

" Make me not object to the tell-tale Day! The light will show, charácter'd in my brow, The story of sweet chastity's decay, The impious breach of holy wedlock vow: Yea, the illiterate, that know not how To cipher what is writ in learned books, Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks. "The nurse to still her child, will tell my story, And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name; The orator, to deck his oratory, Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame; Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame, Will tie the hearers to attend each line, How Tarquin wrongèd me, I Collatine. "Let my good name, that senseless reputation, For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted: If that be made a theme for disputation, The branches of another root are rotted, And undeserved reproach to him allotted That is as clear from this attaint of mine As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine. "O unseen shame! invisible disgrace! O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar! Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face, And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, How he in peace is wounded, not in war. Alas, how many bear such shameful blows, Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows! "If, Col'atine, thine honour lay in me, From me by strong assault it is bereft. My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee, Have no perfection of my summer left, But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft: In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept, And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil!
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud? Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests? Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts? Or kings be breakers of their own behests? But no perfection is so absolute,

That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain

But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it, And leaves it to be master'd by his young; Who in their pride do presently abuse it: Their father was too weak, and they too strong, To hold their cursèdeblessed fortune long. The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours Even in the moment that we call them ours. "Unruly blasts wait on the tender Spring; Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers; The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing; What virtue breeds iniquity devours: We have no good that we can say is ours, But ill-annexèd Opportunity Or kills his life or else his quality. "O Opportunity, thy guilt is great! 'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason; Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get; Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season; 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason; And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him, Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him. "Thou makest the vestal violate her oath; Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd; Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth; Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd! Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud: Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief, Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief! "Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, Thy private feasting to a public fast, Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name, Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste: Thy violent vanities can never last. How comes it, then, vile Opportunity, Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee? "When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend, And bring him where his suit may be obtained? When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end? Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained? Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained? The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee But they ne'er meet with Opportunity. "The patient dies while the physician sleeps; The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds; Justice is feasting while the widow weeps; Advice is sporting while infection breeds: Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds: Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages, Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. "When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee, A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee, He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid As well to hear as grant what he hath said. My Collatine would else have come to me When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft, Guilty of perjury and subornation, Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, Guilty of incest, that abomination; An accessary by thine inclination To all sins past, and all that are to come,

From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of Ugly Night, Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care, Eater of youth, false slave to false delight, Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare; Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are: O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time!

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage, Unless thou couldst return to make amends? One poor retiring minute in an age Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends, Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:

O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,

I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lacquey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:

Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright: And the dire thought of his committed evil Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil. "Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances, Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans; Let there bechance him pitiful mischances, To make him moan; but pity not his moans: Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones; And let mild women to him lose their mildness, Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness. "Let him have time to tear his curled hair, Let him have time against himself to rave, Let him have time of Time's help to despair, Let him have time to live a loathed slave, Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave, And time to see one that by alms doth live Disdain to him disdained scraps to give. "Let him have time to see his friends his foes, And merry fools to mock at him resort; Let him have time to mark how slow time goes In time of sorrow, and how swift and short His time of folly and his time of sport; And ever let his unrecalling crime Have time to wail th' abusing of his time. "O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad, Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill! At his own shadow let the thief run mad, Himself himself seek every hour to kill! Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill; For who so base would such an office have As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave? "The baser is he, coming from a king, To shame his hope with deeds degenerate: The mightier man, the mightier is the thing That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate; For greatest scandal waits on greatest state. The Moon being clouded presently is miss'd, But little stars may hide them when they list. "The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire, And unperceived fly with the filth away; But, if the like the snow-white swan desire, The stain upon his silver down will stay. Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day: Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly, But eagles gazed upon with every eye. "Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools! Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators! Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools; Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters; To trembling clients be you mediators: For me, I force not argument a straw, Since that my case is past the help of law. "In vain I rail at Opportunity, At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;

In vain I cavil with mine infamy,

In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:

This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good

Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree? Honour thyself to rid me of this shame; For, if I die, my honour lives in thee; But, if I live, thou livest in my defame: Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe, Kill both thyself and her for yielding so." This said, from her betumbled couch she star

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth, To find some desperate instrument of death: But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth To make more vent for passage of her breath; Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from dischargèd cannon fumes.
"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:

So am I now:—O no, that cannot be; Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live, And therefore now I need not fear to die. To clear this spot by death, at least I give A badge of fame to slander's livery; A dying life to living infamy:

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away, To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know The stained taste of violated troth; I will not wrong thy true affection so, To flatter thee with an infringed oath; This bastard graff shall never come to growth:

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought, Nor laugh with his companions at thy state; But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate, For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense, Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale, Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow, And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended To ugly Hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow: But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see, And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks; "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping:

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping: Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light, For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenchèd in a sea of care, Holds disputation with each thing she views, And to herself all sorrow doth compare; No object but her passion's strength renews; And, as one shifts, another straight ensues: Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words; Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment, Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair: As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment, So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, And with deep groans the diapason bear; For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still, While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And, whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means as frets upon an instrument

These means, as frets upon an instrument, Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold
Will we find out; and there we will unfold

To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds: Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze, Wildly determining which way to fly, Or one encompass'd with a winding maze, That cannot tread the way out readily; So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better, When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it, But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience bear it Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion. That mother tries a merciless conclusion

Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one, Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer, When the one pure, the other made divine? Whose love of either to myself was nearer, When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine? Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,

His leaves will wither, and his sap decay; So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted, Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted, Grossly engirt with daring infamy: Then let it not be call'd impiety,

If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,

Which by him tainted shall for him be spent, And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife That wounds my body so dishonoured. "Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life; The one will live, the other being dead: So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;

For in my death I murder shameful scorn; My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born. "Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;

And all my fame that lives disbursed be To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will; How was I overseen that thou shalt see it! My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill; My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, So be it:

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee: Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes, With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid, Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies; For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so As winter meads when Sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow, With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty, And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, For why her face wore sorrow's livery; But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so, Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the Sun being set, Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye; Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,

Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light, Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand, Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling: One justly weeps; the other takes in hand No cause, but company, of her drops spilling: Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;

Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts, And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will; The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill: Then call them not the authors of their ill,

No more than wax shall be accounted evil Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough Winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view, Assail'd by night with circumstances strong Of present death, and shame that might ensue By that her death, to do her husband wrong: Such danger to resistance did belong,

That dying fear through all her body spread; And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are
raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood: If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went "—and there she stay'd Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."

"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write, First hovering o'er the paper with her quill: Conceit and grief an eager combat fight; What wit sets down is blotted straight with will; This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:

Much like a press of people at a door,

Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,

Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—

Some present speed to come and visit me.

So, I commend me from our house in grief:

My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."
Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse, Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her; When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter With words, till action might become them better. To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords, And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she de

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems: Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low; And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye Receives the scroll without or yea or no, And forth with bashful innocence doth hie. But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie

Imagine every eye beholds their blame; For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect Of spirit, life, and bold audacity. Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, while others saucily Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust, That two red fires in both their faces blazed; She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust, And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;

Her earnest eye did make him more amazed;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again, And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone, The weary time she cannot entertain, For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan: So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,

That she her plaints a little while doth stay, Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy; Before the which is drawn the power of Greece, For Helen's rape the city to destroy, Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;

Which the conceited painter drew so proud, As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

As heaven, it seem d, to his the turres bow d.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;

And from the towers of Troy there would appear The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust, Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:

Such sweet observance in this work was had, That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble, That one would swear he saw them quake and

tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;

But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand, As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight; Making such sober action with his hand, That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight: In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces, Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice; All jointly listening, but with several graces, As if some mermaid did their ears entice, Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice; The scalps of many, almost hid behind, To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head, His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear; Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red:

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there; Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind, That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind, Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind: A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head, Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought, To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran, Whose waves to imitate the battle sought With swelling ridges; and their ranks began To break upon the galled shore, and than Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks, They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrows to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound, I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue; And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound, And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong; And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long; And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir, That with my nails her beauty I may tear. Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear: Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here; And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye, The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one Become the public plague of many mo? Let sin, alone committed, light alone Upon his head that hath transgressed so; Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe: For one's offence why should so many fall, To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies, Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds, Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies, And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds, And one man's lust these many lives confounds: Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire, Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes: For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell, Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes; Then little strength rings out the doleful knell: So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; She lends them words, and she their looks doth

She throws her eyes about the painting round, And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament. At last she sees a wretched image bound, That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent: His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content; Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes, So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill To hide deceit, and give the harmless show An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still, A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe; Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so That blushing red no guilty instance gave, Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil, He entertain'd a show so seeming just, And therein so ensconced his secret evil, That jealousy itself could not mistrust

False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust Into so bright a day such black-faced storms, Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms. The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story The credulous old Priam after slew; Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry, And little stars shot from their fixed places, When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces. This picture she advisedly perused, And chid the painter for his wondrous skill, Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused; So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill: And still on him she gazed; and, gazing still, Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied, That she concludes the picture was belied. "It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile "-She would have said-" can lurk in such a look"; But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while, And from her tongue can lurk from cannot took: It cannot be she in that sense forsook, And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find, But such a face should bear a wicked mind: " For, even as subtle Sinon here is painted, So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild, As if with grief or travail he had fainted, To me came Tarquin armèd to begild With outward honesty, but yet defiled With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish, So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish. "Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes, To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds! Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds: His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds; Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity, Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city. "Such devils steal effects from lightless Hell; For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell; These contraries such unity do hold,

Only to flatter fools, and make them bold: So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter, That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails, That patience is quite beaten from her breast. She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails, Comparing him to that unhappy guest Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er; "Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow, And time doth weary time with her complaining. She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow, And both she thinks too long with her remaining: Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:

'Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.
Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured, To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back, Brings home his lord and other company; Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black; And round about her tear-distained eye Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.
Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.

He hath no power to ask her how she fares:

Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance, Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand, And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand? Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent? Why art thou thus attired in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."
Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too less

And my laments would be drawn out too long, To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined

By foul enforcement might be done to me, From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, With shining falchion in my chamber came A creeping creature, with a flaming light, And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame, And entertain my love; else lasting shame On thee and thine this night I will inflict, If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he, Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, Pll murder straight, and then Pll slaughter thee, And swear I found you where you did fulfil The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill

The lechers in their deed: this act will be My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

"With this, I did begin to start and cry; And then against my heart he set his sword, Swearing, unless I took all patiently, I should not live to speak another word; So should my shame still rest upon record,

And never be forgot, in mighty Rome, The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak, And far the weaker with so strong a fear: My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak; No rightful plea might plead for justice there: His scarlet lust came evidence to swear

That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes; And, when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined

To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wreathed arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:

But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain; What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, Yet in the eddy bounded in his pride Back to the strait that forced him on so fast; In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw, To push grief on, and back the same grief draw. Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh

More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so, For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me: Be suddenly revenged on my foe, Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But, ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she, Speaking to those that came with Collatine, "Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine; For 'tis a meritorious fair design

To chase injustice with revengeful arms: Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
Her face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than be her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And, bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And somelook'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.
About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:

Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children pre-decease progenitors, We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass, That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer, If they surcease to be that should survive. Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger, And leave the faltering feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess their hive:

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see

Thy father die, and not thy father thee."
By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,

And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng

Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain, But through his teeth, as if the name he tore. This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more; At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:

Then son and father weep with equal strife Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his, Yet neither may possess the claim they lay. The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is," Replies her husband: "do not take away My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say He weeps for her, for she was only mine, And only must be wail'd by Collatine." "O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife, I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd." My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,

Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife. Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side, Seeing such emulation in their woe, Began to clothe his wit in state and pride, Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. He with the Romans was esteemed so

As silly-jeering idiots are with kings, For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by, Wherein deep policy did him disguise; And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly, To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes. "Thou wrongèd lord of Rome," quoth he, " arise :

Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool, Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds? Is it revenge to give thyself a blow For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds? Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so, To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart In such relenting dew of lamentations; But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part, To rouse our Roman gods with invocations, That they will suffer these abominations-

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced-By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

" Now, by the Capitol that we adore, And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained, By heaven's fair Sun that breeds the fat earth's store, By all our country rights in Rome maintained, And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife, We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast, And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow; And to his protestation urged the rest, Who, wondering at him, did his words allow: Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow; And that deep vow, which Brutus made before, He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom, They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence, To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence: Which being done with speedy diligence, The Romans plausibly did give consent To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS

From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But, as the riper should by time decrease, His tender heir might bear his memory: But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel, Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament. And only herald to the gaudy Spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding. Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest Now is the time that face should form another; Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother. For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime: So thou through windows of thine age shalt see, Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time. But if thou live, remember'd not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell, Will play the tyrants to the very same, And that unfair which fairly doth excel; For never-resting time leads Summer on To hideous Winter and confounds him there; Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone, Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere: Then, were not Summer's distillation left, A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft, Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with Winter meet, Leese but their show; their substance still lives

sweet.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were fill'd with your most high deserts? Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts. If I could write the beauty of your eyes, And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The age to come would say, This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces. So should my papers, yellow'd with their age, Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue; And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage, And stretched metre of an antique song:

But, were some child of yours alive that time,

You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And Summer's lease hath all too short a date: Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd: But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st: So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen; Him in thy course untainted do allow For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong, My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the Sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for worth,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razèd forth,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belovèd
Where I may not remove nor be removèd.

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night. And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe, And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight: Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan, Which I new pay as if not paid before. But, if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye, Kissing with golden face the meadows green, Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy; Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly rack on his celestial face, And from the forlorn world his visage hide, Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace: Even so my sun one early morn did shine With all-triumphant splendour on my brow; But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine, The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now. Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth; Suns of the world may stain when heaven's Sun staineth.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure, The which he will not every hour survey For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure. Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare, Since, seldom coming, in the long year set, Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, Or captain jewels in the carcanet. So is the time that keeps you, as my chest, Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, To make some special instant special-blest. By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope, Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem By that sweet ornament which truth doth give! The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odour which doth in it live. The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the roses, Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When Summer's breath their masked buds disclores: But, for their virtue only is their show, They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade; Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so; Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made: And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth, When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend Upon the hours and times of your desire? I have no precious time at all to spend, Nor services to do, till you require. Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you, Nor think the bitterness of absence sour When you have bid your servant once adieu: Nor dare I question with my jealous thought Where you may be, or your affairs suppose, But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought Save, where you are, how happy you make those. So true a fool is love, that in your will, Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before, In sequent toil all forwards do contend. Nativity, once in the main of light, Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his gift confound. Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, And delves the parallels in beauty's brow; Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth. And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow: And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed, And brass eternal slave to mortal rage; When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, And the firm soil win of the watery main, Increasing store with loss, and loss with store: When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded to decay; Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate, That Time will come and take my love away. This thought is as a death, which cannot choose

LXV

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea, But sad mortality o'ersways their power, How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower? O, how shall Summer's honey breath hold out Against the wreckful siege of battering days, When rocks impregnable are not so stout, Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack, Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid? Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back? Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might, That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,-As, to behold desert a beggar born, And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity, And purest faith unhappily forsworn, And gilded honour shamefully misplaced, And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, And right perfection wrongfully disgraced, And strength by limping sway disabled, And art made tongue-tied by authority, And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, And simple truth miscall'd simplicity, And captive good attending captain ill: Tired with all these, from these would I be gone, Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell: Nay, if you read this line, remember not The hand that writ it; for I love you so, That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, If thinking on me then should make you woe. O, if, I say, you look upon this verse When I perhaps compounded am with clay, Do not so much as my poor name rehearse; But let your love even with my life decay; Lest the wise world should look into your moan, And mock you with me after I am gone.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. In me thou see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the West; Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, As the death-bed whereon it must expire, Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now; Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross, Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,

And do not drop in for an after-loss: Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purposed overthrow. If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last, When other petty griefs have done their spite, But in the onset come: so shall I taste At first the very worst of fortune's might; And other strains of woe, which now seem woe, Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose, Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name! O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose! That tongue that tells the story of thy days, Making lascivious comments on thy sport, Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise; Naming thy name blesses an ill report. O, what a mansion have those vices got Which for their habitation chose out thee, Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot, And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege; The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVII

How like a Winter hath my absence been From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year! What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen! What old December's bareness everywhere! And yet this time removed was Summer's time; The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase, Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime, Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease: Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit; For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee, And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer, That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the Spring, When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing, That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him. Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell Of different flowers in odour and in hue, Could make me any Summer's story tell, Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew: Nor did I wonder at the lily's white, Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose; They were but sweet, but figures of delight Drawn after you; you, pattern of all those, Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,

As with your shadow I with these did play:

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming; I love not less, though less the show appear: That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere. Our love was new, and then but in the Spring, When I was wont to greet it with my lays; As Philomel in Summer's front doth sing, And stops her pipe in growth of riper days: Not that the Summer is less pleasant now Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night, But that wild music burthens every bough, And sweets grown common lose their dear delight. Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue, Because I would not dull you with my song.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For, as you were when first your eye I eyed, Such seems your beauty still. Three Winters cold Have from the forests shook three Summers' pride, Three beauteous Springs to yellow Autumn turn'd In process of the seasons have I seen, Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived; So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand, Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred, Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

When in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights, And beauty making beautiful old rhyme In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have express'd Even such a beauty as you master now. So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all you prefiguring; And, for they look'd but with divining eyes, They had not skill enough your worth to sing: For we, which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove: O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, That looks on tempests, and is never shaken; It is the star to every wandering bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error, and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st, Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st The wiry concord that mine ear confounds, Do I envý those jacks that nimble leap To kiss the tender inward of thy hand, Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap, At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand! To be so tickled, they would change their state And situation with those dancing chips, O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait, Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips. Since saucy jacks so happy are in this, Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame Is lust in action; and, till action, lust Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame, Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust; Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight; Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had, Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait, On purpose laid to make the taker mad: Mad in pursuit, and in possession so; Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme; A bliss in proof, and, proved, a very woe; Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream. All this the world well knows; yet none knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain, Have put on black, and loving mourners be, Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain. And truly not the morning Sun of heaven Better becomes the gray cheeks of the East, Nor that full star that ushers in the even Doth half that glory to the sober West, As those two mourning eyes become thy face: O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace, And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black, And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch One of her feather'd creatures broke away, Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;

Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase, Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent To follow that which flies before her face, Not prizing her poor infant's discontent: So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee, Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind; But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me, And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind: So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will, If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
.... these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine, to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SPRING

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo; Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;

Tu-who,—a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;

Tu-who,—a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WHO IS SILVIA? WHAT IS SHE

Wно is Silvia? What is she, That all our swains commend her? Holy, fair, and wise is she; The heaven such grace did lend her, That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES WITH DOUBLE TONGUE

You spotted snakes with double tongue, Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong, Come not near our fairy Queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

The ousel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.

THE OUSEL-COCK SO BLACK OF HUE

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more:
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend great
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

Tell me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart or in the head? How begot, how nourished?

To weep there!

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither; come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Brow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

This life is most jolly.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then heigh ho the holly!

Then heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE

Come, thou monarch of the vine, Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! In thy fats our cares be drown'd, With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd! Cup us till the world go round, Cup us till the world go round!

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins arise, His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies; And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes: With everything that pretty is, My lady sweet, arise! Arise, arise!

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun. Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages: Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. Fear no more the frown o' the great, Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust. Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone; Fear not slander, censure rash; Thou hast finish'd joy and moan. All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust. No exorciser harm thee! Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Ghost unlaid forbear thee! Nothing ill come near thee! Quiet consummation have; And renowned be thy grave!

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.
Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FULL FATHOM FIVE

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; 'There I couch when owls do cry. On the bat's back I do fly After Summer merrily. Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

(Perhaps by FLETCHER)
ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

ROSES, THEIR SHARP SPINES BEING GONE

(Perhaps by FLETCHER)
Roses, their sharp spines being gone
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;
Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Scenes and Passages from the Plays
SOME SALVE FOR PERJURY (L.L.L. IV. iii.)

BIRON. Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms. Consider what you first did swear unto,—
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young; And abstinence engenders maladies. And where that you have vow'd to study, lords, In that each of you have forsworn his book: Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look? Why, universal plodding prisons up The nimble spirits in the arteries, As motion and long-during action tire The sinewy vigour of the traveller. Now, for not looking on a woman's face, You have in that forsworn the use of eyes, And study too, the causer of your vow; For when would you, my liege, or you, or you, In leaden contemplation, have found out Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with? Other slow arts entirely keep the brain; And therefore, finding barren practisers, Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil: But love, first learned in a lady's eyes, Lives not alone immured in the brain; But, with the motion of all elements, Courses as swift as thought in every power, And gives to every power a double power Above their functions and their offices. It adds a precious seeing to the eye,-A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound, When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd: Love's feeling is more soft and sensible Than are the tender horns of cockled snails: Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste: For valour, is not Love a Hercules, Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? Subtile as Sphinx; as sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair; And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods Make Heaven drowsy with the harmony. Never durst poet touch a pen to write Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs: O, then his lines would ravish savage ears, And plant in tyrants mild humility. From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They sparkle still the right Promethean fire; They are the books, the arts, the academes, That show, contain, and nourish all the world; Else none at all in aught proves excellent. Then fools you were these women to forswear; Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools. For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love; Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men; Or for men's sake, the authors of these women; Or women's sake, by whom we men are men; Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves, Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths, It is religion to be thus forsworn; For charity itself fulfils the law,— And who can sever love from charity?

ROMEO AND JULIET (R.J. 11. ii.)
ROM. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[Julier appears above at a window. But soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!—Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious; Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but Fools do wear it; cast it off.— It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright, That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!

JUL. Ay me! Rom. She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of Heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in | Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moon I swear, So stumblest on my counsel? I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee; Had I it written, I would tear the word. Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound: Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike. Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb; And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here. Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these For stony limits cannot hold love out; And what love can do, that dares love attempt; Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me. Juz. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity. Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here. Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And, but thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued wanting of thy love. Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire; He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise. Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night. Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay; And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st, Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond; And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me; And not impute this yielding to light love,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,— Jul. O, swear not by the Moon, the inconstant Moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Rom. What shall I swear by? Do not swear at all; Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee. If my heart's dear love-Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say It lightens. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast! Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again. Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, Juz. But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have: My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. Nurse calls within. I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!-Anon, good nurse !- Sweet Montague, be true. [exit above.] Stay but a little, I will come again. Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. Re-enter JULIET above Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed If that thy bent of love be honourable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow, By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite; And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay, And follow thee my lord throughout the world :-NURSE. [within.] Madam! Jul. I come, anon :- but, if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee-NURSE. [within.] Madam!

-To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Jul. A thousand times good night!

By-and-by, I come.

exit above.

So thrive my soul-

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

retiring.

Re-enter JULIET above Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice, To lure this tassel-gentle back again! Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud; Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine, With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name: How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo! Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Shall I send to thee? Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back. Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone; And yet no further than a wanton's bird, Who lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Sweet, so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[exit above. Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!-Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

THE FAIRIES (M.N.D. II. i.)

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you? FAI. Over hill, over dale, Thorough bush, thorough brier, Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere; And I serve the Fairy Queen, To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be: In their gold coats spots you see: Those be rubies, fairy favours, In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here. And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone: Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night: Take heed the Queen come not within his sight; For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king; She never had so sweet a changeling: And jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; But she perforce withholds the loved boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy: And now they never meet in grove or green, By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen, But they do square, that all their elves, for fear, Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he That frights the maidens of the villagery; Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern, And bootless make the breathless housewife churn; And sometime make the drink to bear no barm; Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm? Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck," You do their work, and they shall have good luck:

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright; I am that merry wanderer of the night. I jest to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a filly foal: And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl, In very likeness of a roasted crab; And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale, Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me: Then slip I from her bum, down topples she, And tailor cries, and falls into a cough; And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh. And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear A merrier hour was never wasted there. But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his Train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. TITA. What, jealous Oberon ?- Fairies, skip hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company. OBE. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord? TITA. Then I must be thy lady: but I know When thou hast stol'n away from Fairy-land And in the shape of Corin sat all day, Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love To amorous Phyllida. Why art thou here, Come from the farthest steep of India, But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love, To Theseus must be wedded? and you come To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania, Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering

From Perigenia, whom he ravished? And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,

With Ariadne and Antiopa?

TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy: And never, since the middle Summer's spring, Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead, By paved fountain or by rushy brook, Or on the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious fogs; which falling in the land Have every pelting river made so proud, That they have overborne their continents: The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And crows are fatted with the murrain flock; The nine-men's-morris is fill'd up with mud; And the quaint mazes in the wanton green, For lack of tread, are undistinguishable: The human mortals want their winter here; No night is now with hymn or carol blest: Therefore the Moon, the governess of floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases do abound: And thorough this distemperature we see The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose; And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mockery, set: the Spring, the Summer, The childing Autumn, angry Winter, change Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world, By their increase, now knows not which is which. And this same progeny of evils comes From our debate, from our dissension; We are their parents and original.

OBE. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you: Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my henchman.

TITA. Set your heart at rest: The Fairy-land buys not the child of me. His mother was a votaress of my order: And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, Full often hath she gossip'd by my side; And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, Marking th' embarked traders on the flood; When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind; Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,-

Would imitate, and sail upon the land, To fetch me trifles, and return again, As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; And for her sake I do rear up her boy; And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay? TITA. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day. If you will patiently dance in our round, And see our moonlight revels, go with us; If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee. TITA. Not for thy Fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away! We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA with her Train. OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove Till I torment thee for this injury.— My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea grew civil at her song, And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember. OBE. That very time I saw—but thou couldst not— Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth, Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took At a fair vestal throned by the West, And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery Moon, And the imperial votaress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower, Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens call it love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again Ere the leviathan can swim a league. Puck. I'd put a girdle round about the Earth exit

In forty minutes.

Having once this juice, I'll watch Titania when she is asleep, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. The next thing then she waking looks upon,-Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, On meddling monkey or on busy ape,-She shall pursue it with the soul of love: And, ere I take this charm off from her sight,— As I can take it with another herb,— I'll make her render up her page to me. But who comes here ? I am invisible; And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood; And here am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair? Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you: Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worser place can I beg in your love,-And yet a place of high respect with me,-Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you. DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place,

With the rich worth of your virginity. HEL. Your virtue is my privilege: for that It is not night when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night; Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, For you in my respect are all the world: Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be changed,— Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed, When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!

DEM. I will not stay thy question; let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood. HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell, To die upon the hand I love so well,

[Excunt Dem. and Hel. OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.-

Re-enter Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer. Puck. Ay, there it is.

I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine; There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove A sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes; But do it when the next thing he espies May be the lady: thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her than she upon her love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. exeunt.

IN SUCH A NIGHT (M.V. V. i.)

LOR. THE Moon shines bright. In such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise,—in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls, And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents, Where Cressid lay that night.

In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, And ran dismay'd away.

Loz. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew, Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT SLEEPS UPON THIS BANK (M.V. V. i.)

Los. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA (A.C. V. ii.)

CLEO. GIVE me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip: Yare, yare, good Iras; quick! Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath.—Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So; have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo.
This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss Which is my Heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal

[to an asp, which she applies to her breast. With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass

Unpolicied!
CHAR. O eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[applying another asp to her arm. What should I stay— [dies. Char. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.— Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry; I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

First Guard. Where is the Queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—

CHAR. Too slow a messenger. [applies an asp. —O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

PERDITA (W.T. IV. iv.)

FLO. THESE your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon that I name them! your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired, sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

FLO. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across

Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford your cause!

To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Fro. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita, With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I cannot be

Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are

coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!

FLo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter the Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised; the Clown, Morsa, Dorcas, and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon This day she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all; Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here. At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire With labour, and the thing she took to quench it, She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [to Polix.] Sir, welcome:

It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day.—[To Cam.] You're

welcome, sir.—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend

SITS

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the Winter long: Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Polix. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages

With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on Summer's death,—nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors, Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not To get slips of them.

Polix. Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said, There is an art which, in their piedness, shares With great creating Nature.

Polix. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.
Polix. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish

SHAKESPEARE. NASHE

This youth should say, 'twere well, and only there- | FLO. As

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the Sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they're given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per.

Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January

Would blow you through and through.—Now, my

fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the Spring that might Become your time of day;—and yours, and yours, That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina, For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st

From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to Maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO. What, like a corse
PER. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing i' the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per.

I'll swear for 'em.

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is The queen of curds and cream.

Come on, strike up i
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mor. Now, in good time!
CLo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—

Come, strike up!

[Music. A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

THE EPILOGUE (TEMP. IV. i.)

Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.

NASHE

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king; Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring; Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing: Cuckoo, jug jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay, Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day, And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay: Cuckoo, jug jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet, Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit, In every street these tunes our ears do greet: Cuckoo, jug jug, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring, the sweet Spring!

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss! This world uncertain is: Fond are life's lustful joys, Death proves them all but toys.

NASHE, CAMPION

None from his darts can fly: I am sick, I must die. Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth, Gold cannot buy you health; Physic himself must fade; All things to end are made; The plague full swift goes by; I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave: Worms feed on Hector brave; Swords may not fight with fate: Earth still holds ope her gate. Come, come, the bells do cry;

I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness, Tasteth death's bitterness. Hell's executioner Hath no ears for to hear What vain art can reply; I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

CAMPION

FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN, UNHAPPY SHADOW

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Though thou be black as night,

And she made all of light,

Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth;
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth!

There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained;
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

WHEN TO HER LUTE CORINNA SINGS

When to her lute Corinna sings
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die, Led by her passion, so must I; For when of pleasure she doth sing, My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring; But if she doth of sorrow speak, Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT, FOLLOW WITH ACCENTS SWEET

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

BLAME NOT MY CHEEKS, THOUGH PALE WITH LOVE THEY BE

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be; The kindly heat unto my heart is flown, To cherish it that is dismay'd by thee, Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown: For Nature, call'd for by distressed hearts, Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stain'd, Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts; And, when they woo, they speak with passion feign'd, For their fat love lies in their outward parts: But in their breasts, where Love his Court should hold, Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

WHEN THOU MUST HOME TO SHADES OF UNDERGROUND

When thou must home to shades of underground, And there arrived, a new admired guest, The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round, White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest, To hear the stories of thy finish'd love From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move: Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights, Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make; Of tourneys and great challenges of knights, And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake: When thou hast told these honours done to thee Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THE man of life upright, Whose cheerful mind is free From weight of impious deeds, And yoke of vanity; The man whose silent days In harmless joys are spent, Whom hopes cannot delude, Nor sorrows discontent; That man needs neither towers, Nor armour for defence, Nor vaults his guilt to shroud From thunder's violence; He only can behold With unaffrighted eyes The horrors of the deep, And terrors of the skies. Thus, scorning all the cares That fate or fortune brings, His book the heavens he makes, His wisdom heavenly things; Good thoughts his surest friends, His wealth a well-spent age, The earth his sober inn And quiet pilgrimage.

NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore, Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more, Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise, Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:

Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the Blessed only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

GIVE BEAUTY ALL HER RIGHT

GIVE Beauty all her right!
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free Beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

THE PEACEFUL WESTERN WIND

The peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflamed:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
Would fain be deckt with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still!
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom,
That late were overthrown.

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain,
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In every living thing,
As if the world were born anew
To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O Beauty, be not thou accused
Too justly in this case!
Unkindly if true love be used,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

THRICE TOSS THESE OAKEN ASHES IN THE AIR

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot;
And murmur soft, "She will, or she will not."
Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar;
This cypress gather'd at a dead man's grave:
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound;
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

COME, O COME, MY LIFE'S DELIGHT
COME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoy'd, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee!
Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me, as heavenly light.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.
Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.

Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.
Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill

All that attempt, with eye or hand, Those sacred cherries to come nigh Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

TURN ALL THY THOUGHTS TO EYES

Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears:
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what the envious say,
Let age interpret youth:
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook;
True love cannot be caught.
For that will still be free,
In spite of jealousy.

ROSE-CHEEK'D LAURA, COME

Rose-cheek'd Laura, come; Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's Silent music, either other Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight, Like clear springs renew'd by flowing, Ever perfect, ever in them-Selves eternal.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

OF Neptune's empire let us sing, At whose commands the waves obey; To whom the rivers tribute pay, Down the high mountains sliding; To whom the scaly nation yields Homage for the crystal fields

Wherein they dwell;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding;
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens taught to kill

With their sweet voice, Make every echoing rock reply Unto their gentle murmuring noise The praise of Neptune's empery.

WOTTON

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armour is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death, Untied unto the world by care Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Nor vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed; Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall: Lord of himself, though not of lands, And, having nothing, yet hath all.

TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen In form and beauty of her mind, By virtue first, then choice, a Queen, Tell me if she were not design'd The eclipse and glory of her kind?

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON'S WIFE

He first deceased; she for a little tried To live without him, liked it not, and died.

DAVIES

A PROUD AND YET A WRETCHED THING

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things, Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;

I know I am one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span,
I know my sense is mock'd with everything:
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

AN ACCLAMATION

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast? What jewels, and what riches hast thou there! What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest! Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find, Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood: Honour and Pleasure both are in thy mind, And all that in the world is counted good. Think of her worth, and think that God did mean, This worthy mind should worthy things embrace; Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean, Nor her dishonour with thy passions base; Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings, Mar not her sense with sensuality; Cast not her serious wit on idle things: Make not her free-will slave to vanity. And when thou think'st of her eternity, Think not that death against her nature is: Think it a birth; and when thou go'st to die, Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

DEKKER

LULLABY

Golden slumbers hiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise! Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby. Rock them, rock them, lullaby. Care is heavy, therefore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you. Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby. Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

O SWEET CONTENT!

Art thou poer, and hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, and is thy mind perplexed?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!
Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

O, THE month of May, the merry month of May, So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green! O, and then did I unto my true love say, Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen! Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale, The sweetest singer in all the forest quire, Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale: Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier. But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo See where she sitteth; come away, my joy: Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy. O, the month of May, the merry month of May, So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green; so green; And then did I unto my true love say, Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen!

JONSON

EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL WEEP with me, all you that read This little story; And know, for whom a tear you shed, Death's self is sorry. Twas a child that so did thrive In grace and feature As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive Which own'd the creature. Years he number'd scarce thirteen When Fates turn'd cruel: Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been The stage's jewel; And did act, what now we moan, Old men so duly, As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one, He play'd so truly.

So by error to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas! too late
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for Earth
Heaven vows to keep him.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L.H.
Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death.
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

TO THE WORLD A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble FALSE world, good-night! since thou hast brought That hour upon my morn of age, Henceforth I quit thee from my thought, My part is ended on thy stage. Do not once hope that thou canst tempt A spirit so resolved to tread Upon thy throat, and live exempt From all the nets that thou canst spread. I know thy forms are studied arts, Thy subtle ways be narrow straits; Thy courtesy but sudden starts, And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits. I know, too, though thou strut and paint, Yet art thou both shrunk up and old, That only fools make thee a saint, And all thy good is to be sold. I know, thou, whole, art but a shop Of toys and trifles, traps and snares, To take the weak, or make them stop: Yet thou art falser than thy wares. And knowing this, should I yet stay, Like such as blow away their lives, And never will redeem a day, Enamour'd of their golden gyves? Or having scaped, shall I return, And thrust my neck into the noose From whence, so lately, I did burn With all my powers myself to loose? What bird or beast is known so dull, That, fled his cage, or broke his chain, And tasting air and freedom, wull Render his head in there again?

If these, who have but sense, can shun The engines that have them annoy'd, Little for me had reason done, If I could not thy gins avoid. Yes, threaten, do! Alas, I fear As little, as I hope from thee; I know thou canst nor show, nor bear More hatred than thou hast to me. My tender, first, and simple years Thou didst abuse, and then betray; Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears, When all the causes were away; Then in a soil hast planted me, Where breathe the basest of thy fools; Where envious arts professed be, And pride and ignorance the schools; Where nothing is examined, weigh'd, But, as 'tis rumour'd, so believed; Where every freedom is betray'd, And every goodness tax'd or grieved. But what we're born for, we must bear: Our frail condition, it is such That what to all may happen here, If 't chance to me, I must not grutch. Else I my state should much mistake, To harbour a divided thought From all my kind; that for my sake, There should a miracle be wrought. No, I do know that I was born To age, misfortune, sickness, grief: But I will bear these with that scorn, As shall not need thy false relief. Nor for my peace will I go far, As wanderers do, that still do roam, But make my strengths, such as they are,

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

Here in my bosom, and at home.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you; Seem to fly it, it will pursue: So, court a mistress, she denies you; Let her alone, she will court you. Say, are not women truly, then, Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So, men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men!

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

EPODE

Nor to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue, and not fate:

Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure

Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward

At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy.

Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy, Give knowledge instantly To wakeful reason, our affections' king:

Who, in the examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit

Close the close cause of it.

'Tis the securest policy we have,

To make our sense our slave.

But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many! scarce by any.

For either our affections do rebel, Or else the sentinel,

That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep; Or some great thought doth keep

Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears

Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.

Thus, by these subtle trains, Do several passions invade the mind,

And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love

The first; as prone to move

Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,

In our inflamed breasts:

But this doth from the cloud of error grow, Which thus we over-blow.

The thing they here call love is blind desire, Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;

Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born, Rough, swelling, like a storm;

With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear, And boils as if he were

In a continual tempest. Now, true love No such effects doth prove; That is an essence far more gentle, fine, Pure, perfect, nay, divine;

It is a golden chain let down from Heaven, Whose links are bright and even;

That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds

In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts, To murder different hearts,

But, in a calm and God-like unity,
Preserves community.

O, who is he, that in this peace enjoys
The elixir of all joys:

A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers, And lasting as her flowers;

Richer than Time, and, as Time's virtue, rare; Sober as saddest care;

A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance: Who, blest with such high chance,

Would, at suggestion of a steep desire, Cast himself from the spire

Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear Some vicious fool draw near,

That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such thing, As this chaste love we sing.

Peace, Luxury! Thou art like one of those Who, being at sea, suppose,

Because they move, the continent doth so:

No, Vice, we let thee know

Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly,

Turtles can chastely die;

And yet (in this to express ourselves more clear)

We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent
Because lust's means are spent;

Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,

And for their place and name Cannot so safely sin: their chastity Is mere necessity;

Nor mean we those whom yows and conscience Have fill'd with abstinence:

Though we acknowledge who can so abstain

Makes a most blessed gain;
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still

Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears: His heart sins, though he fears.

But we propose a person like our Dove, Graced with a Phænix' love;

A beauty of that clear and sparkling light, Would make a day of night,

And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys
Whose odorous breath destroys

All taste of bitterness, and makes the air

As sweet as she is fair;
A body so harmoniously composed,

As if Nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature!

O, so divine a creature

Who could be false to? chiefly, when he knows How only she bestows

The wealthy treasure of her love on him; Making his fortunes swim

In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection

Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?

Much more a noble, and right generous mind To virtuous moods inclined,

That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain From thoughts of such a strain,

And to his sense object this sentence ever:

Man may securely sin, but safely never.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;

And enamour'd, do wish, so they might

But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light All that Love's world compriseth! Do but look on her hair, it is bright As Love's star when it riseth!

Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brows such a grace

Sheds itself through the face, As alone there triumphs to the life

All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife!

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,

Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND

A Song Apologetic

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er
Our own false praises, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And, if we must, let's sing of you.
Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,

Find some one good in some one man;
So, going thorough all your strain,
We shall at last of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.
And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made—why, so will we;
And having pleased our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

A NYMPH'S PASSION

I Love, and he loves me again, Yet dare I not tell who; For if the nymphs should know my swain, I fear they'd love him too; Yet if he be not known, The pleasure is as good as none, For that's a narrow joy is but our own. I'll tell, that, if they be not glad, They may yet envy me; But then if I grow jealous mad, And of them pitied be, It were a plague 'bove scorn; And yet it cannot be forborne, Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn. He is, if they can find him, fair, And fresh and fragrant, too, As summer's sky, or purged air, And looks as lilies do That are this morning blown: Yet, yet I doubt he is not known, And fear much more, that more of him be shown. But he hath eyes so round and bright, As make away my doubt, Where Love may all his torches light, Though Hate had put them out: But then, to increase my fears, What nymph soe'er his voice but hears Will be my rival, though she have but ears. I'll tell no more, and yet I love, And he loves me; yet no One unbecoming thought doth move From either heart, I know; But so exempt from blame, As it would be to each a fame, If love, or fear would let me tell his name.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name, Am I thus ample to thy book and fame: While I confess thy writings to be such, As neither man nor Muse can praise too much. 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise: For silliest Ignorance on these may light, Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right; Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance; Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise, And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise. These are, as some infamous bawd or whore Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more? But thou art proof against them, and indeed Above the ill fortune of them, or the need. I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the Age! The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !-My Shakespeare, rise: I will not lodge thee by Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie A little further, to make thee a room: Thou art a monument, without a tomb, And art alive still, while thy book doth live, And we have wits to read, and praise to give. That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses; I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses: For, if I thought my judgement were of years, I should commit thee surely with thy peers, And tell, how far thou didst our Lily outshine, Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line. And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek, From thence to honour thee, I would not seek For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles to us, Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead, To life again, to hear thy buskin tread, And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on, Leave thee alone, for the comparison Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show, To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe. He was not of an age, but for all time !-And all the Muses still were in their prime. When like Apollo he came forth to warm Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm! Nature herself was proud of his designs, And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines! Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit, As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit. The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes, Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please; But antiquated and deserted lie, As they were not of Nature's family. Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art, My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part. For though the poet's matter Nature be, His art doth give the fashion. And that he, Who casts to write a living line, must sweat, (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat Upon the Muse's anvil: turn the same, (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame; Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn, For a good poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou. Look how the father's face Lives in his issue, even so the race Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines In his well-turned and true-filed lines: In each of which he seems to shake a lance As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance. Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were To see thee in our waters yet appear, And make those flights upon the banks of Thames, That so did take Eliza, and our James! But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere Advanced, and made a Constellation there! Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage, Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage: Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

IN SHORT MEASURES LIFE MAY PERFECT BE
It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night: It was the plant and flower of light. In small proportions we just beauties see; And in short measures life may perfect be.

SLOW, SLOW, FRESH FOUNT
SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:

List to the heavy part the music bears;
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,

Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

THE KISS

Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss

Might not for ever last!
So sugar'd, so melting, so soft, so delicious,

The dew that lies on roses,
When the Morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.

O rather than I would it smother, Were I to taste such another,

It should be my wishing That I might die kissing. QUEEN AND HUNTRESS, CHASTE AND FAIR Oueen and huntress, chaste and fair, Now the sun is laid to sleep, Seated in thy silver chair, State in wonted manner keep: Hesperus entreats thy light, Goddess excellently bright. Earth, let not thy envious shade Dare itself to interpose; Cynthia's shining orb was made Heaven to clear when day did close: Bless us then with wished sight, Goddess excellently bright. Lay thy bow of pearl apart, And thy crystal-shining quiver; Give unto the flying hart Space to breathe, how short soever: Thou that mak'st a day of night,

SWELL ME A BOWL WITH LUSTY WINE

Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,

Till I may see the plump Lyzeus swim

Above the brim:

I drink as I would write,

In flowing measure fill'd with flame and sprite.

Goddess excellently bright.

STILL TO BE NEAT, STILL TO BE DREST
STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

ODE

To Himself

Come leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the place of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain

Commission of the brain Run on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn; They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat, And they will acorns eat; 'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste On such as have no taste!

IONSON

To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill:
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale Like Pericles, and stale

As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish— Scraps, out of every dish

Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,
May keep up the Play-club:
There, sweepings do as well

As the best-order'd meal; For who the relish of these guests will fit, Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do 't you then: Brave plush and velvet-men

Can feed on orts; and, safe in your stage-clothes, Dare quit, upon your oaths,

The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks,

Wrought upon twenty blocks:

Which if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd enough,

The gamesters share your gilt, and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute, And take the Alcaic lute;

Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;

Warm thee by Pindar's fire:

And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold

Ere years have made thee old,

Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,

May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing The glories of thy king,

His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men: They may, blood-shaken then,

Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
As they shall cry "Like ours,

In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,

In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign; And raising Charles's chariot 'bove his Wain."

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

I Grace. Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is Venus' runaway.

- 2 Grace. She that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,
 Shall to-night receive a kiss,
 How, or where herself would wish:
 But, who brings him to his mother,
 Shall have that kiss, and another.
- 3 Grace. He hath marks about him plenty:
 You shall know him among twenty.
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That being shot, like lightning, in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.
- I Grace. At his sight, the sun hath turn'd.

 Neptune in the waters burn'd;
 Hell hath felt a greater heat;
 Jove himself forsook his seat:
 From the centre to the sky,
 Are his trophies reared high.
- 2 Grace. Wings he hath, which though ye clio,
 He will leap from lip to lip,
 Over liver, lights and heart,
 But not stay in any part;
 And, if chance his arrow misses,
 He will shoot himself, in kisses.
- 3 Grace. He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver, hanging low,
 Full of arrows, that outbrave
 Dian's shafts; where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.
- When his days are to be cruel,
 Lovers' hearts are all his food;
 And his baths their warmest blood:
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
 And he hates none like to Reason.
- 2 Grace. Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet.
 All his practice is deceit;
 Every gift it is a bait;
 Not a kiss but poison bears;
 And most treason in his tears.
- 3 Grace. Idle minutes are his reign;
 Then the straggler makes his gain,
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have ye think them joys:
 "Tis the ambition of the elf,
 To have all childish as himself.
- 1 Grace. If by these ye please to know him, Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
- 2 Grace. Though ye had a will to hide him, Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
- 3 Grace. Since you hear his falser play; And that he's Venus' runaway.

WITCHES' CHARMS

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

I Charm. Dame, dame! the watch is set:

Quickly come, we all are met.—

From the lakes, and from the fens,

From the rocks, and from the dens,

From the woods, and from the caves,

From the church-yards, from the graves,

From the dungeon, from the tree

That they die on, here are we!

Comes she not yet?

2 Charm. The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, Dame, on your horse of wood:
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.

Strike another heat.

Nor yet? nay, then, We'll try her again.

3 Charm. The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels
play,

The spindle is now a turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;

Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up
the flood.

Quickly, Dame, then, bring your part in, Spur, spur upon little Martin, Merrily, merrily make him sail, A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,

Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make
him so.

O, now she's come! Let all be dumb.

WITCHES' DOINGS

I Hag. I have been all day looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2 Hag. I have been gathering wolves' hairs,

The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;

The spurging of a dead man's eyes,

And all since the evening star did rise.

3 Hag. I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan:
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4 Hag. And I have been choosing out this skull, From charnel-houses, that were full; From private grots, and public pits: And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Hag. Under a cradle I did creep
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Hag. I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

7 Hag. A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.

8 Hag. The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,

I have been getting; and made of his skin A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 Hag. And I have been plucking, plants among, Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue, Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane; And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10 Hag. I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch, Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:

Yet went I back to the house again, Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

II Hag. I went to the toad, breeds under the wall;
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing: what would you have
more?

Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let us begin

DONNE

SONG

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;

DONNE

But since that I Must die at last, 'tis best To use myself, in jest, Thus by feign'd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st
If in thine my life thou waste

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

Thou art the best of me.

THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee Would I have broke this happy dream; It was a theme

For reason, much too strong for phantasy;
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it;
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lovest truth) an angel, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,

When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then, I must confess, it could not choose but be Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee, thee, But rising makes me doubt, that now

Thou art not thou.

That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;

'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,

If mixture it of fear, shame, honour have.

Perchance as torches which must ready be,

Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,

Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I

Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

THE MESSAGE

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me, Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee; Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,

Such forced fashions And false passions, That they be

Made by thee Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again, Which no unworthy thought could stain; But if it be taught by thine

To make jestings
Of protestings,
And cross both
Word and oath,

Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes, That I may know and see thy lies, And may laugh and joy, when thou

Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,

Or prove as false as thou art now.

A VALEDICTION: FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise, No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move; "Twere profanation of our joys

To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit Absence, because it doth remove Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refined That ourselves know not what it is, Inter-assured of the mind,

Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one, Though I must go, endure not yet

A breach, but an expansion Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so As stiff twin compasses are two: Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit, Yet, when the other far doth roam, It leans, and hearkens after it,

And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must, Like the other foot, obliquely run; Thy firmness makes my circle just, And makes me end where I begun.

THE ECSTASY

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest The violet's reclining head, Sat we too, one another's best. Our hands were firmly cemented With a fast balm, which thence did spring Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread Our eyes upon one double string; So to intergraft our hands, as yet, Was all the means to make us one, And pictures in our eyes to get Was all our propagation. As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate Suspends uncertain victory, Our souls, (which, to advance their state, Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her and me. And, whilst our souls negotiate there, We like sepulchral statues lay; All day, the same our postures were, And we said nothing all the day. If any, so by love refined, That he soul's language understood, And by good love were grown all mind, Within convenient distance stood, He (though he knew not which soul spake, Because both meant, both spake the same) Might thence a new concoction take, And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex

(We said) and tell us what we love;

We see by this, it was not sex; We see, we saw not what did move: But as all several souls contain Mixture of things, they know not what, Love these mixt souls doth mix again, And makes both one, each this and that. A single violet transplant, The strength, the colour, and the size (All which before was poor and scant) Redoubles still, and multiplies. When love, with one another, so Interinanimates two souls, That abler soul, which thence doth flow, Defects of loneliness controls. We then, who are this new soul, know Of what we are composed and made, For the atomies of which we grow, Are souls, whom no change can invade. But O alas, so long, so far Our bodies why do we forbear? They are ours, though they are not we: we are The intelligences, they the sphere. We owe them thanks, because they thus Did us to us at first convey, Yielded their forces, sense, to us, Nor are dross to us, but allay. On man heaven's influence works not so, But that it first imprints the air; So soul into the soul may flow, Though it to body first repair. As our blood labours to beget Spirits, as like souls as it can, Because such fingers need to knit That subtle knot, which makes us man: So must pure lovers' souls descend To affections, and to faculties, Which sense may reach and apprehend, Else a great prince in prison lies. To our bodies turn we then, that so Weak men on love reveal'd may look; Love's mysteries in souls do grow, But yet the body is his book. And if some lover, such as we, Have heard this dialogue of one, Let him still mark us, he shall see Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

THE FUNERAL

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm Nor question much That subtile wreath of hair, which crowns my arm; The mystery, the sign you must not touch, For 'tis my outward soul, Viceroy to that, which then to Heaven being gone

Will leave this to control, And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

DONNE. BARNFIELD

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall Through every part,

Can tie those parts, and make me one of all: These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art Have from a better brain,

Can better do it: except she meant that I

By this should know my pain,

As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me, For since I am

Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry, If into others' hands these relics came;

As 'twas humility
'To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So, 'tis some bravery,

That since you would save none of me, I bury some of you.

SONNET

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay? Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste, I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast, And all my pleasures are like yesterday; I dare not move my dim eyes any way: Despair behind, and Death before doth cast Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste By sin in it, which it towards Hell doth weigh; Only thou art above, and when towards thee By thy leave I can look, I rise again; But our old subtle foe so tempteth me, That not one hour myself I can sustain; Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art, And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

SONNET

At the round earth's imagined corners blow Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise From death, you numberless infinities Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go, All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies, Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose

Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe. But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space, For, if above all these my sins abound, 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace, When we are there; here on this lowly ground, Teach me how to repent; for that's as good As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

SONNET

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so; For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow, Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,

TO CHRIST

And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins through which I run
And do them still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, by which I have won Others to sin, and made my sin their door? Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun A year or two, but wallowed in a score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, For I have more.

I have a sin of fear that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
Swear by thyself that at my death, thy Sun
Shall shine as it shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done,
I have no more.

BARNFIELD

AN ODE

As it fell upon a day In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade, Which a grove of myrtles made, Beasts did leap, and birds did sing, Trees did grow, and plants did spring: Every thing did banish moan, Save the Nightingale alone. She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn, And there sung the doleful'st ditty, That to hear it was great pity. Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry, Teru, Teru, by and by: That to hear her so complain, Scarce I could from tears refrain: For her griefs so lively shown Made me think upon mine own. Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vain; None takes pity on thy pain: Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee; Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.

King Pandion, he is dead: All thy friends are lapt in lead; All thy fellow birds do sing, Careless of thy sorrowing. Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguiled Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery: Words are easy, like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find: Every man will be thy friend, Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend: But if store of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call; And with such-like flattering, " Pity but he were a king." If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice. If to women he be bent, They have at commandement. But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown: They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need: If thou sorrow, he will weep; If thou wake, he cannot sleep: Thus of every grief, in heart, He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.

HEYWOOD

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY!

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys:
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me, methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And, she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O fly, make haste! See, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder;
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

JOHN FLETCHER

SONG TO PAN

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.
Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke!

AMORET WOO'D BY THE RIVER-GOD FEAR not him that succour'd thee: I am this fountain's god: below, My waters to a river grow, And 'twixt two banks with osiers set, That only prosper in the wet, Through the meadows do they glide, Wheeling still on every side, Sometimes winding round about, To find the evenest channel out. And if thou wilt go with me, Leaving mortal company, In the cool streams shalt thou lie Free from harm as well as I: I will give thee for thy food, No fish that useth in the mud, But trout and pike that love to swim Where the gravel from the brim Through the pure streams may be seen: Orient pearl fit for a queen Will I give, thy love to win, And a shell to keep them in: Not a fish in all my brook That shall disobey thy look, But when thou wilt, come sliding by, And from thy white hand take a fly. And to make thee understand, How I can my waves command, They shall bubble whilst I sing Sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

AWAY, DELIGHTS!

Away, delights! Go seek some other dwelling, For I must die:

Farewell, false Love! Thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts; Alas, for pity, go,

And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me, For I will die;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me, Shall be as I:

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,

"Alas, for pity stay,

And let us die

With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."

NOW THE LUSTY SPRING IS SEEN

Now the lusty Spring is seen:
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty Spring hath stay'd;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

HEAR, YE LADIES THAT DESPISE

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Callisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes, Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud, In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet, And as a purling stream, thou son of Night, Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain; Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide, And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

FLETCHER

GOD LYÆUS, EVER YOUNG

God Lyzeus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

ORPHEUS I AM, COME FROM THE DEEPS BELOW

ORPHEUS I am, come from the deeps below
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show.
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell.

Hark, and beware! Unless thou hast loved ever Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!
O take heed then!
Hark, how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame They lose their name; And they that bleed, Hark how they speed!

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires;
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

ARM, ARM, ARM, ARM!

ARM, arm, arm, arm! The scouts are all come in; Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win! Behold, from yonder hill the foe appears:
Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears!
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring:
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring!
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:

See how the arrows fly,

That darken all the sky!

Hark how the trumpets sound,

Hark how the hills rebound,

Tara, tara, tara, tara!

Hark how the horses charge! In, boys, boys, in! The battle totters; now the wounds begin:

Oh, how they cry!
Oh, how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon, arm'd with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder!

They fly! They fly! Eumenes has the chase And brave Polybius makes good his place.

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow:
Hark how the soldiers hollo!

Hey, bey!

Brave Diocles is dead, And all his soldiers fled; The battle's won and lost, That many a life hath cost

OH, FAIR SWEET FACE

OH, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself," he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice
To beauty sacred, and those angel-eyes!

COME, YE SERVANTS OF PROUD LOVE

Come, ye servants of proud Love,
Come away!
Fairly, nobly, gently move!
Too long, too long you make us stay.
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear;
Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair!
Now full music strike the air!

HENCE, ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHT

HENCE, all you vain delights, As short as are the nights Wherein you spend your folly! There's nought in this life sweet If man were wise to see 't, But only melancholy: O sweetest Melancholy! Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies, A look that's fasten'd to the ground, A tongue chain'd up without a sound! Fountain heads, and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves! Moonlight walks, when all the fowls Are warmly housed, save bats and owls! A midnight bell, a parting groan! These are the sounds we feed upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley; Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

FLETCHER. BEAUMONT OR FLETCHER. WEBSTER

MERCILESS LOVE

MERCILESS Love, whom Nature hath denied The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride And glory in thy murders, why am I, That never yet transgress'd thy deity, Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew Disdainful dart, whose hard heart none e'er slew, Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair, Thy mother soft and gentle as the air, Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer: Then everlasting Love, restrain thy will; 'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

WEEP NO MORE, NOR SIGH NOR GROAN

WEEP no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast;
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

MAN HIS OWN STAR

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man, Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT OR FLETCHER

COME, SLEEP

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

'TIS MIRTH THAT FILLS THE VEINS WITH BLOOD

'Trs mirth that fills the veins with blood, More than wine, or sleep, or food; Let each man keep his heart at ease, No man dies of that disease. He that would his body keep From diseases, must not weep; But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

COME, YOU WHOSE LOVES ARE DEAD

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep and wring
Every hand; and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true!
Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

LAY A GARLAND ON MY HEARSE

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say, I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

WEBSTER

A DIRGE

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

MAN DOES FLOURISH BUT HIS TIME

ALL the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time:
Survey our progress from our birth:
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!

WEBSTER. FLETCHER, CORBET. MASSINGER. BEAUMONT

Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

P. FLETCHER

AN HYMN

Drop, drop, slow tears
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of peace;
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

R. CORBET

FAREWELL REWARDS AND FAIRIES FAREWELL rewards and fairies, Good housewives now may say; For now foul sluts in dairies Do fare as well as they. And though they sweep their hearths no less Than maids were wont to do. Yet who of late for cleanliness Finds sixpence in her shoe? Lament, lament, old abbeys, The fairies' lost command; They did but change priests' babies, But some have changed your land; And all your children sprung from thence Are now grown Puritans, Who live as changelings ever since For love of your domains. At morning and at evening both You merry were and glad, So little care of sleep or sloth These pretty ladies had; When Tom came home from labour, Or Cis to milking rose, Then merrily merrily went their tabor, And nimbly went their toes. Witness those rings and roundelays Of theirs, which yet remain, Were footed in Queen Mary's days On many a grassy plain; But since of late Elizabeth And, later, James came in,

They never danced on any heath

As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Mary's,
Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!...

MASSINGER

WHY ART THOU SLOW, THOU REST OF TROUBLE, DEATH? Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,

To stop a wretch's breath,

That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart

A prey unto thy dart?

I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold

Sorrow hath made me old,

Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave

Is quiet in my grave.

Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;

But to me thou art cruel,

If thou end not my tedious misery,

And I soon cease to be.

Strike, and strike home, then! Pity unto me,

In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

BEAUMONT

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear! What a change of flesh is here! Think how many royal bones Sleep within this heap of stones: Here they lie had realms and lands, Who now want strength to stir their hands: Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust They preach, "In greatness is no trust." Here's an acre sown indeed With the richest royal'st seed That the earth did e'er suck in, Since the first man died for sin: Here the bones of birth have cried "Though gods they were, as men they died." Here are sands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings; Here's a world of pomp and state Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

BEAUMONT. DRUMMOND

SONG, FROM A MASQUE SHAKE off your heavy trance! And leap into a dance Such as no mortals use to tread: Fit only for Apollo To play to, for the moon to lead, And all the stars to follow!

THE MERMAID TAVERN

From the Letter to Ben Jonson

What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been So nimble, and so full of subtile flame, As if that every one from whence they came Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest, And had resolved to live a fool the rest Of his dull life. . . .

DRUMMOND

SONNET

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends (Ere that the blushing Dawn dare show her light) Such sad lamenting strains, that Night attends, Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight: If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends, Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight, May thee importune who like case pretends, And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite: Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try, And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains, Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods and plains? The bird, as if my questions did her move,

With trembling wings sobb'd forth I love, I love.

CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE

New doth the sun appear, The mountains' snows decay, Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby My Soul, Time posts away: And thou yet in that frost Which flower and fruit hath lost, As if all here immortal were, dost stay. For shame, thy powers awake! Look to that Heaven which never night makes black, And there, at that immortal Sun's bright rays, Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days!

PHŒBUS, arise, And paint the sable skies With azure, white, and red! Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed, That she thy cariere may with roses spread; The nightingales thy coming each where sing;

Make an eternal Spring, Give life to this dark world which lieth dead! Spread forth thy golden hair In larger locks than thou wast wont before, And Emperor-like decore With diadem of pearl thy temples fair: Chase hence the ugly night, Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light. This is that happy morn, That day, long-wished day, Of all my life so dark, (If cruel Stars have not my ruin sworn, And Fates not hope betray), Which (only white) deserves A diamond for ever should it mark: This is the morn should bring unto this grove My Love, to hear, and recompense my love. Fair King, who all preserves, But show thy blushing beams, And thou two sweeter eyes Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams Did once thy heart surprise: Nay, suns, which shine as clear As thou when two thou did to Rome appear. Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise; If that ye, Winds, would hear A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre, Your stormy chiding stay: Let Zephyr only breathe, And with her tresses play, Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death. The winds all silent are, And Phœbus in his chair, Ensaffroning sea and air, Makes vanish every star: Night like a drunkard reels Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels. The fields with flow'rs are deckt in every hue, The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue: Here is the pleasant place And ev'ry thing, save Her, who all should grace.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD

Or this fair volume which we World do name, If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care, Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame, We clear might read the art and wisdom rare; Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame, His providence extending everywhere, His justice which proud rebels doth not spare, In every page, no, period of the same: But silly we, like foolish children, rest Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold, Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best, On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold; Or if by chance our minds do muse on aught,

It is some picture on the margin wrought.

DRUMMOND, FORD. WITHER

THE WORLD A GAME

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

JOHN FORD

THE BROKEN HEART

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care.
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart

WITHER

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?'
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best—
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do,
That without them dares her woo.
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go.
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE MUSE COMFORTS THE POET IN PRISON From "The Shepherd's Hunting"

THOUGH I miss the flowery fields, With those sweets the spring-tide yields; Though I may not see those groves Where the shepherds chaunt their loves, And the lasses more excel Than the sweet-voiced Philomel; Though of all those pleasures past, Nothing now remains at last But remembrance, poor relief! That more makes than mends my grief: She's my mind's companion still, Maugre envy's evil will; Whence she should be driven too, Were't in mortal's power to do. She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the midst of sorrow, Makes the desolatest place To her presence be a grace, And the blackest discontents To be pleasing ornaments. In my former days of bliss Her divine skill taught me this, That from everything I saw I could some invention draw, And raise pleasure to her height Through the meanest object's sight; By the murmur of a spring, Or the least bough's rustling; By a daisy, whose leaves spread Shut when Titan goes to bed; Or a shady bush or tree; She could more infuse in me, Than all Nature's beauties can In some other wiser man. By her help I also now Make this churlish place allow Some things that may sweeten gladness In the very gall of sadness:

The dull loneness, the black shade, That these hanging vaults have made; The strange music of the waves Beating on these hollow caves; This black den which rocks emboss Overgrown with eldest moss; The rude portals that give light More to terror than delight; This my chamber of neglect, Wall'd about with disrespect; From all these, and this dull air, A fit object for despair, She hath taught me, by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore, thou best earthly bliss, I will cherish thee for this: Poesy, thou sweet'st content, That e'er Heaven to mortals lent! Though they as a trifle leave thee Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee, Though thou be to them a scorn That to nought but earth are born, Let my life no longer be Than I am in love with thee. Though our wise ones call thee madness, Let me never taste of gladness, If I love not thy mad'st fits More than all their greatest wits.

G. FLETCHER

CHRIST TEMPTED BY VAINGLORY

HERE when she came, she gan for music call, And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withal:

Love is the blossom where there blows Every thing that lives or grows; Love doth make the heavens to move, And the sun doth burn in love: Love the strong and weak doth yoke, And makes the ivy climb the oak, Under whose shadows lions wild. Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild; Love no medicine can appease; He burns the fishes in the seas: Not all the skill his wounds can stench, Not all the sea his fire can quench; Love did make the bloody spear Once a leavy coat to wear, While in his leaves there shrouded lay Sweet birds, for love that sing and play; And of all love's joyful flame I the bud and blossom am.

> Only bend thy knee to me, Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below Now as fresh as morning blow, And of all, the virgin rose That as bright Aurora shows,

How they all unleaved die, Losing their virginity: Like unto a summer-shade, But now born, and now they fade. Every thing doth pass away; There is danger in delay: Come, come gather then the rose, Gather it, or it you lose. All the sand of Tagus' shore Into my bosom casts his ore; All the valleys' swimming corn To my house is yearly borne; Every grape of every vine Is gladly bruised to make me wine; While ten thousand kings, as proud, To carry up my train have bow'd, And a world of ladies send me In my chambers to attend me: All the stars in heaven that shine, And ten thousand more, are mine: Only bend thy knee to me,

Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

JUDAS

THE graceless traitor round about did look (He look'd not long, the Devil quickly met him) To find a halter, which he found, and took; Only a gibbet now he needs must get him, So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him,

And help'd him fit the rope; and in his thought A thousand furies with their whips he brought; So there he stands, ready to Hell to make his vault. For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud, That in his bosom long had sleeping laid, A guilty Conscience, barking after blood,

Pursuèd eagerly, ne ever staid, Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.

Oft changed he place, in hope away to wind, But change of place could never change his mind: Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find. . . . Such horrid Gorgons, and misformed forms Of damned fiends flew dancing in his heart, That now unable to endure their storms,

"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself, whate'er thou art, Hell, hell already burns in every part."

So down into his Torturer's arms he fell, That ready stood his funerals to yell, And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to Hell. Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung: So when the senses half enslumb'red lie, The headlong body, ready to be flung By the deluding fancy from some high And craggy rock, recovers greedily,

And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep, And, as from heaven it tumbled to the deep, Feels a cold sweat through every trembling member creep.

W. BROWNE

SONG

GENTLE nymphs, be not refusing, Love's neglect is time's abusing,

They and beauty are but lent you; Take the one and keep the other; Love keeps fresh what age doth smother;

Beauty gone, you will repent you. "Twill be said when ye have proved,

Never swains more truly loved: O then fly all nice behaviour! Pity fain would, as her duty, Be attending still on Beauty: Let her not be out of favour.

WELCOME, WELCOME, DO I SING

Welcome, welcome, do I sing, Far more welcome than the Spring! He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a Spring for ever! He that to the voice is near Breaking from your ivory pale, Need not walk abroad to hear The delightful nightingale. Welcome, welcome, then I sing, Far more welcome than the Spring! He that parteth from you never, Shall enjoy a Spring for ever! He that looks still on your eyes, Though the Winter have begun

Shall not want the Summer's sun. Welcome, welcome, then, I sing, &c.

He that still may see your cheeks, Where all rareness still reposes, Is a fool, if e'er he seeks Other lilies, other roses.

To benumb our arteries,

Welcome, welcome, &c. He to whom your soft lip yields, And perceives your breath in kissing, All the odours of the fields Never, never shall be missing.

Welcome, welcome, &c. He that question would anew What fair Eden was of old, Let him rightly study you,

And a brief of that behold. Welcome, welcome, then I, &c.

SONNET

FAIREST, when by the rules of palmistry You took my hand to try if you could guess, By lines therein, if any wight there be Ordain'd to make me know some happiness: I wish'd that those characters could explain, Whom I will never wrong with hope to win; Or that by them a copy might be ta'en By you alone, what thoughts I have within. But since the hand of Nature did not set (As providently loath to have it known) The means to find that hidden alphabet, Mine eyes shall be the interpreters alone:

By them conceive my thoughts, and tell me, fair, If now you see her that doth love me there?

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse Lies the subject of all verse: Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother: Death, ere thou hast slain another Fair, and learn'd, and good as she, Time shall throw a dart at thee.

THE BIRDS' CONCERT

THE lofty treble sung the little wren; Robin the mean, that best of all loves men; The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush: And that the music might be full in parts, Birds from the groves flew with right willing hearts. But, as it seem'd, they thought, as do the swains Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plains, There should some droning part be, therefore will'd Some bird to fly into a neighbouring field, In embassy unto the king of bees, To aid his partners on the flowers and trees: Who condescending gladly, flew along To bear the base to his well-tuned song. The crow was willing they should be beholding To his deep voice, but being hoarse with scolding, He thus lends aid: upon an oak doth climb, And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

HERRICK

TO PERILLA

Ан, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see Me, day by day, to steal away from thee? Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come And haste away to mine eternal home; 'T will not be long, Perilla, after this, That I must give thee the supremest kiss: Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring Part of the cream from that religious spring; With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet; That done, then wind me in that very sheet Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore

The gods' protection but the night before.

Follow me weeping to my turf, and there Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear: Then, lastly, let some weekly-strewings be Devoted to the memory of me: Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

TO ROBIN RED-BREAST

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be With leaves and moss-work for to cover me: And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse inter, Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister! For epitaph, in foliage, next write this: Here, bere the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

THE ROSARY

One ask'd me where the roses grew.

I bade him not go seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

CHERRY-RIPE

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones; come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRY OF PEARLS

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say:
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarelets of pearl.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

THE BAG OF THE BEE

About the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came, And for their boldness stript them, And taking thence from each his flame, With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries, When quiet grown she'd seen them, She kiss'd, and wiped their dove-like eyes, And gave the bag between them.

HIS PARTING FROM MISTRESS DOROTHY KENNEDY

WHEN I did go from thee I felt that smart
Which bodies do when souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it; though thou then might'st

Me turn'd to tears: yet did'st not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kiss'd thee; but I could not hear
Thee spend a sigh to accompany my tear.
Methought 'twas strange that thou so hard should'st

Whose heart, whose hand, whose every part spake love. Prithee, lest maids should censure thee, but say Thou shed'st one tear, whenas I went away; And that will please me somewhat: though I know, And Love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

TO DIANEME

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes Which starlike sparkle in their skies; Nor be you proud that you can see All hearts your captives, yours yet free; Be you not proud of that rich hair Which wantons with the love-sick air: Whenas that ruby which you wear, Sunk from the tip of your soft ear, Will last to be a precious stone When all your world of beauty's gone.

TO MUSIC

Begin to charm, and, as thou strok'st mine ears With thy enchantment, melt me into tears. Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre, And make my spirits frantic with the fire. That done, sink down into a silvery strain, And make me smooth as balm and oil again.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming Morn Upon her wings presents the God unshorn. See how Aurora throws her fair Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

HERRICK

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since: yet you not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed!
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day

Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care For jewels for your gown or hair: Fear not; the leaves will strew Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept, Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:

Come and receive them while the light Hangs on the dew-locks of the Night: And Titan on the eastern hill Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying: Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and coming, mark How each field turns a street, each street a park

Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how Devotion gives each house a bough Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this, An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove, As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May;
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come Back, and with white-thorn laden home. Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream, Before that we have left to dream:

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth, And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;

Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime; And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die Before we know our liberty. Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL

You have beheld a smiling rose When virgin's hands have drawn O'er it a cobweb-lawn;

And here you see this lily shows Tomb'd in a crystal stone,

More fair in this transparent case Than when it grew alone, And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is Nor dances in the eye, Without a strawberry,

Or some fine tincture like to this, Which draws the sight thereto,

More by that wantoning with it Than when the paler hue No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams More gently strokes the sight With some conceal'd delight,

Than when he darts his radiant beams Into the boundless air:

Where either too much light his worth Doth all at once impair, Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in-To glass, and they will send More beauty to commend

Them from that clean and subtle skin Than if they naked stood,

And had no other pride at all But their own flesh and blood And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream, And strawberry do stir More love when they transfer

A weak, a soft, a broken beam, Than if they should discover

At full their proper excellence; Without some scene cast over To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystal'd lily be
A rule, how far, to teach,
Your nakedness must reach;
And that no further than we see

Those glaring colours laid By Art's wise hand, but to this end, They should obey a shade, Lest they too far extend.

So, though you're white as swan or snow, And have the power to move A world of men to love,

Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow, And that white cloud divide

Into a doubtful twilight—then, Then will your hidden pride Raise greater fires in men.

TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth, Nor cheek or tongue be dumb; For, with the flowery earth,

The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come:
For now each tree does wear,

Made of her pap and gum, Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now The Arabian dew besmears

My uncontrolled brow And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee!

In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see

Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth
To pledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid, and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up

To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat:
O Bacchus, cool thy rays!
Or, frantic, I shall eat
Thy thyrse and bite the bays.

Round, round the roof does run, And, being ravish'd thus, Come, I will drink a tun To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next:
This flood I drink to thee:

But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then: They only will aspire When pyramids, as men, Are lost i' the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd.

TO VIOLETS

Welcome, Maids of Honour! You do bring In the Spring, And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies, And so graced,

To be placed 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,

By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected!

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying: And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun, The higher he's a-getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry: For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute That I must stay, Or linger in it; And then I must away. O Time that cut'st down all, And scarce leav'st here Memorial Of any men that were! How many lie forgot In vaults beneath, And piecemeal rot Without a fame in death! Behold, this living stone I rear for me, Ne'er to be thrown Down, envious Time by thee! Pillars let some set up, If so they please: Here is my hope, And my Pyramides.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

You are a tulip seen to-day, But, dearest, of so short a stay That where you grew scarce man can say. You are a lovely July-flower, Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower Will force you hence, and in an hour. You are a sparkling rose i' the bud, Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood Can show where you or grew or stood. You are a full-spread, fair-set vine, And can with tendrils love entwine, Yet dried ere you distil your wine. You are like balm enclosed well In amber, or some crystal shell, Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell. You are a dainty violet, Yet wither'd ere you can be set Within the virgin's coronet. You are the Queen all flowers among, But die you must, fair maid, ere long, As he, the maker of this song.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER
CHARM me asleep and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which by the peep of day do strew
A baptim o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

BEST TO BE MERRY

Fools are they who never know How the times away do go; But for us, who wisely see Where the bounds of black Death be, Let's live merrily, and thus Gratify the Genius.

TO THE ROSE. A SONG

Go, happy Rose, and interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands.
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods, at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go And tell her this—but do not so: Lest a handsome anger fly Like a lightning from her eye, And burn thee up, as well as I.

THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK

So Good Luck came, and on my roof did light, Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night: Not all at once, but gently, as the trees Are by the sunbeams tickled by degrees. THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARL OF WESTMORLAND

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil We are the lords of wine and oil: By whose tough labours and rough hands We rip up first, then reap our lands. Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come, And to the pipe sing Harvest home. Come forth, my lord, and see the cart Drest up with all the country art: See here a maukin, there a sheet, As spotless pure as it is sweet: The horses, mares, and frisking fillies, Clad all in linen white as lilies. The harvest swains and wenches bound For joy to see the hock-cart crown'd. About the cart, hear how the rout Of rural younglings raise the shout: Pressing before, some coming after, Those with a shout, and these with laughter. Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves, Some prank them up with oaken leaves: Some cross the fill-horse, some with great Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat: While other rustics, less attent To prayers than to merriment, Run after with their breeches rent. Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth, Ye shall see first the large and chief Foundation of your feast, fat beef: With upper stories, mutton, veal, And bacon (which makes full the meal), With several dishes standing by, As, here a custard, there a pie, And here all-tempting frumenty. And for to make the merry cheer, If smirking wine be wanting here, There's that which drowns all care, stout beer; Which freely drink to your lord's health, Then to the plough, the commonwealth, Next to your flails, your fans, your fats, Then to the maids with wheaten hats: To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe, Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe. Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat, Be mindful that the labouring neat, As you, may have their fill of meat. And know, besides, ye must revoke The patient ox unto the yoke, And all go back unto the plough And harrow, though they're hang'd up now. And you must know, your lord's word's true, Feed him ye must, whose food fills you; And that this pleasure is like rain, Not sent ye for to drown your pain, But for to make it spring again.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears

Speak grief in you, Who were but born Just as the modest morn

Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower

as! you have not known tha
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,

Who think it strange to see Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young, To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep:
Is it for want of sleep?
Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?

Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed

Would have this lecture read:
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distress'd

And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow-garlands 'bout the head'
Bedew'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane, Poor maids rewarded be, For their love lost their only gain Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair Under that cypress tree; Or bid me die, and I will dare E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

TO MEADOWS

Ye have been fresh and green, Ye have been fill'd with flowers, And ye the walks have been Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing, And seen them in a round: Each virgin like a spring, With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevel'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent Your stock, and needy grown, You're left here to lament Your poor estates alone.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud, Lately made of flesh and blood: Who as soon fell fast asleep As her little eyes did peep. Give her strewings, but not stir The earth that lightly covers her.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,

As your hours do, and dry Away,

Like to the Summer's rain, Or as the pearls of morning's dew, Ne'er to be found again.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG
GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too, Good-morrow to each maid That will with flowers the tomb bestrew Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me, Alack, and well-a-day! For pity, sir, find out that bee Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not though he be dead;
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray, take heed):
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home!—But 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

TO CENONE

What conscience, say, is it in thee, When I a heart had one, To take away that heart from me, And to retain thy own?

HERRICK

For shame, or pity, now incline
To play a loving part:
Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.
Covet not both; but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why! yet to show that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid Good-night?

'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

HIS WINDING-SHEET

Come, thou who art the wine and wit Of all I've writ:

The grace, the glory, and the best Piece of the rest.

Thou art, of what I did intend, The all and end;

And what was made, was made to meet Thee, thee, my sheet.

Come, then, and be to my chaste side Both bed and bride.

We two, as reliques left, will have One rest, one grave.

And, hugging close, we will not fear Lust entering here:

Where all desires are dead or cold As is the mould;

And all affections are forgot, Or trouble not.

Here, here the slaves and prisoners be From shackles free;

And weeping widows long oppress'd

Do here find rest.

The wronged client ends his laws Here, and his cause.

Here those long suits of Chancery lie Quiet, or die;

And all Star-Chamber bills do cease, Or hold their peace. Here needs no Court for our Request, Where all are best, All wise, all equal, and all just Alike i' the dust. Nor need we here to fear the frown Of court or crown: Where fortune bears no sway o'er things, There all are kings. In this securer place we'll keep, As lull'd asleep; Or for a little time we'll lie As robes laid by, To be another day re-worn, Turn'd, but not torn; Or, like old testaments engross'd, Lock'd up, not lost; And for a while lie here conceal'd, To be reveal'd Next at that great Platonick year,

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM

And then meet here.

Desunt nonnulla

Come then, and like two doves with silvery wings, Let our souls fly to the shades where ever springs Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and oil Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil. Where no disease reigns, or infection comes To blast the air, but ambergris and gums. This, that, and every thicket doth transpire More sweet than storax from the hallow'd fire, Where every tree a wealthy issue bears Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears; And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew. Here in green meadows sits eternal May, Purfling the margents, while perpetual day So double gilds the air, as that no night Can ever rust the enamel of the light. Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when done, Then unto dancing forth the learned round Commixt they meet, with endless roses crown'd. And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see Love's chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be Two loving followers, too, unto the grove Where poets sing the stories of our love. There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads His Odysseys and his high Iliads; About whose throne the crowd of poets throng To hear the incantation of his tongue:

To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done, I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon, Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine, And in his raptures speaking lines of thine, Like to his subject; and as his frantic Looks show him truly Bacchanalian-like Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither, Where both may rage, both drink and dance together. Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps; Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial, And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal, And snaky Persius, these, and those, whom rage (Dropt for the jars of Heaven) fill'd to engage All times unto their frenzies; thou shalt there Behold them in a spacious theatre. Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bays And flattering ivy, two recite their plays-Beaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears Listen, while they, like sirens in their spheres, Sing their Evadne; and still more for thee There yet remains to know than thou can'st see By glimmering of a fancy. Do but come, And there I'll show thee that capacious room In which thy father Jonson now is placed, As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include Those prophets of the former magnitude, And he one chief; but hark, I hear the cock (The bellman of the night) proclaim the clock Of late struck one, and now I see the prime Of day break from the pregnant east: 'tis time I vanish; more I had to say, But night determines here, away!

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee, The shooting-stars attend thee, And the elves also, Whose little eyes glow Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee! No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee, Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee; But on, on thy way Not making a stay,

Since ghost there's none to affright thee! Let not the dark thee cumber: What though the moon does slumber?

The stars of the night Will lend thee their light Like tapers clear without number. Then, Julia, let me woo thee

Thus, thus to come unto me: And when I shall meet Thy silvery feet, My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE HAG

THE Hag is astride This night for to ride, The Devil and she together: Through thick and through thin, Now out and then in.

Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr She takes for a spur,

With a lash of a bramble she rides now: Through brakes and through briars, O'er ditches and mires,

She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food Dare now range the wood,

But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking; While mischiefs, by these, On land and on seas,

At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise. And trouble the skies

This night, and more for the wonder, The ghost from the tomb Affrighted shall come,

Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

THOUGH clock,

To tell how night draws hence, I've none, A cock

I have to sing how day draws on. I have

A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent To save

That little Fates me gave or lent. A hen

I keep, which, creeking day by day, Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay. A goose

I have, which with a jealous ear Lets loose

Her tongue to tell that danger's near. A lamb

I keep, tame, with my morsels fed, Whose dam

An orphan left him, (lately dead). A cat

I keep, that plays about my house, Grown fat

With eating many a miching mouse. To these

A Tracy 1 I do keep whereby I please

The more my rural privacy;

1 His spaniel. (Note in the original edition.)

Which are But toys to give my heart some ease; Where care None is, slight things do lightly please.

A HYMN TO THE MUSES

Honour to you who sit Near to the well of wit, And drink your fill of it! Glory and worship be To you, sweet maids thrice three, Who still inspire me, And teach me how to sing Unto the lyric string My measures ravishing! Then while I sing your praise, My priesthood crown with bays Green, to the end of days!

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes, Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows The liquefaction of her clothes. Next, when I cast mine eyes and see That brave vibration each way free, O how that glittering taketh me!

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Aн, Ben! Say how, or when Shall we thy guests Meet at those lyric feasts Made at the Sun, The Dog, the Triple Tun? Where we such clusters had As made us nobly wild, not mad; And yet each verse of thine Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben! Or come again, Or send to us Thy wit's great over-plus; But teach us yet Wisely to husband it, Lest we that talent spend; And having once brought to an end That precious stock, the store Of such a wit the world should have no more.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT In the hour of my distress, When temptations me oppress, And when I my sins confess, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed, Sick in heart and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drown'd in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the artless doctor sees No one hope, but of his fees, And his skill runs on the lees, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When his potion and his pill Has or none or little skill, Meet for nothing but to kill, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the passing-bell doth toll, And the Furies in a shoal Come to fright a parting soul, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the tapers now burn blue, And the comforters are few, And that number more than true, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the priest his last hath pray'd, And I nod to what is said, 'Cause my speech is now decay'd, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When, God knows, I'm toss'd about Either with despair or doubt: Yet before the glass be out, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the tempter me pursu'th With the sins of all my youth, And half damns me with untruth, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the flames and hellish cries Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes, And all terrors me surprise, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! When the judgement is reveal'd, And that open'd which was seal'd, When to thee I have appeal'd, Sweet Spirit, comfort me! A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell Wherein to dwell; And little house, whose humble roof Is weather-proof; Under the spars of which I lie, Both soft and dry; Where Thou my chamber for to ward Hast set a guard Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep Me, while I sleep.

HERRICK

Low is my porch, as is my fate, Both void of state; And yet the threshold of my door Is worn by the poor, Who thither come, and freely get Good words or meat; Like as my parlour, so my hall And kitchen's small; A little buttery, and therein A little bin Which keeps my little loaf of bread Unclipt, unflay'd. Some little sticks of thorn or briar Make me a fire, Close by whose living coal I sit, And glow like it. Lord, I confess, too, when I dine, The pulse is Thine, And all those other bits, that be There placed by Thee; The worts, the purslain, and the mess Of water-cress, Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent; And my content Makes those, and my beloved beet To be more sweet. 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth With guiltless mirth; And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink, Spiced to the brink. Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand, That soils my land; And giv'st me for my bushel sown Twice ten for one. Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay Her egg each day; Besides, my healthful ewes to bear Me twins each year, The while the conduits of my kine Run cream for wine.

All these, and better, Thou dost send Me, to this end, That I should render, for my part,

A thankful heart; Which, fired with incense, I resign, As wholly Thine;

But the acceptance, that must be, My Christ, by Thee.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER: SUNG BY THE VIRGINS

O THOU, the wonder of all days! O paragon, and pearl of praise! O virgin-martyr, ever blest Above the rest Of all the maiden train! We come And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus we compass round Thy harmless and unhaunted ground; And as we sing thy dirge, we will

The daffodil And other flowers lay upon The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids liest here, Of daughters all the dearest dear; The eye of virgins, nay, the queen Of this smooth green,

And all sweet meads, from whence we get The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy, By thy sad loss, our liberty; His was the bond and covenant, yet

Thou paid'st the debt: Lamented maid! he won the day, But for the conquest thou did'st pay.

Thy father brought with him along The olive-branch and victor's song: He slew the Ammonites, we know,

But to thy woe; And in the purchase of our peace The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine We offer here, before thy shrine, Our sighs for storax, tears for wine; And to make fine

And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will here Four times bestrew thee every year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears; Receive this offering of our hairs; Receive these crystal vials fill'd With tears distill'd

From teeming eyes; to these we bring, Each maid her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls, These laces, ribbons, and these falls, These veils wherewith we use to hide

The bashful bride, When we conduct her to her groom; And all we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead, Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed; No more, at yearly festivals

We cowslip balls Or chains of columbines shall make For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! Our maiden pleasures be Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee: 'Tis we are dead, though not i' the grave: Or, if we have

One seed of life left, 'tis to keep A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

HERRICK. KING. HERBERT

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice, And make this place all Paradise: May sweets grow here; and smoke from hence Fat frankincense;

Let balm and cassia send their scent From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir A wing about thy sepulchre! No boisterous winds or storms come hither

To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a Spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids, at wonted hours, Come forth to strew thy tomb with flowers; May virgins, when they come to mourn, Male-incense burn

Upon thine altar, then return, And leave thee sleeping in thy urn!

GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE a little child I stand Heaving up my either hand: Cold as paddocks though they be, Here I lift them up to Thee, For a benison to fall On our meat and on us all.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL

Chor. What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the flourish they came to the song.

- Dark and dull night, fly hence away, And give the honour to this day That sees December turn'd to May!
- If we may ask the reason, say
 The why and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the spring-time of the year.
- 3. Why does the chilling winter's morn Smile like a field beset with corn? Or smell like to a mead new shorn, Thus, on the sudden?

The cause, why things thus fragrant be: "Tis He is born, whose quickening birth Gives life and lustre, public mirth, To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know Him ours, Who, with His sunshine and His showers, Turns all the patient ground to flowers. The darling of the world is come, And fit it is we find a room To welcome Him.

2. The nobler part Of all the house here is the heart:

Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honour, Who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

HENRY KING

TELL ME NO MORE HOW FAIR SHE IS Tell me no more how fair she is, I have no mind to hear The story of that distant bliss I never shall come near: By sad experience I have found That her perfection is my wound. And tell me not how fond I am To tempt my daring fate, From whence no triumph ever came, But to repent too late: There is some hope ere long I may In silence dote myself away. I ask no pity, Love, from thee, Nor will thy justice blame, So that thou wilt not envy me The glory of my flame: Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies, In that it falls her sacrifice.

G. HERBERT

LOVE

Immortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcel'd out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which Thou hast made,
While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give Thee share in neither.
Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit;
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though Thy glorious name
Wrought out deliverance from the infernal pit,
Who sings Thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

EASTER SONG

I got me flowers to straw Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.
The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

HERBERT

Can there be any day but this,

Though many Suns to shine endeavour?

We count three hundred, but we miss:

There is but one, and that one ever.

SIN

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round! Parents first season us; then schoolmasters Deliver us to laws; they send us bound To rules of reason, holy messengers, Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin, Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes, Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in, Bibles laid open, millions of surprises, Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness, The sound of glory ringing in our ears; Without, our shame; within, our consciences; Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears:

Yet all these fences and their whole array One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

THE QUIP

THE merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I pluckt not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he;
"I heard in music you had skill:"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by, In silks that whistled, who but he? He scarce allow'd me half an eye; But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

THE PEARL

I know the ways of Learning: both the head And pipes that feed the press, and make it run; What Reason hath from Nature borrowed, Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun In laws and policy; what the stars conspire, What willing Nature speaks, what forced by fire; Both the old discoveries and the new-found seas, The stock and surplus, cause and history— All these stand open, of I have the keys: Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favours whether party gains;
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye;
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains, The lullings and the relishes of it; The propositions of hot blood and brains; What mirth and music mean; what love and wit Have done these twenty hundred years and

I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling
wit,

But Thy silk-twist let down from Heaven to me, Did both conduct, and teach me how by it To climb to Thee.

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie:
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,

Like season'd timber, never gives,

But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man, Having a glass of blessings standing by, Let us (said He) pour on him all we can; Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie, Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,

Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

LOVE UNKNOWN

Dear friend, sit down; the tale is long and sad;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But he,
(I sigh to say)

Look'd on a servant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I, myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock—I well remember all,
And have good cause—there it was dipt and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung; the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul, I fear."
Indeed, 'tis true: I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear:
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide,

(I sigh to tell) Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon A boiling caldron, round about whose verge Was in great letters set AFFLICTION. The greatness show'd the owner. So I went To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold, Thinking with that which I did thus present To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.

But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan—
My heart, that brought it, do you understand?
The offerer's heart. "Your heart was hard, I
feat."

Indeed, 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often, even with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Even taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where, to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)

I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts, I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break.

When with my pleasures even my rest was gone? Full well I understood who had been there, For I had given the key to none but one: It must be he. "Your heart was dull, I fear." Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind Did oft possess me: so that when I pray'd, Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind. But all my scores were by another paid, Who took the debt upon him. "Truly, friend, For ought I hear, your Master shows to you More favour than you wot of. Mark the end: The font did only what was old renew; The caldron suppled what was grown too hard; The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull; All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd. Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full Each day, each hour, each moment of the week, Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick."

THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in Spring, To which, besides their own demean, The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring;

Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone Quite underground: as flowers depart To see their mother-root, when they have blown; Where they together,

All the hard weather, Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

HERBERT. SHIRLEY

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power, Killing and quickening, bringing down to Hell And up to Heaven in an hour;

Making a chiming of a passing-bell. We say amiss,

This or that is;
Thy Word is all, if we could spell.
O that I once past changing were,

Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither! Many a Spring I shoot up fair,

Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither;

Nor doth my flower Want a spring-shower, My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,

Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own, Thy anger comes, and I decline:

What frost to that? What pole is not the zone

Where all things burn, When Thou dost turn,

And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,

After so many deaths I live and write; I once more smell the dew and rain,

And relish versing. O my only Light,

It cannot be That I am he,

On whom Thy tempests fell all night.
These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more, Swelling through store,

Swelling through store, Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

DISCIPLINE

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path!
For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look

I affect to own,

But by book, And Thy Book alone. Though I fail, I weep; Though I halt in pace,

Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.
Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;

For with love Stony hearts will bleed. Love is swift of foot; Love's a man of war, And can shoot,

And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?'
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,

Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod; Though man frailties hath, Thou art God:

Throw away Thy wrath!

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back, Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here:"
Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply, "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my

Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.

SHIRLEY

DEATH THE LAST VICTOR

FROM "CUPID AND DEATH: A MASQUE"

Victorious men of earth, no more Proclaim how wide your empires are; Though you bind in every shore,

And your triumphs reach as far As night or day,

Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey And mingle with forgotten ashes, when Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War, Each able to undo mankind, Death's servile emissaries are;

Nor to these alone confined, He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill; A smile, or kiss, as he will use the art, Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

SHIRLEY. CAREW

FROM "THE CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES"

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill; But their strong nerves at last must yield: They tame but one another still:

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow:

Then boast no more your mighty deeds!

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds!

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb:

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

CAREW

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE

THINK not, 'cause men flattering say You're fresh as April, sweet as May, Bright as is the morning star, That you are so; or though you are, Be not therefore proud, and deem All men unworthy your esteem: For, being so, you lose the pleasure Of being fair, since that rich treasure Of rare beauty and sweet feature Was bestowed on you by Nature To be enjoy'd; and 'twere a sin There to be scarce, where she hath been So prodigal of her best graces. Thus common beauties and mean faces Shall have more pastime, and enjoy The sport you lose by being coy. Did the thing for which I sue Only concern myself, not you; Were men so framed, as they alone Reap'd all the treasure, women none; Then had you reason to be scant: But 'twere a madness not to grant That which affords (if you consent) To you, the giver, more content Than me, the beggar. Oh, then be Kind to yourself, if not to me.

Starve not yourself, because you may Thereby make me pine away; Nor let brittle beauty make You your wiser thoughts forsake; For that lovely face will fail. Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail, 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done, Than summer's rain, or winter's sun: Most fleeting, when it is most dear, 'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here. These curious locks, so aptly twined, Whose every hair a soul doth bind, Will change their auburn hue and grow White and cold as winter's snow. That eye, which now is Cupid's nest, Will prove his grave, and all the rest Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose, Nor lily shall be found, nor rose. And what will then become of all Those whom now you servants call? Like swallows, when your summer's done, They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun. Then wisely choose one to your friend Whose love may, when your beauties end, Remain still firm: be provident, And think, before the summer's spent, Of following winter; like the ant, In plenty hoard for time of scant. Cull out, amongst the multitude Of lovers, that seek to intrude Into your favour, one that may Love for an age, not for a day; One that may quench your youthful fires, And feed in age your hot desires. For when the storms of time have moved Waves on that cheek which was beloved, When a fair lady's face is pined, And yellow spread where red once shined; When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her, Love may return, but lover never: And old folks say there are no pains Like itch of love in aged veins. O love me, then, and now begin it, Let us not lose this present minute; For time and age will work that wrack Which time or age shall ne'er call back. The snake each year fresh skin resumes, And eagles change their aged plumes; The faded rose each spring receives A fresh red tincture on her leaves: But if your beauties once decay, You never know a second May. O then be wise, and whilst your season Affords you days for sport, do reason; Spend not in vain your life's short hour, But crop in time your beauty's flower, Which will away, and doth together Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

CELIA SINGING

You that think Love can convey

No other way

Rut through the eyes into the he

But through the eyes, into the heart His fatal dart,

Close up those casements, and but hear This siren sing;

And on the wing

Of her sweet voice it shall appear That Love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould

Where that voice dwells; and as we know

When the cocks crow We freely may Gaze on the day:

So may you, when the music's done, Awake, and see the rising sun.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain:
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.
But when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED

With open ears and with unfolded arms.

GIVE me more love or more disdain:
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain:
The temperate affords me none.
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm: if it be love,
Like Danaë in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain!

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS
WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see

The full reward, and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false apostasy.

UPON MASTER W. MONTAGUE'S RETURN FROM TRAVEL

The Muses' choir shall thus with voice and hand Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land,

Sweetly breathing vernal air, That with kind warmth dost repair Winter's ruins; from whose breast All the gums and spice of the East Borrow their perfumes; whose eye Gilds the morn and clears the sky; Whose dishevel'd tresses shed Pearls upon the violet bed; On whose brow, with calm smiles drest, The halcyon sits and builds her nest; Beauty, youth, and endless spring Dwell upon thy rosy wing. Thou, if stormy Boreas throws Down whole forests when he blows, With a pregnant flowery birth Canst refresh the teeming earth; If he nip the early bud, If he blast what's fair or good, If he scatter our choice flowers, If he shake our hills or bowers, If his rude breath threaten us, Thou canst stroke great Æolus, And from him the grace obtain To bind him in an iron chain.

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose: For in your beauty's orient deep These flowers, as in their causes, sleep. Ask me no more whither do stray The golden atoms of the day: For in pure love Heaven did prepare Those powders to enrich your hair. Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale, when May is past: For in your sweet dividing throat She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light, That downwards fall in dead of night: For in your eyes they sit, and there Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west The Phœnix builds her spicy nest: For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies.

RANDOLPH

LOVE'S RELIGION

I have a mistress, for perfections rare In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair. Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes; Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice; And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin, Still her perfection lets religion in. We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers: I touch her, like my beads, with devout care, And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY

Come, spur away,

I have no patience for a longer stay,

But must go down

And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:

I will the country see, Where old simplicity, Though hid in gray, Doth look more gay

Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad. Farewell, you city wits, that are

Almost at civil war:

'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows

More of my days

I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;

Or to make sport

For some slight Puisne of the Inns of Court.

Then, worthy Stafford, say, How shall we spend the day? With what delights

Shorten the nights?

When from this tumult we are got secure, Where mirth with all her freedom goes,

Yet shall no finger lose;

Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure ?

There from the tree

We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;

And every day

Go see the wholesome country girls make hay, Whose brown hath lovelier grace Than any painted face

That I do know Hyde Park can show:

Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet (Though some of them in greater state

Might court my love with plate) The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard

But think upon

Some other pleasures: these to me are none. Why do I prate

Of women, that are things against my fate?

I never mean to wed

That torture to my bed:

My muse is she My love shall be.

Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am

And that great bugbear, grisly Death, Shall take this idle breath,

If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more!

We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.

No fruit shall 'scape

Our palates, from the damson to the grape.

Then, full, we'll seek a shade, And hear what music's made;

How Philomel Her tale doth tell,

And how the other birds do fill the quire; The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,

Warbling melodious notes;

We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,

Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly: Nor will we spare

To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;

But let our hounds run loose In any ground they'll choose;

The buck shall fall, The stag, and all.

Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,

For to my Muse, if not to me, I'm sure all game is free:

Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean

To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,

And drink by stealth

A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,

I'll take my pipe and try The Phrygian melody;

Which he that hears,

Lets through his ears A madness to distemper all the brain:

Then I another pipe will take And Doric music make,

To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

RANDOLPH. HABINGTON. D'AVENANT. WALLER

SPORTS, AND THE PURITANS
From the "Cotswold Eclogue"

Colin. Early in May up got the jolly rout, Call'd by the lark, and spread the fields about: One, for to breathe himself, would coursing be From this same beech to yonder mulberry; A second leap'd his supple nerves to try; A third was practising his melody; This a new jig was footing, others were Busied at wrestling, or to throw the bar, Ambitious which should bear the bell away, And kiss the nut-brown lady of the May. This stirr'd 'em up; a jolly swain was he Whom Peg and Susan after victory Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset With daisies, pinks, and many a violet, Cowslip, and gilliflower. Rewards, though small, Encourage Virtue, but if none at all Meet her, she languisheth, and dies, as now Where worth's denied the honour of a bough. And, Thenot, this the cause I read to be Of such a dull and general lethargy. Thenot. Ill thrive the lout that did their mirth gainsay! Wolves haunt his flocks that took those sports away! Colin. Some melancholy swains about have gone To teach all zeal their own complexion: Choler they will admit sometimes, I see, But phlegm and sanguine no religions be. These teach that dancing is a Jezebel, And barley-break the ready way to Hell; The morrice-idols, Whitsun-ales, can be But profane relics of a jubilee. These, in a zeal to express how much they do The organs hate, have silenced bagpipes too, And harmless Maypoles all are rail'd upon, As if they were the towers of Babylon. Some think not fit there should be any sport I' the country, 'tis a dish proper to the Court. Mirth not becomes 'em; let the saucy swain Eat beef and bacon, and go sweat again.

HABINGTON

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright Celestial sphere, So rich with jewels hung, that Night Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread, And heavenward flies, The Almighty's mysteries to read In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament Shoots forth no flame So silent, but is eloquent In speaking the Creator's name. No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight s

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,

That far-stretch'd power,

Which his proud dangers traffic for,

Is but the triumph of an hour;
That from the farthest north
Some nation may,

Yet undiscover'd, issue forth, And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth:
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

D'AVENANT

SONG

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake! awake! The morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;

But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake! awake! Break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

WALLER

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

WALLER, ANONYMOUS, MILTON

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined Shall now my joyful temples bind; No monarch but would give his crown, His arms might do what this has done. It was my heaven's extremest sphere, The pale which held that lovely deer. My joy, my grief, my hope, my love, Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair; Give me but what this ribband bound, Take all the rest the sun goes round!

LAST VERSES

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er; So, calm are we, when passions are no more: For then we know how vain it was to boast Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost. Clouds of affection from our younger eyes Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

ANONYMOUS

WHY SHOULD I WRONG MY JUDGEMENT SO
WHY should I wrong my judgement so,
As for to love where I do know
There is no hold for to be taken?
For what her wish thirsts after most,
If once of it her heart can boast,
Straight by her folly 't is forsaken.
Thus, whilst I still pursue in vain,
Methinks I turn a child again,
And of my shadow am a-chasing;

For all her favours are to me
Like apparitions which I see,
But never can come near the embracing.
Oft had I wish'd that there had been
Some almanac whereby to have seen
When love with her had been in season;
But I perceive there is no art
Can find the epact of the heart
That loves by chance, and not by reason.
Yet will I not for this despair,
For time her humour may prepare

To grace him who is now neglected; And what unto my constancy She now denies, one day may be From her inconstancy expected.

MILTON

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY Composed 1629

This is the month, and this the happy morn, Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King, Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born, Our great redemption from above did bring; For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release, And with his Father work us a perpetual peace. That glorious form, that light unsufferable,

And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside; and here with us to be, Forsook the courts of everlasting day,

And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.
Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the Heaven, by the sun's team untrod, Hath took no print of the approaching light, And all the spangled host keep watch in squadron bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel quire, From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize: It was no season then for her To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And on her naked shame, Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw, Confounded, that her Maker's eyes Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-eyed Peace; She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding Down through the turning sphere,

His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing; And waving wide her myrtle wand, She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high up-hung, The hooked chariot stood Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng, And kings sat still with awful eye, As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night, Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began: The winds, with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean, Who now hath quite forgot to rave, While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,

And will not take their flight, For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence; But in their glimmering orbs did glow, Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom Had given day her room,

The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame, As his inferior flame

The new enlighten'd world no more should need; He saw a greater Sun appear

Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn, Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply charting in a rustic row; Full little thought they than That the mighty Pan Was kindly come to live with them below; Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,

Divinely warbled voice Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

The air, such pleasure loth to lose, With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound, Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling; She knew such harmony alone Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;

The helmed Cherubim, And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd, Harping in loud and solemn quire, With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said) Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres, Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so);

And let your silver chime Move in melodious time;

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;

And Hell itself will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,

Mercy will sit between, Throned in celestial sheen,

165

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering: And Heaven, as at some festival, Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No, This must not yet be so,

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross Must redeem our loss:

So both himself and us to glorify; Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake:

The aged Earth agast, With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;

When at the world's last session,

The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

And then at last our bliss Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day

The old Dragon under ground In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, And wroth to see his kingdom fail, Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb, No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving. No nightly trance, or breathed spell Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er, And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;

From haunted spring, and dale

Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth, And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;

In urns, and altars round, A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint; And the chill marble seems to sweat,

While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;

The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch, fled, Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with cymbals' ring They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:

Nor can he be at rest Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;

In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark

The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;

Nor all the gods beside, Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:

Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale

Troop to the infernal jail; Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;

And the yellow-skirted Fays Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved

But see the Virgin blest Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious song should here have ending:

Heaven's youngest teemed star Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending; And all about the courtly stable

Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy, Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse, Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,

And to our high-raised phantasy present That undisturbed song of pure concent, Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne To him that sits thereon, With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee, Where the bright Seraphim in burning row Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow, And the Cherubic host in thousand quires Touch their immortal harps of golden wires, With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms, Hymns devout and holy psalms Singing everlastingly: That we on earth with undiscording voice May rightly answer that melodious noise; As once we did, till disproportion'd sin Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din Broke the fair music that all creatures made To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd In perfect diapason, whilst they stood In first obedience, and their state of good. O may we soon again renew that song, And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long To his celestial consort us unite, To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell, Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous

wings

And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks, In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. But come thou Goddess fair and free, In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth, Whom lovely Venus at a birth With two sister Graces more, To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore; Or whether (as some sager sing) The frolic wind that breathes the spring, Zephyr, with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a-Maying, There on beds of violets blue, And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew, Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair, So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles, Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, And love to live in dimple sleek; Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe; And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty; And if I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, To live with her, and live with thee, In unreproved pleasures free. To hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night, From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good morrow, Through the sweet-briar, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine: While the cock with lively din Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before: Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn, From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill: Some time walking, not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green, Right against the eastern gate, Where the great sun begins his state, Robed in flames, and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight; While the ploughman near at hand Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his sithe, And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures Whilst the landskip round it measures: Russet lawns, and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray; Mountains, on whose barren breast The labouring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim with daisies pied, Shallow brooks, and rivers wide. Towers and battlements it sees Bosom'd high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes, From betwixt two aged oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met, Are at their savoury dinner set Of herbs, and other country messes, Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves; Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tann'd haycock in the mead,

Sometimes with secure delight The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round, And the jocund rebecks sound To many a youth, and many a maid, Dancing in the chequer'd shade; And young and old come forth to play On a sunshine holiday, Till the live-long daylight fail; Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, With stories told of many a feat, How Fairy Mab the junkets eat; She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said, And he, by friar's lanthorn led, Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat, To earn his cream-bowl duly set, When in one night, ere glimpse of morn, His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn, That ten day-labourers could not end: Then lies him down the lubber fiend, And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength, And crop-full out of doors he flings, Ere the first cock his matin rings. Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'red cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throngs of knights and barons bold In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize Of wit, or arms, while both contend To win her grace, whom all commend. There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feast, and revelry, With mask, and antique pageantry; Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream. Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson's learned sock be on, Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto, to have quite set free His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,

The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess, As thick and numberless

A all multiperiess

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy, Hail divinest Melancholy, Whose saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight, And therefore to our weaker view O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue: Black, but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem, Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove To set her beauty's praise above The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended; Yet thou art higher far descended; Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore To solitary Saturn bore; His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, Such mixture was not held a stain). Oft in glimmering bowers and glades He met her, and in secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure, Sober, steadfast, and demure, All in a robe of darkest grain, Flowing with majestic train, And sable stole of cypress lawn Over thy decent shoulders drawn, Come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step, and musing gait, And looks commercing with the skies, Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: There held in holy passion still, Forget thyself to marble, till With a sad leaden downward cast Thou fix them on the earth as fast. And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet. Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet, And hears the Muses in a ring Ay round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure, That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; But first, and chiefest, with thee bring, Him that you soars on golden wing, Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne, The Cherub Contemplation; And the mute Silence hist along, 'Less Philomel will deign a song, In her sweetest, saddest plight, Smoothing the rugged brow of night, While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke, Gently o'er the accustom'd oak; Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy! Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among I woo, to hear thy even-song; And missing thee, I walk unseen On the dry smooth-shaven green, To behold the wandering moon, Riding near her highest noon, Like one that had been led astray Through the Heaven's wide pathless way; And oft, as if her head she bow'd, Stooping through a fleecy cloud. Oft on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far-off curfew sound, Over some wide-water'd shore, Swinging slow with sullen roar; Or if the air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing embers through the room Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, Far from all resort of mirth, Save the cricket on the hearth, Or the bellman's drowsy charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm. Or let my lamp at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower, Where I may oft out-watch the Bear, With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere The spirit of Plato, to unfold What worlds, or what vast regions hold The immortal mind, that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook: And of those Dæmons that are found In fire, air, flood, or under ground, Whose power hath a true consent With planet, or with element. Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy In sceptred pall come sweeping by, Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, Or the tale of Troy divine, Or what (though rare) of later age Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage. But, O sad Virgin, that thy power Might raise Musæus from his bower,

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made Hell grant what love did seek. Or call up him that left half told The story of Cambuscan bold, Of Camball, and of Algarsife, And who had Canace to wife, That own'd the virtuous ring and glass, And of the wondrous horse of brass, On which the Tartar king did ride; And if ought else great bards beside In sage and solemn tunes have sung, Of turneys and of trophies hung, Of forests, and enchantments drear, Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career, Till civil-suitèd Morn appear, Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont With the Attic boy to hunt, But kercheft in a comely cloud, While rocking winds are piping loud, Or usher'd with a shower still, When the gust hath blown his fill, Ending on the rustling leaves, With minute drops from off the eaves. And when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown that Sylvan loves Of pine, or monumental oak, Where the rude are with heaved stroke Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt, Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt. There in close covert by some brook, Where no profaner eye may look, Hide me from Day's garish eye, While the bee with honied thigh, That at her flowery work doth sing, And the waters murmuring With such consort as they keep, Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep; And let some strange mysterious dream Wave at his wings in airy stream Of lively portraiture display'd, Softly on my eyelids laid. And as I wake, sweet music breathe Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some spirit to mortals good, Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail To walk the studious cloisters pale, And love the high embowed roof, With antic pillars massy proof, And storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light: There let the pealing organ blow, To the full-voiced quire below, In service high, and anthems clear, As may with sweetness. through mine ear,

Dissolve me into extasies, And bring all Heaven before mine eyes. And may at last my weary age Find out the peaceful hermitage, The hairy gown and mossy cell, Where I may sit and rightly spell Of every star that Heaven doth shew, And every herb that sips the dew; Till old experience do attain To something like prophetic strain. These pleasures, Melancholy, give,

And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES

II. Song

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green, Where no print of step hath been, Follow me as I sing, And touch the warbled string. Under the shady roof Of branching elm star-proof Follow me: I will bring you where she sits, Clad in splendour as befits Her deity. Such a rural Queen All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. Song

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more By sandy Ladon's lilied banks; On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar Trip no more in twilight ranks; Though Erymanth your loss deplore, A better soil shall give ye thanks. From the stony Mænalus Bring your flocks, and live with us; Here ye shall have greater grace, To serve the Lady of this place. Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were, Yet Syrinx well might wait on her. Such a rural Oueen All Arcadia hath not seen.

FROM "COMUS" THE REVEL

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

COMUS. THE star that bids the shepherd fold, Now the top of heaven doth hold; And the gilded car of day His glowing axle doth allay

In the steep Atlantic stream; And the slope sun his upward beam Shoots against the dusky pole, Pacing toward the other goal Of his chamber in the east. Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast, Midnight shout, and revelry, Tipsy dance, and jollity. Braid your locks with rosy twine, Dropping odours, dropping wine. Rigour now is gone to bed, And Advice with scrupulous head, Strict Age, and sour Severity, With their grave saws in slumber lie. We that are of purer fire Imitate the starry quire, Who in their nightly watchful spheres Lead in swift round the months and years. The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, Now to the moon in wavering morrice move; And on the tawny sands and shelves Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves. By dimpled brook, and fountain brim, The wood-nymphs, deckt with daisies trim, Their merry wakes and pastimes keep: What hath night to do with sleep? Night hath better sweets to prove, Venus now wakes, and wakens Love. Come, let us our rites begin, 'Tis only day-light that makes sin, Which these dun shades will ne'er report. Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport, Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame Of midnight torches burns; mysterious Dame, That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom, And makes one blot of all the air; Stay thy cloudy ebon chair, Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end Of all thy dues be done, and none left out, Ere the blabbing eastern scout, The nice Morn on the Indian steep From her cabin'd loophole peep,

And to the tell-tale Sun descry Our conceal'd solemnity. Come, knit hands, and beat the ground In a light fantastic round.

THE LADY'S SONG

Sweer Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen Within thy airy shell, By slow Meander's margent green, And in the violet-embroider'd vale, Where the love-lorn nightingale Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parley, daughter of the sphere! So mayst thou be translated to the skies, And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Invocation to Sabrina: she gives her Aid

SABRINA fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake.

Listen and save! Listen and appear to us In name of great Oceanus, By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace, And Tethys' grave majestic pace, By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look, And the Carpathian wisard's hook, By scaly Triton's winding shell, And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell, By Leucothea's lovely hands, And her son that rules the strands, By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet, And the songs of Sirens sweet, By dead Parthenope's dear tomb, And fair Ligea's golden comb, Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks Sleeking her soft alluring locks, By all the nymphs that nightly dance Upon thy streams with wily glance, Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head From thy coral-paven bed, And bridle in thy headlong wave, Till thou our summons answer'd have. Listen and save!

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;

Gentle swain, at thy request I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear, We implore thy powerful hand To undo the charmed band Of true virgin here distrest, Through the force, and through the wile Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity!
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost its hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Sr. Virgin, daughter of Locrine Sprung of old Anchises' line, May thy brimmed waves for this Their full tribute never miss From a thousand petty rills, That tumble down the snowy hills; Summer drouth, or singed air Never scorch thy tresses fair, Nor wet October's torrent flood Thy molten crystal fill with mud; May thy billows roll ashore The beryl, and the golden ore; May thy lofty head be crown'd With many a tower and terrace round, And here and there thy banks upon With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES

Sp. To the ocean now I fly, And those happy climes that lie Where day never shuts his eye, Up in the broad fields of the sky: There I suck the liquid air All amidst the gardens fair Of Hesperus, and his daughters three That sing about the golden tree: Along the crispèd shades and bowers Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours, Thither all their bounties bring; There eternal Summer dwells, And west-winds, with musky wing, About the cedarn alleys fling Nard and cassia's balmy smells. Iris there with humid bow Waters the odorous banks, that blow

Flowers of more mingled hue Than her purfied scarf can shew, And drenches with Elysian dew (List, mortals, if your ears be true) Beds of hyacinth and roses, Where young Adonis oft reposes, Waxing well of his deep wound In slumber soft, and on the ground Sadly sits the Assyrian queen; But far above in spangled sheen Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced, Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced, After her wandering labours long, Till free consent the gods among Make her his eternal bride, And from her fair unspotted side Two blissful twins are to be born, Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me, Love Virtue, she alone is free, She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the sphery chime: Or, if Virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more, Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere, I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude, And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill;
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill:
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, Temper'd to th' oaten flute; Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel From the glad sound would not be absent long, And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone, Now thou art gone, and never must return! Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green, Shall now no more be seen, Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays. As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze, Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear, When first the white-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!

Had ye been there—for what could that have done? What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore, The Muse herself, for her enchanting son, Whom universal nature did lament,

When by the rout that made the hideous roar, His gory visage down the stream was sent, Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? Were it not better done as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise (That last infirmity of noble mind) To scorn delights, and live laborious days; But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze, Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise," Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears: "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes, And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds, That strain I heard was of a higher mood: But now my oat proceeds, And listens to the herald of the sea That came in Neptune's plea; He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds, What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain? And question'd every gust of rugged wings That blows from off each beaked promontory: They knew not of his story, And sage Hippotades their answer brings, That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd, The air was calm, and on the level brine Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd. It was that fatal and perfidious bark, Built in the eclipse; and rigg'd with curses dark, That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow, His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge, Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe. "Ah! Who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest

pledge ? "

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past, That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse, And call the vales, and bid them hither cast Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks, On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks: Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, That on the green turf suck the honied showers. And purple all the ground with vernal flowers. Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet, The glowing violet, The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that sad embroidery wears; Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed, And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. For so to interpose a little ease, Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise. Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world; Or whether thou to our moist vows denied, Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, Where the great vision of the guarded mount Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold: Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth. Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor; So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves. Where other groves, and other streams along, With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, And hears the unexpressive nuptial song, In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love. There entertain him all the saints above, In solemn troops, and sweet societies, That sing, and singing in their glory move, And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes. Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more: Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore. In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills, While the still morn went out with sandals gray, He touch'd the tender stops of various quills, With eager thought warbling his Doric lay: And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, And now was dropt into the western bay; At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue: To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

SONNET XVIII

On the Late Massacre in Piemont

Avence, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

SONNET XIX

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

SONNET XXIII

On his Decrased Wife

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

PARADISE LOST BOOK I

Or Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed, In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd Fast by the oracle of God, I thence Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song, That with no middle flight intends to soar Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer Before all temples the upright heart and pure, Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss, And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark Illumine, what is low raise and support; That to the highth of this great argument I may assert Eternal Providence, And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view, Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first, what cause Moved our grand Parents in that happy state, Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off From their Creator, and transgress his will For one restraint, lords of the world besides? Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile, Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived The Mother of Mankind, what time his pride Had cast him out of Heaven, with all his host Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring To set himself in glory above his peers, He trusted to have equal'd the Most High, If he opposed; and with ambitious aim Against the throne and monarchy of God Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud, With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky With hideous ruin and combustion, down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire, Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. Nine times the space that measures day and night To mortal men, he with his horrid crew Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf, Confounded though immortal: but his doom Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought Both of lost happiness and lasting pain Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes That witness'd huge affliction and dismay, Mixt with obdurate pride and steadfast hate. At once, as far as Angels ken, he views The dismal situation waste and wild: A dungeon horrible, on all sides round

As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames No light, but rather darkness visible Served only to discover sights of woe, Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace And rest can never dwell, hope never comes, That comes to all; but torture without end Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed. Such place Eternal Justice had prepared For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd In utter darkness, and their portion set As far removed from God and light of Heaven, As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole. O how unlike the place from whence they fell! There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire, He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side One next himself in power, and next in crime, Long after known in Palestine, and named Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy, And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:

"If thou beest he-But O how fall'n! how changed From him, who in the happy realms of light, Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league, United thoughts and counsels, equal hope And hazard in the glorious enterprise, Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger proved He with his thunder: and till then who knew The force of those dire arms? yet not for those, Nor what the potent victor in his rage Can else inflict, do I repent, or change, Though changed in outward lustre, that fixt mind And high disdain from sense of injured merit, That with the Mightiest raised me to contend, And to the fierce contention brought along Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd, That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring, His utmost power with adverse power opposed In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven, And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? All is not lost: the unconquerable will, And study of revenge, immortal hate And courage never to submit or yield: And what is else not to be overcome? That glory never shall his wrath or might Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace With suppliant knee, and deify his power Who from the terror of this arm so late Doubted his empire, that were low indeed, That were an ignominy and shame beneath This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods And this empyreal substance cannot fail; Since through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve To wage by force or guile eternal war, Irreconcilable to our grand foe, Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain, Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair: And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:

"O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers, That led the embattled Seraphim to war Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual King, And put to proof his high supremacy, Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate, Too well I see and rue the dire event, That with sad overthrow and foul defeat Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host In horrible destruction laid thus low, As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains Invincible, and vigour soon returns, Though all our glory extinct, and happy state Here swallow'd up in endless misery. But what if he our conqueror (whom I now Of force believe almighty, since no less Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours) Has left us this our spirit and strength entire, Strongly to suffer and support our pains, That we may so suffice his vengeful ire, Or do him mightier service, as his thralls By right of war, whate'er his business be, Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire, Or do his errands in the gloomy deep: What can it then avail, though yet we feel Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend replied: "Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable, Doing or suffering: but of this be sure, To do ought good never will be our task, But ever to do ill our sole delight, As being the contrary to his high will, Whom we resist. If then his providence Out of our evil seek to bring forth good, Our labour must be to pervert that end, And out of good still to find means of evil; Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb His inmost counsels from their destined aim. But see! the angry victor hath recall'd His ministers of vengeance and pursuit Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid The fiery surge, that from the precipice Of Heaven received us falling, and the thunder, Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn Or satiate fury yield it from our foe. Seest thou you dreary plain, forlorn and wild, The seat of desolation, void of light, Save what the glimmering of these livid flames Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend From off the tossing of these fiery waves, There rest, if any rest can harbour there, And, reassembling our afflicted powers, Consult how we may henceforth most offend Our enemy, our own loss how repair, How overcome this dire calamity, What reinforcement we may gain from hope, If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate, With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides Prone on the flood, extended long and large, Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge As whom the fables name of monstrous size, Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove, Briarcos, or Typhon, whom the den By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast Leviathan, which God of all his works Created hugest that swim the ocean stream: Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, With fixed anchor in his scaly rind Moors by his side under the lee, while night Invests the sea, and wished morn delays: So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay, Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will And high permission of all-ruling Heaven Left him at large to his own dark designs, That with reiterated crimes he might Heap on himself damnation, while he sought Evil to others, and enraged might see How all his malice served but to bring forth Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown On Man by him seduced, but on himself Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd. Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature; on each hand the flames Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd In billows leave i' the midst a horrid vale. Then with expanded wings he steers his flight Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air, That felt unusual weight, till on dry land He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd With solid, as the lake with liquid fire, And such appear'd in hue, as when the force Of subterranean wind transports a hill Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire, Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,

And leave a singed bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke; such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat

That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he, Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid What shall be right: farthest from him is best, Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields, Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell, Receive thy new possessor: one who brings A mind not to be changed by place or time. The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. What matter where, if I be still the same, And what I should be, all but less than he Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: Here we may reign secure, and in my choice To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell: Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven. But wherefore let we then our faithful friends, The associates and copartners of our loss, Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool, And call them not to share with us their part In this unhappy mansion, or once more With rallied arms to try what may be yet Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth."

He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield, Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, Behind him cast; the broad circumference Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views At evening, from the top of Fesole Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe. His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand, He walk'd with to support uneasy steps Over the burning marle, not like those steps On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire. Nathless he so endured, till on the beach Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced, Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades High overarch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd Hath vext the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew Busiris and his Memphian chivalry, While with perfidious hatred they pursued The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld From the safe shore their floating carcases And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood, Under amazement of their hideous change. He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep Of Hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates, Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost, If such astonishment as this can seize Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place After the toil of battle to repose Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven? Or in this abject posture have ye sworn To adore the conqueror? who now beholds Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon His swift pursuers from Heaven Gates discern The advantage, and descending tread us down Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf. Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!"

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread, Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake. Nor did they not perceive the evil plight In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel; Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd, Innumerable. As when the potent rod Of Amram's Son, in Egypt's evil day, Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind, That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile: So numberless were those bad Angels seen Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell, *Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires; Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear Of their great Sultan waving to direct Their course, in even balance down they light On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:

A multitude, like which the populous north Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons Came like a deluge on the south, and spread Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. Forthwith from every squadron and each band The Heads and Leaders thither haste, where stood Their great Commander; god-like shapes and forms Excelling human, Princely Dignities, And Powers, that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; Though of their names in heavenly records now Be no memorial, blotted out and rased By their rebellion from the Books of Life. Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth, Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man, By falsities and lies the greatest part Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake God their Creator, and the invisible Glory of him that made them to transform Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd With gay religions full of pomp and gold, And Devils to adore for Deities: Then were they known to men by various names, And various idols through the heathen world. Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth Came singly where he stood on the bare strand, While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?

The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix Their seats long after next the seat of God, Their altars by his altar, Gods adored Among the nations round, and durst abide Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed Within his sanctuary itself their shrines, Abominations: and with cursed things His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned. And with their darkness durst affront his light. First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears, Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite Worshipt in Rabba and her watery plain, In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart Of Solomon he led by fraud to build His temple right against the temple of God, On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons, From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild

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Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, And Eleale, to the Asphaltic pool: Peor his other name, when he enticed Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile, To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe. Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate; Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell. With these came they, who, from the bordering flood Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male, These feminine. For spirits when they please Can either sex assume, or both; so soft And uncompounded is their essence pure; Nor tied or manacled with joint or limb, Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones, Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, Can execute their aery purposes, And works of love or enmity fulfil. For those the race of Israel oft forsook Their living strength, and unfrequented left His righteous altar, bowing lowly down To bestial gods; for which their heads as low Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear Of despicable foes. With these in troop Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns; To whose bright image nightly by the moon Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs, In Sion also not unsung, where stood Her temple on the offensive mountain, built By that uxorious king, whose heart though large, Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind, Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured The Syrian damsels to lament his fate In amorous ditties all a summer's day, While smooth Adonis from his native rock Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale Infected Sion's daughters with like heat, Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries Of alienated Judah. Next came one Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers: Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man And downward fish: yet had his temple high Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,

And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds. Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams, He also against the house of God was bold: A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king, Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew God's altar to disparage, and displace For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn His odious offerings, and adore the gods Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd A crew, who under names of old renown, Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train, With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek Their wandering Gods disguised in brutish forms, Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, Likening his Maker to the grazed ox, Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke Both her first-born and all her bleating gods. Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love Vice for itself: to him no temple stood Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he In temples and at altars, when the priest Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd With lust and violence the house of God? In courts and palaces he also reigns, And in luxurious cities, where the noise Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers, And injury, and outrage: and when night Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night In Gibeah, when the hospitable door Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape. These were the prime in order and in might; The Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth, Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born, With his enormous brood and birthright seized By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,

The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd, His own and Rhea's son, like measure found; So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete And Ida known, thence on the snowy top Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air, Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief | And all who since, baptized or infidel, Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears. Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd Azazel as his right, a cherub tall: Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced, Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind, With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed, Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: At which the universal host up sent A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. All in a moment through the gloom were seen Ten thousand banners rise into the air With orient colours waving: with them rose A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array Of depth immeasurable: anon they move In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised To highth of noblest temper heroes old Arming to battle, and instead of rage Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they, Breathing united force with fixed thought, Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, Awaiting what command their mighty Chief Had to impose: he through the armed files Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse The whole battalion views, their order due, Their visages and stature as of Gods; Their number last he sums. And now his heart Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength Glories; for never, since created man, Met such embodied force, as named with these Could merit more than that small infantry Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood Of Phlegra with the Heroic Race were join'd That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds In fable or romance of Uther's son, Begirt with British and Armoric knights;

Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban. Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond, Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, When Charlemain with all his peerage fell By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed Their dread Commander: he, above the rest In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost All her original brightness, nor appear'd Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen Looks through the horizontal misty air, Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon, In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds On half the nations, and with fear of change Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone Above them all the Archangel: but his face Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast Signs of remorse and passion, to behold The fellows of his crime, the followers rather, (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd For ever now to have their lot in pain, Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood, Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines, With singed top their stately growth, though bare, Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend From wing to wing, and half enclose him round With all his Peers: attention held them mute. Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last Words interwove with sighs found out their way:

"O myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers Matchless, but with the Almighty! and that strife Was not inglorious, though the event was dire, As this place testifies, and this dire change, Hateful to utter: but what power of mind, Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd, How such united force of Gods, how such As stood like these, could ever know repulse? For who can yet believe, though after loss, That all these puissant legions, whose exile Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend Self-raised, and repossess their native seat? For me, be witness all the Host of Heaven, If counsels different or danger shunn'd By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,

Consent, or custom, and his regal state Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd, Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall. Henceforth his might we know, and know our own, So as not either to provoke, or dread New war, provoked; our better part remains To work in close design, by fraud or guile, What force effected not; that he no less At length from us may find, who overcomes By force, hath overcome but half his foe. Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife There went a fame in Heaven, that he ere long Intended to create, and therein plant A generation, whom his choice regard Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven: Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere; For this infernal pit shall never hold Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd; For who can think submission? War then, war Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze Far round illumined Hell: highly they raged Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of-war, Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioners, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd In vision beatific. By him first Men also, and by his suggestion taught, Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew Open'd into the hill a spacious wound, And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best Deserve the precious bane. And here let those Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings, Learn how their greatest monuments of fame And strength and art are easily outdone

By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour What in an age they with incessant toil And hands innumerable scarce perform. Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared, That underneath had veins of liquid fire Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude With wondrous art founded the massy ore, Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross. A third as soon had form'd within the ground A various mould, and from the boiling cells By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook: As in an organ from one blast of wind To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes. Anon out of the earth a fabric huge Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet, Built like a temple, where pilasters round Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid With golden architrave; nor did there want Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven; The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon, Nor great Alcairo such magnificence Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors, Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth And level pavement: from the arched roof, Pendant by subtle magic, many a row Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light As from a sky. The hasty multitude Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise, And some the architect: his hand was known In Heaven by many a towered structure high, Where sceptred Angels held their residence, And sat as princes; whom the supreme King Exalted to such power, and gave to rule, Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright. Nor was his name unheard or unadored In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, A summer's day; and with the setting sun Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star, On Lemnos the Ægæan isle; thus they relate, Erring; for he with this rebellious rout Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape By all his engines, but was headlong sent With his industrious crew to build in Hell. Meanwhile the winged haralds by command Of sovran power, with awful ceremony

And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held At Pandæmonium, the high Capital Of Satan and his Peers: their summons call'd From every band and squared regiment By place or choice the worthiest; they anon With hundreds and with thousands trooping came Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall, (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair Defied the best of Panim chivalry To mortal combat or career with lance) Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air, Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides, Pour forth their populous youth about the hive In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank, The suburb of their straw-built citadel, New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given, Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant sons, Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race Beyond the Indian mount, or Faery Elves, Whose midnight revels, by a forest side, Or fountain, some belated peasant sees, Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

Book II

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold, Satan exalted sat, by merit raised To that bad eminence; and, from despair Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught His proud imaginations thus display'd:

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven! For since no deep within her gulf can hold Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n, I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent Celestial virtues rising will appear More glorious and more dread, than from no fall, And trust themselves to fear no second fate. Me though just right, and the fixt laws of Heaven Did first create your leader, next, free choice, With what besides, in counsel or in fight, Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss, Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne, Yielded with full consent. The happier state In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw Envy from each inferior; but who here Will envy whom the highest place exposes Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share Of endless pain? Where there is then no good For which to strive, no strife can grow up there From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell Precedence, none, whose portion is so small Of present pain, that with ambitious mind Will covet more. With this advantage then To union, and firm faith, and firm accord, More than can be in Heaven, we now return To claim our just inheritance of old, Surer to prosper than prosperity Could have assured us; and by what best way, Whether of open war or covert guile, We now debate; who can advise, may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king, Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair: His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd Equal in strength, and rather than be less Cared not to be at all; with that care lost Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse, He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles, More unexpert, I boast not: them let those Contrive who need, or when they need, not now: For while they sit contriving, shall the rest, Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait The signal to ascend, sit lingering here Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame, The prison of his tyranny who reigns By our delay? no, let us rather choose, Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way, Turning our tortures into horrid arms Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise Of his almighty engine he shall hear Infernal thunder, and for lightning see Black fire and horror shot with equal rage Among his Angels; and his throne itself

Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire, His own invented torments. But perhaps The way seems difficult and steep to scale With upright wing against a higher foe. Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench Of that förgetful lake benumb not still, That in our proper motion we ascend Up to our native seat: descent and fall To us is adverse. Who but felt of late, When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear Insulting, and pursued us through the deep, With what compulsion and laborious flight We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then; The event is fear'd; should we again provoke Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find To our destruction: if there be in Hell Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd In this abhorred deep to utter woe; Where pain of unextinguishable fire Must exercise us without hope of end, The vassals of his anger, when the scourge Inexorably, and the torturing hour Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus We should be quite abolish'd and expire. What fear we then? what doubt we to incense His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged, Will either quite consume us, and reduce To nothing this essential, happier far, Than miserable to have eternal being. Or if our substance be indeed divine, And cannot cease to be, we are at worst On this side nothing; and by proof we feel Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven, And with perpetual inroads to alarm, Though inaccessible, his fatal throne: Which, if not victory, is yet revenge." He ended frowning, and his look denounced

He ended frowning, and his look denounced Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On the other side up rose Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear The better reason, to perplex and dash Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:

"I should be much for open war, O Peers, As not behind in hate, if what was urged Main reason to persuade immediate war, Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast Ominous conjecture on the whole success; When he, who most excels in fact of arms, In what he counsels and in what excels Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair

And utter dissolution, as the scope Of all his aim, after some dire revenge. First, what revenge? The towers of Heav'n are fill'd With armed watch, that render all access Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing Scout far and wide into the realm of night, Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise With blackest insurrection, to confound Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy All incorruptible would on his throne Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould Incapable of stain would soon expel Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire, Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope Is flat despair: we must exasperate The almighty Victor to spend all his rage, And that must end us, that must be our cure, To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose, Though full of pain, this intellectual being, Those thoughts that wander through eternity, To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost In the wide womb of uncreated night, Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows, Let this be good, whether our angry foe Can give it, or will ever? how he can, Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure. Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, Belike through impotence, or unaware, To give his enemies their wish, and end Them in his anger, whom his anger saves To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?' Say they who counsel war; 'We are decreed, Reserved, and destined to eternal woe; Whatever doing, what can we suffer more, What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst, Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms? What when we fled amain, pursued and strook With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse, What if the breath that kindled those grim fires Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage, And plunge us in the flames? or from above Should intermitted vengeance arm again His red right hand to plague us? what, if all Her stores were open'd, and this firmament Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire, Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps Designing or exhorting glorious war, Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk Under you boiling ocean, wrapt in chains; There to converse with everlasting groans,

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's
highth

All these our motions vain sees and derides; Not more almighty to resist our might, Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles. Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven, Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here Chains and these torments? better these than worse By my advice; since fate inevitable Subdues us, and omnipotent decree, The victor's will. To suffer, as to do, Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust That so ordains: this was at first resolved, If we were wise, against so great a foe Contending, and so doubtful what might fall. I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear What yet they know must follow, to endure Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain, The sentence of their conqueror: this is now Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear, Our supreme foe in time may much remit His anger, and perhaps thus far removed Not mind us not offending, satisfied With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames. Our purer essence then will overcome Their noxious vapour, or enured not feel, Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd In temper and in nature, will receive Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain; This horror will grow mild, this darkness light: Besides what hope the never-ending flight Of future days may bring, what chance, what change Worth waiting, since our present lot appears For happy though but ill, for ill not worst, If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth, Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake: "Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne

Forced Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers, Our servile offerings? This must be our task In Heaven, this our delight; how wearisome Eternity so spent in worship paid To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue By force impossible, by leave obtain'd Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek Our own good from ourselves, and from our own Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess, Free, and to none accountable, preferring Hard liberty before the easy yoke Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear Then most conspicuous, when great things of small, Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse, We can create, and in what place so e'er Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain Through labour and endurance. This deep world Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, And with the majesty of darkness round Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell? As he our darkness, cannot we his light Imitate when we please? This desert soil Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold; Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more? Our torments also may in length of time Become our elements, these piercing fires As soft as now severe, our temper changed Into their temper; which must needs remove The sensible of pain. All things invite To peaceful counsels, and the settled state Of order, how in safety best we may Compose our present evils, with regard Of what we are and where, dismissing quite All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise." He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain The sound of blustering winds, which all night long Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay After the tempest: such applause was heard As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased, Advising peace: for such another field

With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay After the tempest: such applause was heard As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased, Advising peace: for such another field They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear Of thunder and the sword of Michael Wrought still within them; and no less desire To found this nether empire, which might rise. By policy and long process of time, In emulation opposite to Heaven. Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:

Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake: "Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of Heaven, Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote Inclines, here to continue, and build up here A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream, And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league Banded against his throne, but to remain In strictest bondage, though thus far removed, Under the inevitable curb, reserved His captive multitude: for he, be sure, In highth or depth, still first and last will reign Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part By our revolt, but over Hell extend His empire, and with iron sceptre rule, Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven. What sit we then projecting peace and war? War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss Irreparable; terms of peace yet none Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given To us enslaved, but custody severe, And stripes, and arbitrary punishment Inflicted? and what peace can we return, But, to our power, hostility and hate, Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow, Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice In doing what we most in suffering feel? Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need With dangerous expedition to invade Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege, Or ambush from the deep. What if we find Some easier enterprize? There is a place, (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n Err not,) another world, the happy seat Of some new race call'd Man, about this time To be created like to us, though less In power and excellence, but favour'd more Of him who rules above; so was his will Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath, That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd. Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn What creatures there inhabit, of what mould Or substance, how endued, and what their power, And where their weakness, how attempted best,

By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut, And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure In his own strength, this place may lie exposed, The utmost border of his kingdom, left To their defence who hold it: here perhaps Some advantageous act may be achieved By sudden onset, either with Hell fire To waste his whole creation, or possess All as our own, and drive as we were driven The puny habitants; or if not drive, Seduce them to our party, that their God May prove their foe, and with repenting hand Abolish his own works. This would surpass Common revenge, and interrupt his joy In our confusion, and our joy upraise In his disturbance; when his darling sons, Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse Their frail original, and faded bliss, Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth Attempting, or to sit in darkness here Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence, But from the author of all ill, could spring So deep a malice, to confound the race Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell To mingle and involve, done all to spite The great Creator? But their spite still serves His glory to augment. The bold design Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:

"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are, Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate, Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring

And opportune excursion we may chance Re-enter Heaven: or else in some mild zone Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light, Secure, and at the brightening orient beam Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air To heal the scar of these corrosive fires Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send In search of this new world? whom shall we find Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, And through the palpable obscure find out His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight, Upborne with indefatigable wings, Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive The happy isle? what strength, what art can then Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe Through the strict senteries and stations thick Of Angels watching round? Here he had need All circumspection, and we now no less

Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:

Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake: "O Progeny of Heaven, Empyreal Thrones, With reason hath deep silence and demur Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way And hard, that out of hell leads up to light; Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire, Outrageous to devour, immures us round Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant Barr'd over us prohibit all egress. These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound Of unessential Night receives him next Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf. If thence he scape into whatever world, Or unknown region, what remains him less Than unknown dangers and as hard escape? But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, And this imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed And judged of public moment, in the shape Of difficulty or danger, could deter Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume These royalties, and not refuse to reign, Refusing to accept as great a share Of hazard as of honour, due alike To him who reigns, and so much to him due Of hazard more, as he above the rest High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers, Terror of Heaven though fall'n! intend at home, While here shall be our home, what best may ease The present misery, and render Hell More tolerable; if there be cure or charm To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek Deliverance for us all: this enterprize None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose The Monarch, and prevented all reply; Prudent, lest from his resolution raised Others among the chief might offer now, (Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd; And so refused might in opinion stand His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,

Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice Forbidding; and at once with him they rose: Their rising all at once was as the sound Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend With awful reverence prone; and as a God Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven: Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised, That for the general safety he despised His own; for neither do the spirits damn'd Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites, Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. Thus they their doubtful consultations dark Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief: As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower; If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet Extend his evening beam, the fields revive, The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. O shame to men! Devil with devil damn'd Firm concord holds, men only disagree Of creatures rational, though under hope Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace, Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife Among themselves, and levy cruel wars, Wasting the earth, each other to destroy: As if (which might induce us to accord) Man had not hellish foes enow besides, That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth In order came the grand infernal Peers; Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme And God-like imitated state: him round A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed With bright emblazonry and horrent arms. Then of their session ended they bid cry With trumpets' regal sound the great result: Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy, By harald's voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers Disband, and wandering, each his several way Pursues, as inclination or sad choice Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain The irksome hours, till his great Chief return. Part on the plain, or in the air sublime, Upon the wing or in swift race contend,

As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields: Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form. As when to warn proud cities war appears Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush To battle in the clouds, before each van Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms From either end of Heaven the welkin burns. Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar: As when Alcides from Œchalia crown'd With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines, And Lichas from the top of Œta threw Into the Euboic sea, Others more raild, Retreated in a silent valley, sing With notes angelical to many a harp Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall By doom of battle; and complain that Fate Free Virtue should enthral to Force or Chance. Their song was partial; but the harmony, (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?) Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet, (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense) Others apart sat on a hill retired, In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate, Fixt fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, And found no end, in wandering mazes lost. Of good and evil much they argued then, Of happiness and final misery, Passion and apathy, and glory and shame, Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm Pain for a while or anguish, and excite Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast With stubborn patience as with triple steel. Another part in squadrons and gross bands, On bold adventure to discover wide That dismal world, if any clime perhaps, Might yield them easier habitation, bend Four ways their flying march, along the banks Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge Into the burning lake their baleful streams; Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate; Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep; Cocytus, named of lamentation loud Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton, Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage. Far off from these a slow and silent stream, Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks, Forthwith his former state and being forgets, Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain. Beyond this flood a frozen continent

Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice, A gulf profound as that Serbonian Bog Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old, Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire, Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled At certain revolutions all the damn'd Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce, From beds of raging fire to starve in ice Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine Immovable, infixt, and frozen round, Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. They ferry over this Lethean Sound Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose. In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe, All in one moment, and so near the brink: But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards The ford, and of itself the water flies All taste of living wight, as once it fled The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on In confused march forlorn, the advent'rous bands, With shuddering horror pale, and eyes agast, View'd first their lamentable lot, and found No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale They pass'd, and many a region dolorous, O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death, A universe of death, which God by curse Created evil, for evil only good, Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds, Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, Abominable, inutterable, and worse Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived, Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. Meanwhile the adversary of God and man, Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design, Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell Explores his solitary flight; sometimes He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left; Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars Up to the fiery concave towering high. As when far off at sea a fleet descried Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof; And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock, Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire, Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat On either side a formidable shape; The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, But ended foul in many a scaly fold, Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd With mortal sting: about her middle round A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep, If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb, And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore: Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd In secret, riding through the air she comes, Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon Eclipses at their charms. The other shape, If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd, For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell, And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head The likeness of a kingly crown had on. Satan was now at hand, and from his seat The monster moving onward came as fast, With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode. The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired; Admired, not fear'd; God and his Son except, Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd; And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape, That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance Thy miscreated front athwart my way To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass, That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee. Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof, Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."

To whom the Goblin full of wrath replied: "Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he, Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms Drew after him the third part of Heaven's Sons Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd To waste eternal days in woe and pain? And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven, Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn, Where I reign King, and, to enrage thee more, Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment, False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape, So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold More dreadful and deform: on the other side Incensed with indignation Satan stood Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd, That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands No second stroke intend, and such a frown Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds, With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on Over the Caspian, then stand front to front Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow To join their dark encounter in mid air: So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood; For never but once more was either like To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung, Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between. "O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids,
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange Thou interposest, that my sudden hand Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds What it intends; till first I know of thee, What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why, In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son: I know thee not, nor ever saw till now Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate replied: "Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair In Heaven? when at the assembly, and in sight Of all the Seraphim with thee combined In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King, All on a sudden miserable pain Surprized thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright, Then shining heavenly fair, a Goddess arm'd, Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized All the Host of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign Portentous held me: but familiar grown,

I pleased, and with attractive graces won The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st With me in secret, that my womb conceived A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose, And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd, (For what could else?) to our almighty foe Clear victory, to our part loss and rout Through all the Empyrean: down they fell Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down Into this deep, and in the general fall I also; at which time this powerful key Into my hand was given, with charge to keep These gates for ever shut, which none can pass Without my opening. Pensive here I sat Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb, Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown, Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. At last this odious offspring whom thou seest, Thine own begotten, breaking violent way, Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out Death; Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd From all her caves, and back resounded Death. I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, Inflamed with lust than rage) and swifter far, Me overtook his mother all dismay'd, And, in embraces forcible and foul Engendering with me, of that rape begot These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived And hourly born, with sorrow infinite To me; for when they list into the womb That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round. That rest or intermission none I find. Before mine eyes in opposition sits Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on, And me his parent would full soon devour For want of other prey, but that he knows His end with mine involved; and knows that I Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane, Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced. But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope To be invulnerable in those bright arms, Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint, Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth: "Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire, And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of, know I come no enemy, but to set free From out this dark and dismal house of pain, Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host Of Spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd, Fell with us from on high: from them I go This uncouth errand sole, and one for all Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread The unfounded deep, and through the void immense To search with wandering quest a place foretold Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now Created, vast and round, a place of bliss In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein placed A race of upstart creatures, to supply Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed, Lest Heaven surcharged with potent multitude Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste To know, and, this once known, shall soon return, And bring ye to the place where thou and Death Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey." He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and D Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due, And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King, I keep, by him forbidden to unlock These adamantine gates; against all force Death ready stands to interpose his dart, Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. But what owe I to his commands above, Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down Into this gloom of Tartarus profound, To sit in hateful office, here confined, Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born, Here, in perpetual agony and pain, With terrors and with clamours compass'd round Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed? Thou art my father, thou my author, thou My being gav'st me; whom should I obey But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon To that new world of light and bliss, among The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar

MILTON

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease Unfastens: on a sudden open fly With impetuous recoil and jarring sound The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut Excel'd her power; the gates wide open stood, That with extended wings a banner'd host Under spread ensigns marching might pass through With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array; So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame. Before their eyes in sudden view appear The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark Illimitable ocean, without bound, Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth, And time and place are lost; where eldest Night And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold Eternal anarchy amidst the noise Of endless wars, and by confusion stand: For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce, Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring Their embryon atoms; they around the flag Of each his faction, in their several clans, Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow, Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil, Levied to side with warring winds, and poise Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere, He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits, And by decision more embroils the fray By which he reigns: next him high arbiter Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, The womb of nature and perhaps her grave, Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire, But all these in their pregnant causes mixt Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight, Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain His dark materials to create more worlds; Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while, Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd With noises loud and ruinous (to compare Great things with small) than when Bellona storms, With all her battering engines bent to rase Some capital city; or less than if this frame Of Heaven were falling, and these elements In mutiny had from her axle torn The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league As in a cloudy chair ascending rides Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets A vast vacuity: all unawares Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour Down had been falling, had not by ill chance

Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd, Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea, Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares, Treading the crude consistence, half on foot, Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail. As when a Gryphon through the wilderness With winged course o'er hill or moory dale Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way, And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. At length a universal hubbub wild Of stunning sounds and voices all confused, Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear With loudest vehemence: thither he plies, Undaunted to meet there whatever power Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies, Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread Wide on the wasteful Deep: with him enthroned Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things, The consort of his reign; and by them stood Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance, And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd, And Discord with a thousand various mouths. To whom Satan turning boldly, thus. "Ye Powers, And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss, Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, With purpose to explore or to disturb The secrets of your realm; but by constraint, Wandering this darksome desert, as my way Lies through your spacious empire up to light, Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds Confine with Heaven; or if some other place, From your dominion won, the Ethereal King Possesses lately, thither to arrive I travel this profound; direct my course; Directed, no mean recompense it brings To your behoof, if I that region lost, All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce To her original darkness and your sway, (Which is my present journey), and once more Erect the standard there of ancient Night; Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge." Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old, With faltering speech and visage incomposed, Answer'd: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art, That mighty leading Angel, who of late Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown. I saw and heard; for such a numerous host

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud

MILTON

Fled not in silence through the frighted deep, With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven Gates Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here Keep residence; if all I can will serve, That little which is left so to defend, Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell, Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath; Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell: If that way be your walk, you have not far; So much the nearer danger: go and speed; Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply, But glad that now his sea should find a shore, With fresh alacrity and force renew'd Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire, Into the wild expanse, and through the shock Of fighting elements, on all sides round Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks: Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd, So he with difficulty and labour hard Moved on, with difficulty and labour he; But he once past, soon after when man fell, Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain Following his track, such was the will of Heaven, Paved after him a broad and beaten way Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length, From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse With easy intercourse pass to and fro To tempt or punish mortals, except whom God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire As from her outmost works, a broken foe, With tumult less and with less hostile din, That Satan with less toil and now with ease Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light, And like a weather-beaten vessel holds Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn; Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold Far off th' empyreal Heaven, extended wide In circuit, undetermined square or round, With opal towers and battlements adorn'd Of living sapphire, once his native seat; And fast by hanging in a golden chain

This pendant world, in bigness as a star Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III: INVOCATION HAIL, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born, Or of the Eternal coeternal beam May I express thee unblamed? since God is light, And never but in unapproached light Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, Bright effluence of bright essence increate. Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream, Whose fountain who shall tell? before the Sun, Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest The rising world of waters dark and deep, Won from the void and formless infinite. Thee I revisit now with bolder wing, Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight Through utter and through middle darkness borne, With other notes than to the Orphean lyre, I sung of Chaos and eternal Night, Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down The dark descent, and up to reascend, Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe, And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn; So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow, Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget Those other two equal'd with me in fate, So were I equal'd with them in renown, Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old. Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year Seasons return, but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine; But cloud instead, and ever-during dark Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair Presented with a universal blank Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

So much the rather thou celestial Light

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell Of things invisible to mortal sight.

BOOK IV SATAN TROUBLED

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd, Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, But with no friendly voice, and add thy name O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams, That bring to my remembrance from what state I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere; Till pride and worse ambition threw me down, Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King. Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return From me, whom he created what I was In that bright eminence, and with his good Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. What could be less than to afford him praise, The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks, How due! yet all his good proved ill in me, And wrought but malice; lifted up so high I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher Would set me highest, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endless gratitude, So burthensome, still paying, still to owe; Forgetful what from him I still received, And understood not that a grateful mind By owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and discharged; what burden then? O had his powerful destiny ordain'd Me some inferior Angel, I had stood Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power As great might have aspired, and me though mean Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand? Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all? Be then his love accurst, since love or hate, To me alike, it deals eternal woe: Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will Chose freely what it now so justly rues. Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath, and infinite despair? Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; And in the lowest deep a lower deep Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide; To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven. O then at last relent! is there no place Left for repentance, none for pardon left? None left but by submission; and that word Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced With other promises and other vaunts Than to submit, boasting I could subdue The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know How dearly I abide that boast so vain, Under what torments inwardly I groan; While they adore me on the throne of Hell, With diadem and sceptre high advanced The lower still I fall, only supreme In misery; such joy ambition finds. But say I could repent, and could obtain By act of grace my former state; how soon Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant Vows made in pain, as violent and void. For never can true reconcilement grow Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep; Which would but lead me to a worse relapse And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear Short intermission bought with double smart. This knows my punisher; therefore as far From granting he, as I from begging peace: All hope excluded thus, behold in stead Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight, Mankind, created, and for him this World. So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear, Farewell Remorse: all Good to me is lost; Evil, be thou my Good; by thee at least Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold, By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign; As Man ere long and this new World shall know."

SATAN DEFIES GABRIEL

So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:

"Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels

In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved." While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns Their phalanx, and began to hem him round With ported spears, as thick as when a field Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands, Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves Prove chaff. On the other side Satan alarm'd, Collecting all his might, dilated stood, Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved: His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise In this commotion, but the starry cope Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn With violence of this conflict, had not soon The Eternal to prevent such horrid fray Hung forth in Heaven his golden Scales, yet seen Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign, Wherein all things created first he weigh'd, The pendulous round Earth with balanced air In counterpoise, now ponders all events, Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights, The sequel each of parting and of fight; The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam: Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend: "Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st

Neither our own but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire. For proof look up,
And read thy lot in you celestial sign,

Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how

If thou resist." The Fiend look'd up, and knew His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

BOOK XII THE ARCHANGEL LEADS ADAM AND EVE OUT OF PARADISE

HE ended; and thus Adam last replied: "How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest, Measured this transient world, the race of time, Till time stand fixt! Beyond is all abyss, Eternity, whose end no eye can reach: Greatly instructed I shall hence depart, Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain; Beyond which was my folly to aspire. Henceforth I learn that to obey is best, And love with fear the only God, to walk As in his presence, ever to observe His providence, and on him sole depend, Merciful over all his works, with good Still overcoming evil; and by small Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake Is fortitude to highest victory, And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life; Taught this by his example, whom I now Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied:
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,

All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works, Or works of God, in Heaven, Air, Earth, or Sea, And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, And all the rule, one empire; only add Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith. Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love, By name to come call'd charity, the soul Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess A Paradise within thee, happier far. Let us descend now therefore from this top Of speculation, for the hour precise Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards, By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword, In signal of remove, waves fiercely round; We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve; Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd Portending good, and all her spirits composed To meek submission: thou at season fit Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard, Chiefly what may concern her faith to know, The great deliverance by her seed to come, (For by the woman's seed,) on all mankind. That ye may live, which will be many days, Both in one faith unanimous, though sad With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill: Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked; And thus with words not sad she him received:

"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know:

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise, Which he hath sent propitious, some great good Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on; In me is no delay; with thee to go Is to stay here; without thee here to stay Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me Art all things under Heaven, all places thou, Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence. This further consolation yet secure I carry hence; though all by me is lost, Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed, By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh The Archangel stood, and from the other hill To their fixt station all in bright array The Cherubim descended; on the ground Gilding meteorous, as evening mist Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel Homeward returning. High in front advanced The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,

And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the Gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them

The world was all before them, where to choose Their place of rest, and Providence their guide. They, hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow, Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAINED THE TEMPTATION OF KNOWLEDGE

BE famous then By wisdom: as thy empire must extend, So let extend thy mind o'er all the world In knowledge, all things in it comprehend: All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote; The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach To admiration, led by Nature's light; And with the Gentiles much thou must converse, Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; Without their learning how wilt thou with them, Or they with thee, hold conversation meet? How wilt thou reason with them? how refute Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes? Error by his own arms is best evinced. Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount, Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold Where on the Ægean shore a city stands Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil, Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts And eloquence, native to famous wits, Or hospitable, in her sweet recess, City or suburban, studious walks and shades: See there the olive grove of Academe, Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long; There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls His whispering stream; within the walls then view The schools of ancient sages; his who bred Great Alexander to subdue the world; Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next. There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power Of harmony in tones and numbers hit By voice or hand, and various-measured verse, Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes, And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,

Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd, Whose poem Phæbus challenged for his own. Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best Of moral prudence, with delight received. In brief sententious precepts, while they treat Of fate, and chance, and change in human life; High actions and high passions best describing. Thence to the famous Orators repair, Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence Wielded at will that fierce democraty, Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece, To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne: To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear, From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house Of Socrates; see there his tenement, Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools Of Academics old and new, with those Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home, Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight; These rules will render thee a king complete Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."

CHORUS FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES"

CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving To the spirits of just men long oppress'd, When God into the hands of their deliverer Puts invincible might To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor, The brute and boist'rous force of violent men Hardy and industrious to support Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue The righteous, and all such as honour truth: He all their ammunition And feats of war defeats, With plain heroic magnitude of mind And celestial vigour arm'd; Their armouries and magazines contemns, Renders them useless, while With winged expedition, Swift as the lightning glance, he executes His errand on the wicked, who surprised Lose their defence distracted and amazed.

SUCKLING

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been;
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

193 N

SUCKLING

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him!), 't would undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid;
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale;
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice, stole in and out, As if they fear'd the light; But oh, she dances such a way, No sun upon an Easter-day Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice;
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in sight;
And then she look'd as who should say,
"I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night."

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison—
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne pear
(The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin, Compared to that was next her chin (Some bee had stung it newly); But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face, I durst no more upon them gaze Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice, And all the waiters in a trice His summons did obey: Each serving-man, with dish in hand, March'd boldly up, like our train'd band, Presented, and away.

And are not spent a whit. . . .

When all the meat was on the table, What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that man should eat,
Nor was it there denied;
Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse, Healths first go round, and then the house: The bride's came thick and thick; And, when 't was named another's health,

Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance; Then sit again, and sigh, and glance; Then dance again and kiss; Thus several ways the time did pass, Whilst every woman wish'd her place, And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know;
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay
Like new-fall'n snow melting away
('Twas time, I trow, to part):
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
"God b'w'ye, with all my heart."...

SUCKLING. CARTWRIGHT. MONTROSE

A CONSTANT LOVER
OUT upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together:
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings Ere he shall discover In the whole wide world again Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
A dozen dozen in her place.

SONG

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day With all his borrow'd lights away,

Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves No absence can subsist with loves

That do partake of fair perfection; Since in the darkest night they may By love's quick motion find a way To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
O, think not then but love can do
As much; for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

SONG

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move;
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

CARTWRIGHT

TO VENUS

Venus, redress a wrong that's done
By that young sprightful boy, thy son:
He wounds, and then laughs at the sore:
Hatred itself can do no more.
If I pursue, he's small and light,
Both seen at once, and out of sight;
If I do fly, he's wing'd, and then
At the third step I'm caught again:
Lest one day thou thyself mayst suffer so,
Or clip the wanton's wings, or break his bow.

MONTROSE

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE
My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
'Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then, And constant of thy word, I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more,

BUTLER

SIR HUDIBRAS: HIS RELIGION

For his religion, it was fit To match his learning and his wit: 'Twas Presbyterian true blue, For he was of that stubborn crew Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true Church Militant: Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun; Decide all controversy by Infallible artillery; And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks; Call fire, and sword, and desolation, A godly-thorough-Reformation, Which always must be carried on, And still be doing, never done: As if religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended. A sect, whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies: In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss: More peevish, cross, and splenetic, Than dog distract, or monkey sick: That with more care keep holy-day The wrong, than others the right way: Compound for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to: Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worshipp'd God for spite. The self-same thing they will abhor One way, and long another for. Free-will they one way disavow, Another, nothing else allow. All piety consists therein In them, in other men all sin. Rather than fail, they will defy That which they love most tenderly; Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge; Fat pig and goose itself oppose, And blaspheme custard through the nose. The apostles of this fierce religion, Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon, To whom our knight, by fast instinct Of wit and temper, was so link'd, As if hypocrisy and nonsense Had got the advowson of his conscience.

HUDIBRAS IN THE STOCKS

Bur Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop To fortune, or be said to droop, Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse, And sayings of philosophers. Quoth he, "The one half of man, his mind, Is Sui juris unconfined, And cannot be laid by the heels, Whate'er the other moiety feels. 'Tis not restraint or liberty That makes men prisoners or free; But perturbations that possess The mind, or equanimities. The whole world was not half so wide To Alexander when he cried, Because he had but one to subdue, As was a paltry narrow tub to Diogenes, who is not said (For ought that ever I could read) To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob Because he had ne'er another tub. The ancient make two several kinds Of prowess in heroic minds, The active and the passive valiant; Both which are pari libra gallant: For both to give blows and to carry, In fights are equinecessary; But in defeats, the passive stout Are always found to stand it out Most desp'rately, and to outdo The active, 'gainst a conquering foe. Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd: He that is valiant, and dares fight, Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't. Honour's a lease for lives to come, And cannot be extended from The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel, Not to be forfeited in battle. If he that in the field is slain, Be in the bed of Honour lain: He that is beaten may be said To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. For as we see the eclipsed sun By mortals is more gazed upon, Than when adorn'd with all his light He shines in serene sky most bright: So valour in a low estate Is most admired and wonder'd at.

CRASHAW

WISHES

To his (supposed) Mistress

WHOE'ER she be, That not impossible she, That shall command my heart and me;

CRASHAW

Where'er she lie, Lock'd up from mortal eye, In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our Earth;

Till that divine Idea take a shrine Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes, Bespeak her to my blisses, And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty, That owes not all its duty To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie;

Something more than Taffeta or tissue can Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the spoil Of shop, or silkworm's toil, Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best By its own beauty drest, And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up Out of no other shop, Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek, where youth And blood, with pen of truth, Write, what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek, where grows More than a morning rose: Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day A lover's kiss may play, Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear Jewels, but to declare How much themselves more precious are.

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.
Each ruby there

Or pearl that dare appear, Be its own blush, be its own tear. A well-tamed heart, For whose more noble smart Love may be long choosing a dart.

Full quivers on Love's bow; Yet pay less arrows than they owe. Smiles, that can warm The blood, yet teach a charm, That chastity shall take no harm.

Eyes that bestow

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joys, that confess Virtue their mistress, And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight As the coy bride's, when night First does the longing lover right.

Tears quickly fled, And vain as those are shed For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow No part of their good morrow From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite Of darkness, by the light Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they, Made short by lovers' play, Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life, that dares send A challenge to his end, And when it comes, say Welcome, Friend!

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours, Open suns, shady bowers; 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight Can make day's forehead bright, Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame Have Nature all the name, Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish, her store Of worth may leave her poor Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now if Time knows That Her, whose radiant brows Weave them a garland of my vows, Her, whose just bays My future hopes can raise, A trophy to her present praise; Her that dares be What these lines wish to see I seek no further, it is she. Tis she, and here Lo, I unclothe and clear My wishes' cloudy character. May she enjoy it, Whose merit dare apply it, But modestly dares still deny it. Such worth as this is Shall fix my flying wishes, And determine them to kisses. Let her full glory, My fancies, fly before ye; Be ye my fictions; but her story.

MUSIC'S DUEL

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat, Under protection of an oak, there sat A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood, (The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree, Their Muse, their Siren-harmless Siren she) There stood she listening, and did entertain The music's soft report, and mould the same In her own murmurs, that whatever mood His curious fingers lent, her voice made good. The man perceived his rival and her art; Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport, Awakes his lute, and, 'gainst the fight to come, Informs it, in a sweet præludium Of closer strains, and, ere the war begin, He lightly skirmishes on every string Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she Carves out her dainty voice as readily Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones, And reckons up in soft divisions Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know, By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing To their own dance; now negligently rash He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash Blends all together; then distinctly trips From this to that, then quick returning skips And snatches this again, and pauses there.

She measures every measure, everywhere Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt, Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out. Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note, Through the sleek passage of her open throat, A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it With tender accents, and severely joint it By short diminutives, that being rear'd In controverting warbles evenly shared, With her sweet self she wrangles. He, amazed That from so small a channel should be raised The torrent of a voice whose melody Could melt into such sweet variety, Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art The tattling strings (each breathing in his part), Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base In surly groans disdains the treble's grace; The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides, Until his finger (Moderator) hides And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all, Hoarse, shrill, at once, as when the trumpets call Hot Mars to the harvest of Death's field, and woo Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill, And folds in waved notes with a trembling bill The pliant series of her slippery song; Then starts she suddenly into a throng Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys And roll themselves over her lubric throat In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast, That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest Of her delicious soul, that there does lie Bathing in streams of liquid melody: Music's best seed-plot, when in ripen'd airs A golden-headed harvest fairly rears His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath, Which there reciprocally laboureth In that sweet soil; it seems a holy choir

Founded to the name of great Apollo's lyre: Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats In cream of morning Helicon, and then Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men, To woo them from their beds, still murmuring That men can sleep while they their matins sing: (Most divine service:) whose so early lay Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day. There might you hear her kindle her soft voice In the close murmur of a sparkling noise, And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song, Still keeping in the forward stream, so long, Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out) Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about, And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast, Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,

Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky
Wing'd with their own wild echoes prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird.
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so poured
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face: "Yet once again,
Mistress, I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy!"
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.
The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted,
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look

higher.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those paths of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humorous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses: now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single.
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he in-

Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus, (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swoln rhapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies; here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone;
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry

Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high In the Empyræum of pure Harmony. At length (after so long, so loud a strife Of all the strings, still breathing the best life Of blest variety, attending on His fingers' fairest revolution, In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall) A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this, And she (although her breath's late exercise Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat), Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note. Alas! in vain! for while, sweet soul, she tries To measure all those wild diversities Of chattering strings, by the small size of one Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone, She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies. She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize, Falling upon his lute: O fit to have (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE DEAD AND BURIED TOGETHER

To these, whom Death again did wed, This grave's their second marriage-bed; For though the hand of Fate could force "Twixt soul and body a divorce, It could not sunder man and wife, 'Cause they both lived but one life. Peace, good Reader, do not weep. Peace, the lovers are asleep. They, sweet turtles, folded lie In the last knot that Love could tie. And though they lie as they were dead, Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead: Pillow hard, and sheets not warm, Love made the bed: they'll take no harm; Let them sleep: let them sleep on, Till this stormy night be gone, And the eternal morrow dawn: Then the curtains will be drawn, And they wake into a light, Whose day shall never die in night.

A HYMN

TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA

Foundress of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation; for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman; who, yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord Of life and Death. To prove the word, We'll now appeal to none of all Those thy old soldiers, great and tall, Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down With strong arms their triumphant crown; Such as could with lusty breath Speak loud into the face of death Their great Lord's glorious name; to none Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat; And see him take a private seat, Making his mansion in the mild And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp the name Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame Life should so long play with that breath Which spent can buy so brave a death. She never undertook to know What death with love should have to do; Nor has she e'er yet understood Why, to show love, she should shed blood, Yet though she cannot tell you why, She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make A guilty sword blush for her sake; Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove How much less strong is death than love.

Be love but there; let poor six years
Be posed with the maturest fears
Man trembles at; you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.

Love touch'd her heart, and lo, it beats High, and burns with such brave heats, Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up A thousand cold deaths in one cup. Good reason: for she breathes all fire. Her [weak] breast heaves with strong desire Of what she may with fruitless wishes Seek for amongst her mother's kisses,

Since 'tis not to be had at home, She'll travel to a martyrdom. No home for hers confesses she But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moors, and trade with them For this unvalued diadem. She'll offer them her dearest breath, With Christ's name in't, in change for death. She'll bargain with them; and will give 'Them God; teach them how to live In Him; or, if they this deny, For Him she'll teach them how to die. So shall she leave amongst them sown Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world! Adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys,
(Never till now esteemed toys),
Farewell, whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms or father's knee!

Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors, and martyrdom.
Sweet, not so fast! Lo, thy fair Spouse,
Whom thou seekst with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
To embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powers forbid, thy tender life Should bleed upon a barbarous knife; Or some base hand have power to rase Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase A soul kept there so sweet; oh, no, Wise Heaven will never have it so. Thou art Love's victim: and must die A death more mystical and high. Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall A still-surviving funeral, His is the dart must make the death Whose stroke shall taste thy hallow'd breath: A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name Upon the roof of Heaven; where ay It shines, and with a sovereign ray Beats bright upon the burning faces Of souls which in that name's sweet graces Find everlasting smiles. So rare, So spiritual, pure, and fair Must be the immortal instrument Upon whose choice point shall be sent A life so loved; and that there be Fit executioners for thee, The fair'st and first-born sons of fire, Blest Seraphim, shall leave their quire, And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain;
Of intolerable joys;
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain;
And lives, and dies; and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart Kiss the sweetly-killing dart! And close in his embraces keep Those delicious wounds, that weep Balsam to heal themselves with. When these thy deaths, so numerous, Shall all at last die into one, And melt thy soul's sweet mansion; Like a soft lump of incense, hasted By too hot a fire, and wasted Into perfuming clouds, so fast Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last In a resolving sigh, and then O what? Ask not the tongues of men. Angels cannot tell; suffice, Thyself shall feel thine own full joys,

And hold them fast for ever there. So soon as thou shalt first appear, The Moon of maiden stars, thy white Mistress, attended by such bright Souls as thy shining self, shall come, And in her first ranks make thee room; Where 'mongst her snowy family Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reveal'd Life shall stand And teach thy lips Heaven with His hand; On which thou now mayst to thy wishes Heap up thy consecrated kisses.

What joys shall seize thy soul, when She, Bending her blessed eyes on thee (Those second smiles of Heaven) shall dart Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,

Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee,
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live; and new
Dress the soul, that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown: sons of thy vows
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To Him; put on (He'll say) put on,
My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heaven keeps upon thy score. (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light
That kindled them to stars.) And so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go;

And wheresoe'er He sets His white Steps, walk with Him those ways of light Which who in death would live to see, Must learn in life to die like thee.

FROM "THE FLAMING HEART"

TO SAINT TERESA

O THOU undaunted daughter of desires! By all thy dower of lights and fires; By all the eagle in thee, all the dove; By all thy lives and deaths of love; By thy large draughts of intellectual day, And by thy thirsts of love more large than they; By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire, By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire; By the full kingdom of that final kiss That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His; By all the heavens thou hast in Him, Fair sister of the Seraphim! By all of Him we have in thee; Leave nothing of myself in me. Let me so read thy life, that I Unto all life of mine may die.

DENHAM

TO THE THAMES (From Cooper's Hill)

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream My great example, as it is my theme! Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull; Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

COWLEY

FROM THE ESSAY "OF SOLITUDE"

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food

And for their quiet nests and plenteous food Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great

Here Nature does a house for me erect, Nature, the wisest architect, Who those fond artists does despise

That can the fair and living trees neglect, Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying, Hear the soft winds, above me flying, With all their wanton boughs dispute, And the more tuneful birds to both replying,

Nor be myself too mute.

Metropolis above.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near, Gilt with the sunbeams here and there, On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,

And see how prettily they smile, and hear How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched, and too solitary, he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of't many a day

Unless he call in Sin or Vanity To help to bear't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind!
Which blest remain'd, till man did find
Even his own helper's company.

As soon as two, (alas!) together join'd, The serpent made up three.

[Though] God himself, through countless ages, thee His sole companion chose to be, Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,

Before the branchy head of Number's tree Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)

Dost break and tame the unruly heart,

Which else would know no settled pace,

Making it move, well-managed by thy art, With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd light Dost, like a burning-glass, unite, Dost multiply the feeble heat,

And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city,

If it were fit to laugh at misery:
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go And all the fools that crowd thee so, Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,

A village less than Islington wilt grow, A solitude almost.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Happy Insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymed.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.

Man for thee does sow and plough: Farmer he, and landlord thou! Thou dost innocently joy; Nor does thy luxury destroy; The shepherd gladly heareth thee, More harmonious than he. Thee country hinds with gladness hear, Prophet of the ripen'd year! Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire; Phæbus is himself thy sire. To thee of all things upon earth, Life is no longer than thy mirth. Happy insect, happy thou Dost neither age nor winter know; But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung Thy fill, the flowery leaves among, (Voluptuous, and wise withal, Epicurean animal!) Sated with thy summer feast, Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE WISH

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as Guardian-Angels are,

Only beloved, and loving me!
Oh, Fountains, when in you shall I

Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?

Oh Fields! Oh Woods! when, when shall I be made

The happy tagent of your shade?

The happy tenant of your shade? Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood; Where all the riches lie, that she

Has coin'd and stampt for good.
Pride and Ambition here

Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear; Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,

And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither From Heaven did always choose their way; And therefore we may boldly say,

That 'tis the way too thither. How happy here should I,

And one dear She live, and embracing die! She who is all the world, and can exclude

In deserts solitude.

COWLEY. LOVELACE. CHAMBERLAYNE

I should have then this only fear, Lest men, when they my pleasures see, Should hither throng to live like me, And so make a city here.

LOVELACE

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA: GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

CHAMBERLAYNE

A LOVE-LETTER

And now, each minute grown
A burthen to her thoughts that did defer
A nearer interview, the messenger
Arrives, and to her eager view presents
His master's letters: whose enclosed contents
Are now the object her expecting soul
Courts with desire, nor doth she long control
Their forward haste—a diamond being by
The messenger return'd, whose worth might vie
Price with an Indian fleet when it sails slow
With its glittering burthen. Though each word o'erflow

With joy, whilst her inquisitive discourse Was on this pleasing theme, time did enforce The page's swift departure; who, with all Affected epithets that love can call To gild invention, when it would express Things more sublime than mortal happiness, Is gone to carry his expecting lord What pleasure could, when rarified, afford. Whilst this sweet joy was only clothed in fresh Blossoms of hope, like souls ere mixt with flesh, She only by desire subsisted; but Now to her chamber come, and having shut The treacherous door, from the conjugal seal The white-lipp'd paper freed, doth soon reveal Love's golden embassies.—She reads, and by Each line transported to an ecstasy, In fancy's wild meanders lost the way She rashly enter'd; faint desire would stay At every word in amorous sighs to breathe A love-sick groan, but she is yet beneath The mount of joy, and must not rest until Her swift-paced eye had climb'd the flowery hill; Which now pass'd lightly o'er, with an intent Of a review, to its best ornament, His name, she comes; which whilst bathed in the

balm Of fragrant kisses, from joy's gentle calm She thus is startled—A redoubled groan, That sign of neighbouring sorrow, though unknown From whence, affrights her soul; but she too soon, Too sadly knows the cause. The height of noon Raged in reflected heat, when, walking in Those outer rooms, her father long had been In expectation of her sight; but not Finding her there, a golden slumber got The start of 's meditations: to comply With whose calm council, he did softly lie Down on a stately couch, whose glittering pride A curtain from the public view did hide. Where, having pluck'd from off the wing of Time Some of her softest down, the dews that climb In sleep to stop each ventricle, begin To steal a soft retreat: hovering within

His stretch'd-out limbs sleep's vapours lie; his hand Rubs from his eyes those leaden bolts that stand Over their heavy lids; which scarce was done, When first surprised Pharonnida begun To read her letter, and by that sad chance Betray her love. Passion strove to advance Her father from his lodging when he first Heard the discovery, but though anger thirst For swift revenge, yet policy persuades Him to hear further, ere his sight invades Her troop of pleasures. Whose thin squadrons broke By what she'd heard, before she could revoke Her vanquish'd spirits, that were fled to seek Protection in her heart, robbing her cheek Of all the blood to waft in; whilst she stands A burthen to her trembling legs, her hands Wringing each other's ivory joints, her bright Eyes scattering their distracted beams, the flight O' the curtain from her father's angry touch Discovers whence that groan, which caused so much Her wonder, came. Grief and amazement strives Awhile with love, which soon victorious drives Those pale guests from her cheeks; unto whose aid Her noble heart, secure from being betray'd By its own strength, did send a quick supply Of its warm blood; her conscience knows not why To fear, 'cause knows no guilt, nor could have been By love so virtuous e'er drawn near a sin. But as the evening blushes for the rude Winds of the ensuing day, so fortitude, Upon the lovely roses that did grow Within her face, a deeper dye bestow Than fear could e'er have done, and did presage The ensuing storm's exagitated rage.

MARVELL

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride In the ocean's bosom unespied, From a small boat that row'd along The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise That led us through the watery maze Unto an isle so long unknown, And yet far kinder than our own? Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks, That lift the deep upon their backs, He lands us on a grassy stage, Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage: He gave us this eternal Spring Which here enamels everything, And sends the fowls to us in care On daily visits through the air: He hangs in shades the orange bright, Like golden lamps in a green night, And does in the pomegranates close Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:

He makes the figs our mouths to meet, And throws the melons at our feet; But apples plants of such a price, No tree could ever bear them twice; With cedars chosen by His hand From Lebanon, He stores the land; And makes the hollow seas that roar Proclaim the ambergris on shore; He cast (of which we rather boast) The Gospel's pearl upon our coast, And in these rocks for us did frame A temple where to sound His name, O, let our voice His praise exalt Till it arrive at Heaven's vault, Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat A holy and a cheerful note: And all the way, to guide their chime, With falling oars they kept the time.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE

COURACE, my Soul! Now learn to wield The weight of thine immortal shield; Close on thy head thy helmet bright; Balance thy sword against the fight; See where an army, strong as fair, With silken banners spreads the air! Now if thou be'st that thing divine, In this day's combat let it shine, And show that Nature wants an art To conquer one resolved heart.

Pleasure. Welcome the creation's guest
Lord of Earth, and Heaven's heir!
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share;
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Soul. I sup above, and cannot stay

To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure. On these downy pillows lie
Whose soft plumes will thither fly:
On these roses, strow'd so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul. My gentler rest is on a thought, Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure. If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show
Like another god below.

Soul. A soul that knows not to presume Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

MARVELL

Pleasure. Every thing does seem to vie,
Which should first attract thine eye:
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

Soul. When the Creator's skill is prized, The rest is all but earth disguised.

Pleasure. Hark, how Music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

Soul. Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease, tempter! None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

Chorus. Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new charges sound,
And if thou overcom'st, thou shalt be
crown'd.

Pleasure. All that's costly fair and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul. If things of sight such Heavens be, What Heavens are those we cannot see!

Pleasure. Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go,
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul. Were't not for price, who'd value gold?

And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure. Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

Soul. What friend, if to myself untrue? What slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure. Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
And see the future time;
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to Heaven climb.

Soul. None thither mounts by the degree Of knowledge, but humility.

Chorus. Triúmph, triúmph, victorious soul!

The world has not one pleasure more;

The rest does lie beyond the pole,

And is thine everlasting store.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

The wanton troopers riding by Have shot my fawn, and it will die. Ungentle men! they cannot thrive Who kill'd thee! Thou ne'er didst alive Them any harm, alas! nor could Thy death yet do them any good. I'm sure I never wish'd them ill; Nor do I for all this, nor will: But, if my simple prayers may yet Prevail with Heaven to forget Thy murder, I will join my tears, Rather than fail. But, O my fears! It cannot die so. Heaven's King Keeps register of everything, And nothing may we use in vain; Even beasts must be with justice slain, Else men are made their deodands. Though they should wash their guilty hands In this warm life-blood which doth part From thine, and wound me to the heart, Yet could they not be clean: their stain Is dyed in such a purple grain. There is not such another in The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled;
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know Whether it too might have done so As Sylvio did; his gifts might be Perhaps as false, or more, than he; But I am sure, for aught that I Could in so short a time espy, Thy love was far more better then The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first I it at my own fingers nursed; And as it grew, so every day It wax'd more white and sweet than they. It had so sweet a breath! And oft I blush'd to see its foot more soft And white, shall I say than my hand? Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet 'Twas on those little silver feet; With what a pretty skipping grace It oft would challenge me the race; And, when't had left me far away, 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay; For it was nimbler much than hinds, And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own, But so with roses overgrown, And lilies, that you would it guess To be a little wilderness; And all the spring-time of the year It only loved to be there. Among the beds of lilies I Have sought it oft, where it should lie, Yet could not, till itself would rise, Find it, although before mine eyes; For, in the flaxen lilies' shade, It like a bank of lilies laid. Upon the roses it would feed, Until its lips e'en seem to bleed, And then to me 'twould boldly trip, And print those roses on my lip. But all its chief delight was still On roses thus itself to fill, And its pure virgin limbs to fold In whitest sheets of lilies cold: Had it lived long, it would have been Lilies without, roses within. . . .

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze To win the palm, the oak, or bays; And their incessant labours see Crown'd from some single herb, or tree, Whose short and narrow-verged shade Does prudently their toils upbraid; While all the flowers and trees do close, To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here, And Innocence thy sister dear? Mistaken long, I sought you then In busy companies of men. Your sacred plants, if here below, Only among the plants will grow: Society is all but rude To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen So amorous as this lovely green. Fond lovers, cruel as their flame, Cut in these trees their mistress' name: Little, alas! they know or heed How far these beauties hers exceed! Fair trees! wheresoe'er your bark I wound, No name shall but your own be found. When we have run our passions' heat, Love hither makes his best retreat. The gods, that mortal beauty chase, Still in a tree,did end their race; Apollo hunted Daphne so, Only that she might laurel grow; And Pan did after Syrinx speed Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead! Ripe apples drop about my head; The luscious clusters of the vine Upon my mouth do crush their wine; The nectarine and curious peach Into my hands themselves do reach; Stumbling on melons, as I pass, Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less, Withdraws into its happiness; The mind, that ocean where each kind Does straight its own resemblance find; Yet it creates, transcending these, Far other worlds, and other seas; Annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot, Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide; There, like a bird, it sits and sings, Then whets and combs its silver wings, And, till prepared for longer flight, Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time, This coyness, Lady, were no crime; We would sit down and think which way To walk, and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide Of Humber would complain. I would Love you ten years before the Flood, And you should, if you please, refuse Till the conversion of the Jews; My vegetable love should grow Vaster than empires, and more slow; An hundred years should go to praise Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze; Two hundred to adore each breast, But thirty thousand to the rest; An age at least to every part, And the last age should show your heart. For, Lady, you deserve this state, Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue Sits on thy skin like morning dew, And while thy willing soul transpires At every pore with instant fires, Now let us sport us while we may, And now, like amorous birds of prey, Rather at once our time devour Than languish in his slow-chapt power. Let us roll all our strength and all Our sweetness up into one ball, And tear our pleasures with rough strife Thorough the iron gates of life; Thus, though we cannot make our sun Stand still, yet we will make him run,

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear Must now forsake his Muses dear, Nor in the shadows sing His numbers languishing:

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, And oil the unused armour's rust, Removing from the wall The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease In the inglorious arts of peace, But through adventurous war Urgèd his active star; And like the three-fork'd lightning, first Breaking the clouds where it was nurst, Did thorough his own side His fiery way divide:

(For 'tis all one to courage high, The emulous, or enemy; And with such, to enclose Is more than to oppose;)

Then burning through the air he went, And palaces and temples rent; And Cæsar's head at last Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame The face of angry Heaven's flame; And if we would speak true, Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where He lived reserved and austere (As if his highest plot To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb To ruin the great work of time, And cast thy kingdoms old Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain, And plead the ancient rights in vain; (But those do hold or break As men are strong or weak.)

Nature, that hateth emptiness, Allows of penetration less, And therefore must make room Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war, Where his were not the deepest scar? And Hampton shows what part He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope He wove a net of such a scope That Charles himself might chase To Caresbrooke's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne, The tragic scaffold might adorn: While round the armed bands Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean Upon that memorable scene, But with his keener eye The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite, To vindicate his helpless right; But bow'd his comely head Down, 2s upon 2 bed.

MARVELL. VAUGHAN

This was that memorable hour Which first assured the forced power: So, when they did design The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun, Did fright the architects to run; And yet in that the State Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best, And have, though overcome, confest How good he is, how just And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command, But still in the republic's hand— How fit he is to sway That can so well obey!—

He to the Commons' feet presents A kingdom for his first year's rents, And, what he may, forbears His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt To lay them at the public's skirt: So, when the falcon high Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search But on the next green bough to perch; Where, when he first does lure, The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume While victory his crest does plume? What may not others fear, If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul, To Italy an Hannibal, And to all States not free Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find Within his particolour'd mind, But from his valour sad Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy, if in the tufted brake The English hunter him mistake, Nor lay his hounds in near The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son, March indefatigably on; And for the last effect, Still keep the sword erect; Besides the force it has to fright The spirits of the shady night, The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain.

VAUGHAN

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I Shined in my angel-infancy! Before I understood this place Appointed for my second race, Or taught my soul to fancy ought But a white celestial thought: When yet I had not walk'd above A mile or two from my first Love, And looking back—at that short space— Could see a glimpse of His bright face: When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r, My gazing soul would dwell an hour, And in those weaker glories spy Some shadows of eternity: Before I taught my tongue to wound My conscience with a sinful sound, Or had the black art to dispense A several sin to every sense, But felt through all this fleshly dress Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE DAWNING

AH! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry
"The Bridegroom's coming!" fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light

Break at midnight

Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours

Unlock Thy bowers?

And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternity?

Indeed, it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield;

VAUGHAN

The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O, at what time soever Thou, Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow, And with Thy angels in the van Descend to judge poor careless man, Grant I may not like puddle lie In a corrupt security, Where, if a traveller water crave, He finds it dead, and in a grave; But at this restless, vocal spring All day and night doth run and sing, And though here born, yet is acquainted Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted; So let me all my busy age In Thy free services engage: And though-while here-of force I must Have commerce sometimes with poor dust, And in my flesh, though vile and low, As this doth in her channel flow, Yet let my course, my aim, my love, And chief acquaintance be above; So when that day and hour shall come, In which Thyself will be the Sun, Thou'lt find me dress'd and on my way, Watching the break of Thy great day.

MAN

Weighting the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,

Early as well as late,

Rise with the sun and set in the same bowers;

I would—said I—my God would give 'The staidness of these things to man! for these To His divine appointments ever cleave,

And no new business breaks their peace; The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine; The flowers without clothes live,

Yet Solomon was never dress'd so fine.

Man hath still either toys, or care; He hath no root, nor to one place is tied, But ever restless and irregular

About this Earth doth run and ride. He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows

where; He says it is so far,

That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light!

And I alone sit ling'ring here;

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just, Shining nowhere, but in the dark; What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know

At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,

She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

COTTON

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND, MR. IZAAK WALTON

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime, Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar, We pass away the roughest time

Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks The chillest blasts our peace invade,

And by great rains our smallest brooks Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved Of this dead quarter of the year,

That even you, so much beloved, We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is

Some comfort to us to suppose, That in a better clime than this

You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,

Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile.

And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,

We'll recompense an age of these Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two, Perhaps a week, wherein to try, What the best master's hand can do

What the best master's hand can do With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam, A warm, but not a scorching sun,

A southern gale to curl the stream, And, Master! half our work is done.

And, Master! half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait

The scaly people to betray,

We'll prove it just with treacherous bait To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour Happier than those, though not so high,

Who, like leviathans, devour Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This (my best friend) at my poor home Shall be our pastime and our theme: But then should you not deign to come

You make all this a flattering dream.

DRYDEN

FROM "ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL"
LORD SHAFTESBURY

Or these the false Achitophel was first, A name to all succeeding ages curst: For close designs and crooked counsels fit, Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,

Restless, unfixt in principles and place, In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace: A fiery soul, which, working out its way, Fretted the pigmy body to decay And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. A daring pilot in extremity, Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high, He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit, Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit. Great wits are sure to madness near allied And thin partitions do their bounds divide; Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest, Refuse his age the needful hours of rest? Punish a body which he could not please, Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease? And all to leave what with his toil he won To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son, Got, while his soul did huddled notions try, And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy. In friendship false, implacable in hate, Resolved to ruin or to rule the state: To compass this the triple bond he broke, The pillars of the public safety shook, And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke; Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame, Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name, So easy still it proves in factious times With public zeal to cancel private crimes: How safe is treason and how sacred ill, Where none can sin against the people's will, Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known, Since in another's guilt they find their own. Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge; The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge. In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin With more discerning eyes or hands more clean, Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress, Swift of despatch and easy of access. Oh! had he been content to serve the crown With virtues only proper to the gown, Or had the rankness of the soil been freed From cockle that oppress'd the noble seed, David for him his tuneful harp had strung And Heaven had wanted one immortal song But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand, And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land. Achitophel, grown weary to possess A lawful fame and lazy happiness, Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree. Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since, He stood at bold defiance with his Prince, Held up the buckler of the people's cause Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws. The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes; Some circumstances finds, but more he makes; By buzzing emissaries fills the ears Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears

Of arbitrary counsels brought to light, And proves the King himself a Jebusite. Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well Were strong with people easy to rebel. For govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews Tread the same track when she the prime renews: And once in twenty years their scribes record, By natural instinct they change their lord. Achitophel still wants a chief, and none Was found so fit as warlike Absalon. Not that he wish'd his greatness to create, For politicians neither love nor hate; But, for he knew his title not allow'd Would keep him still depending on the crowd, That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM Some of their chiefs were princes of the land; In the first rank of these did Zimri stand. A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome: Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong, Was everything by starts and nothing long: But in the course of one revolving moon Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon; Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking. Blest madman, who could every hour employ With something new to wish, or to enjoy! Railing and praising were his usual themes, And both (to show his judgement) in extremes: So over violent, or over civil, That every man, with him, was God or Devil. In squandering wealth was his peculiar art: Nothing went unrewarded but desert. Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late, He had his jest, and they had his estate. He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief: For spite of him, the weight of business fell On Absalom and wise Achitophel; Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft, He left not faction, but of that was left.

FROM "MAC FLECKNOE; OR A SATIRE ON THE TRUE-BLUE-PROTESTANT POET, T. s."

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey:
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;

And pondering which of all his sons was fit To reign, and wage immortal war with wit, Cried, 'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads that he Should only rule, who most resembles me: Sh--- alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dullness from his tender years: Sh—alone of all my sons is he, Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity. The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Sh-never deviates into sense. Some beams of wit on other souls may fall, Strike through and make a lucid interval; But Sh-'s genuine night admits no ray, His rising fogs prevail upon the day: Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty: Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain, And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign. . . .

FROM "RELIGIO LAICI" REASON AND RELIGION

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way, But guide us upward to a better day. And as those nightly tapers disappear When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere, So pale grows reason at religion's sight; So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH What then remains, but, waiving each extreme, The tides of ignorance and pride to stem? Neither so rich a treasure to forgo; Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know: Faith is not built on disquisitions vain; The things we must believe, are few and plain: But since men will believe more than they need, And every man will make himself a creed, In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way To learn what unsuspected ancients say: For 'tis not likely we should higher soar In search of Heaven than all the Church before: Nor can we be deceived, unless we see The Scripture and the Fathers disagree. If, after all, they stand suspected still, (For no man's faith depends upon his will;) 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known Without much hazard may be let alone: And after hearing what our Church can say, If still our reason runs another way, That private reason 'tis more just to curb, Than by disputes the public peace disturb. For points obscure are of small use to learn: But common quiet is mankind's concern.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

November 22, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began: When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head, The tuneful voice was heard from high,

"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony, This universal frame began;

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran, The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour Excites us to arms, With shrill notes of anger,

And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute, In dying notes, discovers The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim

Their jealous pangs and desperation, Fury, frantic indignation, Depth of pains, and height of passion, For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,

Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

THEODORE AND HONORIA

Or all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd Ravenna stands:
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,

And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness loved a dame, Of high degree, Honoria was her name; Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind, And fiercer than became so soft a kind; Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;) The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone. His gifts, his constant courtship nothing gain'd; For she, the more he loved, the more disdain'd: He lived with all the pomp he could devise, At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize, But found no favour in his lady's eyes: Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid Turn'd all to poison that he did or said: Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move; The work went backward; and the more he strove To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest;
The less he hoped, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.

Change was the next, but change deceived his care: He sought a fairer, but found none so fair. He would have worn her out by slow degrees, As men by fasting starve the untamed disease: But present love required a present ease. Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes, Feeds lingering death; but, looking not, he dies. Yet still he chose the longest way to fate, Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain, For what advice can ease a lover's pain? Absence, the best expedient they could find, Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind: This means they long proposed, but little gain'd, Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was, to give consent, But, struggling with his own desires, he went; With large expense, and with a pompous train, Provided, as to visit France or Spain, Or for some distant voyage o'er the main. But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short, Confined within the purlieus of his court: Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat; His travels ended at his country-seat: To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way, There pitch'd his tents, and there resolved to stay.

The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove

Supplied with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharged his friends; but not the
expense

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence. He lived as kings retire, though more at large, From public business, yet with equal charge; With house and heart still open to receive; As well content, as love would give him leave: He would have lived more free; but many a guest, Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led, Before his usual hour he left his bed, To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood On every side surrounded by the wood: Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind, And sought the deepest solitude to find: Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd; The winds within the quivering branches play'd, And dancing trees a mournful music made. The place itself was suiting to his care, Uncouth and savage as the cruel fair. He wander'd on, unknowing where he went, Lost in the wood, and all on love intent: The day already half his race had run, And summon'd him to due repast at noon, But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood, More than a mile immersed within the wood, At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground: With deeper brown the grove was overspread; A sudden horror seized his giddy head, And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled. Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye: Unused to fear, he summon'd all his soul, And stood collected in himself, and whole: Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around, And from afar he heard a screaming sound, As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid, And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood, With briers and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood: From thence the noise: which now approaching near With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear: He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid, With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade: Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd. Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn, With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn: Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued, And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbrued: Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side; "Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!" she ran, and cried; When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again, Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase; With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd, And in his hands a naked sword he held: He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled, And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action roused his manly mind:
Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolved to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The Knight came thundering on, but from afar Thus in imperious tone forbad the war: "Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief, Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief; But give me leave to seize my destined prey, And let eternal justice take the way: I but revenge my fate; disdain'd, betray'd, And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed.
Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, "Whate'er," said he,
"Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied."
The Spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:

"Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim, And Guido Cavalcanti was my name. One common sire our fathers did beget, My name and story some remember yet: Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid, When for my sins I loved this haughty maid; Not less adored in life, nor served by me, Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee. What did I not, her stubborn heart to gain? But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:

She scorn'd my sorrows, and despised my pain. Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care ; Then loathing life, and plunged in deep despair, To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid, And as in unrepenting sin she died,

Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her

pride;

Because she deem'd I well deserved to die. And made a merit of her cruelty. There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast, And this irrevocable sentence pass'd; That she whom I so long pursued in vain, Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain: Renew'd to life, that she might daily die, I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly; No more a lover but a mortal foe, I seek her life (for love is none below:) As often as my dogs with better speed Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed: Then with this fatal sword on which I died, I pierce her open'd back or tender side, And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast, Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a

Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain. Springs up to life, and, fresh to second pain, Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain."

This, versed in death, the infernal Knight relates, And then for proof fulfill'd their common fates: Her heart and bowels through her back he drew, And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue. Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will, Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill. And now the soul expiring through the wound Had left the body breathless on the ground, When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again: "Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain: As many months as I sustain'd her hate, So many years is she condemn'd by fate To daily death; and every several place Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace, Must witness her just punishment; and be A scene of triumph and revenge to me. As in this grove I took my last Farewell, As on this very spot of earth I fell, As Friday saw me die, so she my prey Becomes even here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound, And unconcern'd for all she felt before, Precipitates her flight along the shore: The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood, Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food; The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace, And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe And stupid at the wondrous things he saw, Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law. He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake, But dreams, he knew, no long impression make, Though strong at first; if vision, to what end, But such as must his future state portend? His love the damsel, and himself the fiend. But yet reflecting that it could not be From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree, Resolved within himself to shun the snare Which Hell for his destruction did prepare: And as his better genius should direct, From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspired from Heaven he homeward took his way, Nor pall'd his new design with long delay; But of his train a trusty servant sent, To call his friends together at his tent. They came, and, usual salutations paid, With words premeditated thus he said: "What you have often counsell'd, to remove My vain pursuit of unregarded love, By thrift my sinking fortune to repair, Though late, yet is at last become my care: My heart shall be my own; my vast expense Reduced to bounds, by timely providence: This only I require; invite for me Honoria, with her father's family, Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display On Friday next, for that's the appointed day."

Well pleased were all his friends, the task was

light:

The father, mother, daughter, they invite: Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast; But yet resolved, because it was the last. The day was come; the guests invited came, And, with the rest, the inexorable dame: A feast prepared with riotous expense, Much cost, more care, and most magnificence. The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove Where the revenging ghost pursued his love: The tables in a proud pavilion spread, With flowers below, and tissue overhead: The rest in rank; Honoria chief in place Was artfully contrived to set her face To front the thicket and behold the chase. The feast was served; the time so well forecast, That just when the dessert and fruits were placed, The fiend's alarm began: the hollow sound Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around, Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.

Nor long, before the loud laments arise Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries; And first the dame came rushing through the wood, And next the famish'd hounds that sought their

And griped her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in

Last came the felon on the sable steed, Arm'd with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to

She ran, and cried; her flight directly bent, (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment. Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,

The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast; The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;

The hunter close pursued the visionary maid, She rent the Heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right, Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly Sprite; High on his stirrups, he provoked the fight. Then on the crowd he cast a furious look, And wither'd all their strength before he strook: "Back on your lives; let be," said he, "my prey, And let my vengeance take the destined way. Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence, Against the eternal doom of Providence: Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd: Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find." At this the former tale again he told With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold: Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime, Nor needed to be warn'd a second time, But bore each other back; some knew the face, And all had heard the much lamented case Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now the infernal minister advanced, Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart, Drew backward, as before, the offending part. The reeking entrails next he tore away, And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey: The pale assistants on each other stared, With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared; The still-born sounds upon the palate hung, And died imperfect on the faltering tongue. The fright was general; but the female band (A helpless train) in more confusion stand; With horror shuddering, on a heap they run, Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;

For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye, A plump of fowl behold their foe on high; They close their trembling troop; and all attend On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event, And thought to her alone the vision sent. Her guilt presents to her distracted mind Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind, And the same fate to the same sin assign'd; Already sees herself the monster's prey, And feels her heart and entrails torn away. 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear; Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer;

The Knight, and hungry mastiffs stood around, The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground: When on a sudden reinspired with breath, Again she rose, again to suffer death: Nor stay'd the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stay'd, But follow'd, as before, the flying maid: The avenger took from earth the avenging sword, And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd: The clouds dispell'd, the sky resumed her light, And nature stood recover'd of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind, And horror heavy sat on every mind. Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast, But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast Some deep design, which when Honoria view'd, The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd: She thought herself the trembling dame who fled, And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infernal

steed:

The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew, Their courteous host saluting all the crew Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor graced with kind

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind, The downfall of her empire she divined; And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined. Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd Of the relentless dame to death pursued, And of the sight obscene so lately view'd; None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore, Ev'n they who pitied most yet blamed her more: The parallel they needed not to name, But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind, For still the Knight was present to her mind: And anxious oft she started on the way, And thought the Horseman-ghost came thundering

for his prey. Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,

But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast: Awaked, she turn'd her side; and slept again, The same black vapours mounted in her brain, And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forced to wake because afraid to sleep, Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind, And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind. Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace, Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace; Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd, Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd. Friday, the fatal day, when next it came, Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game, And her pursue, or Theodore be slain, And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind, That, desperate any succour else to find,

She ceased all further hope; and now began To make reflection on the unhappy man. Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved, Proof to disdain; and not to be removed: Of all the men respected and admired, Of all the dames, except herself, desired: Why not of her? Preferr'd above the rest By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd? So had another been, where he his vows address'd. This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd, That once disdaining she might be disdain'd: The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd, Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd: He took a lowering leave; but who can tell What outward hate might inward love conceal? Her sex's arts she knew, and why not then Might deep dissembling have a place in men? Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try, She fix'd on this her utmost remedy; Death was behind, but hard it was to die. Twas time enough at last on death to call; The precipice in sight, a shrub was all, That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, beloved above the rest: Secure of her, the secret she confess'd: And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd, She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd, But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd: With faults confess'd commission'd her to go, If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe. The welcome message made, was soon received; 'Twas what he wish'd, and hoped, but scarce believed; Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present, He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent, Should he delay the moment of consent. There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care The modesty of maidens well might spare;) But she with such a zeal the cause embraced, (As women where they will, are all in haste,) That father, mother, and the kin beside, Were overborne by fury of the tide: With full consent of all, she changed her state, Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware; More easy, less imperious, were the fair; And that one hunting which the devil design'd, For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free;
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
O, Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclite!

Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing!
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold Energy!
Thou strength of His almighty Hand,
Whose power does Heaven and Earth command:
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,

And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthy parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then, lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe; And peace, the fruit of love bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe: Give us Thyself, that we may see The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame, Attend the almighty Father's name: The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost Man's redemption died: And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

ROSCOMMON

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT Translated from Dies irae, dies illa THE day of wrath, that dreadful day, Shall the whole world in ashes lay, As David and the Sibyls say. What horror will invade the mind, When the strict Judge, who would be kind, Shall have few venial faults to find? The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound Shall through the rending tombs rebound, And wake the nations under ground. Nature and Death shall, with surprise, Behold the pale offender rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes. Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred mystic book be read, To try the living, and the dead. The Judge ascends his awful throne, He makes each secret sin be known, And all with shame confess their own. O then! what interest shall I make, To save my last important stake, When the most just have cause to quake .

ROSCOMMON. TRAHERNE. ETHEREGE

Thou mighty, formidable King, Thou mercy's unexhausted spring, Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost, Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost, In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not those agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt, too great to pay, Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose load my soul with anguish bears, I sigh, I weep: accept my tears.

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief, And, by absolving of the thief, Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer, Preserve me from that dangerous snare Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place Among thy chosen right-hand race, The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss, Where flames devour, and serpents hiss, Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend, My God, my Father, and my Friend; Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath, Who rise to a reviving death. Thou great Creator of mankind, Let guilty man compassion find.

TRAHERNE

WONDER

How like an angel came I down! How bright are all things here! When first among His works I did appear, O, how their glory me did crown! The world resembled His Eternity, In which my soul did walk, And every thing that I did see

Did with me talk.

In my esteem.

The skies in their magnificence, The lively, lovely air, O, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair! The stars did entertain my sense, And all the works of God, so bright and pure, So rich and great did seem, As if they ever must endure

A native health and innocence Within my bones did grow, And while my God did all His glories show. I felt a vigour in my sense

That was all spirit. I within did flow With seas of life, like wine; I nothing in the world did know

But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were conceal'd, Oppressions, tears, and cries, Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes Were hid, and only things reveal'd

Which heavenly spirits and the angels prize.

The state of innocence And bliss, not trades and poverties, Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones, The boys and girls were mine;

O, how did all their lovely faces shine! The sons of men were holy ones:

In joy and beauty they appear'd to me; And every thing which here I found,

While like an angel I did see, Adorn'd the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold In every place was seen;

Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white, and green, Mine eyes did everywhere behold.

Great wonders clothed with glory did appear;

Amazement was my bliss; That and my wealth was everywhere;

No joy to this! Curst and devised proprieties, With envy, avarice,

And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise, Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.

And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds: I dream'd not aught of those;

But wander'd over all men's grounds, And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine, And hedges ornaments;

Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents Did not divide my joys, but all combine.

Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces I esteem'd My joys by others worn:

For me they all to wear them seem'd, When I was born.

ETHEREGE

SONG

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes Love owes his chiefest victories, And borrows those bright arms from you With which he does the world subdue: Yet you yourselves are not above The empire nor the griefs of love.

ETHEREGE, BUCKHURST, SEDLEY

Then rack not lovers with disdain, Lest Love on you revenge their pain; You are not free because you're fair; The Boy did not his Mother spare. Beauty's but an offensive dart: It is no armour for the heart.

BUCKHURST

SONG

Written at sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the night before an Engagement

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind, And fill our empty brain, Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind To wave the azure main, Our paper, pen, and ink, and we Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

With a fa, &c.

The King with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue? We were undone when we left you. With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow And cast our hopes away; Whilst you, regardless of our woe, Sit careless at a play; Perhaps permit some happier man To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan. With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

SEDLEY

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit As unconcern'd as when Your infant beauty could beget No pleasure, nor no pain!

When I the dawn used to admire, And praised the coming day, I little thought the growing fire Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections press'd,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew, And Cupid at my heart Still, as his mother favour'd you, Threw a new flaming dart.

SEDLEY. ROCHESTER

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well At first disorder'd be; Since none alive can truly tell What fortune they might see.

SONG

Nor, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest:
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store, And still make love anew? When change itself can give no more, 'Tis easy to be true.

PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY

PHYLLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please:
If with a frown

If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling
And beguiling

Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find,
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet, the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free:
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

ROCHESTER

LOVE AND LIFE: A SONG
ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:

Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er, Whose images are kept in store By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not:
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

ABSENT FROM THEE I LANGUISH STILL

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, when I return?
The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire!

Lest once more wandering from that Heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest—
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup As Nestor used of old: Show all thy skill to trim it up; Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack Up to the swelling brim, Vast toasts on the delicious lake, Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek:
With war I've nought to do:
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell, Fix'd stars, or constellations: For I am no Sir Sidrophel, Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are; May Drink and Love still reign: With wine I wash away my cares, And then to love again.

CONSTANCY: A SONG
I CANNOT change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn:
Since that poor swain that sighs for you
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try:
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.
When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,

That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

The tears that vainly fall,

TO HIS MISTRESS

Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny The sunshine of the sun's enlivening eye? Without thy light what light remains in me? Thou art my life; my way, my light's in thee; I live, I move, and by thy beams I see. Thou art my life: if thou but turn away My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way: Without thee, Love, I travel not, but stray. My light thou art: without thy glorious sight My eyes are darken'd with eternal night. My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light. Thou art my way: I wander if thou fly. Thou art my light: if hid, how blind am I! Thou art my life: if thou withdraw'st, I die. My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see; To whom or whither should my darkness flee, But to that light? and who's that light but thee? If I have lost my path, dear lover, say, Shall I still wander in a doubtful way? Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray? My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray; I cannot go, nor can I safely stay; Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way? And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me! And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me! Speak, art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me? . . . Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye, The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely: If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay! See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray! O thou that art my life, my light, my way! Then work thy will!, If passion bid me flee, My reason shall obey, my wings shall be Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee.

FROM "A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND"

REASON, an ignis fatuus of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through Error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes:
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong

Into doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown Books bear him up a while, and make him try To swim with bladders of philosophy, In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light; The vapour dances in his dazzled sight, Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night. Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand, Lead him to death, and make him understand, After a search so painful, and so long, That all his life he has been in the wrong.

WALSH

RIVALS

Or all the torments, all the cares, With which our lives are curst; Of all the plagues a lover bears, Sure rivals are the worst. By partners in each other kind Afflictions easier grow; In love alone we hate to find Companions of our woe. Sylvia, for all the pangs you see Are labouring in my breast, I beg not you would favour me, Would you but slight the rest. How great soe'er your rigours are, With them alone I'll cope; I can endure my own despair, But not another's hope.

PRIOR

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY, FIVE YEARS OLD,
THE AUTHOR SUPPOSED FORTY

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.
My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame

For, though the strictest prudes should know it.

She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,

And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,

'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)

That I shall be past making love,

When she begins to comprehend it.

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure, Conveys it in a borrow'd name: Euphelia serves to grace my measure; But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay:
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gazed: I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

THE GARLAND

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My Love, my Life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee, tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers Pointing, the lovely moralist said: "See, friend, in some few fleeting hours, See yonder, what a change is made.

"Ah me! the blooming pride of May, And that of beauty, are but one: At morn both flourish bright and gay, Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At uight her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day, Such I, alas! may be to-morrow; Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow."

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS

VENUS, take my votive glass; Since I am not what I was, What from this day I shall be, Venus, let me never see.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgement at once, and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
Od's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

PRIOR. CONGREVE. LADY WINCHILSEA

The god of us verse-men, you know, Child, the

How after his journeys he sets up his rest: If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run, At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war, And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree: For thou art a girl so much brighter than her, As he was a poet sublimer than me.

AN EPITAPH

Stet quicunque volet potens Aulae culmine lubrico, &c. -SENECA.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan. While rolling threescore years and one Did round this globe their courses run; If human things went ill or well; If changing empires rose or fell; The morning past, the evening came, And found this couple still the same. They walk'd and eat, good folks: what then? Why then they walk'd and eat again: They soundly slept the night away; They did just nothing all the day; And having buried children four, Would not take pains to try for more: Nor sister either had, nor brother; They seem'd just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy Most perfectly they made agree: Each virtue kept its proper bound. Nor trespass'd on the other's ground. Nor fame, nor censure they regarded; They neither punish'd nor rewarded. He cared not what the footmen did; Her maids she neither praised nor chid; So every servant took his course; And bad at first, they all grew worse. Slothful disorder fill'd his stable; And sluttish plenty deck'd her table. Their beer was strong; their wine was port; Their meal was large; their grace was short. They gave the poor the remnant-meat, Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate, And took, but read not the receipt: For which they claim their Sunday's due, Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know; So never made themselves a foe. No man's good deeds did they commend; So never raised themselves a friend. Nor cherish'd they relations poor: That might decrease their present store; Nor barn nor house did they repair: That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded; They neither wanted nor abounded. Each Christmas they accompts did clear, And wound their bottom round the year. Nor tear nor smile did they employ At news of public grief, or joy. When bells were rung, and bonfires made, If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid; Their jug was to the ringers carried, Whoever either died, or married. Their billet at the fire was found, Whoever was deposed, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise; They would not learn, nor could advise: Without love, hatred, joy, or fear, They led—a kind of—as it were: Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd, nor cried: And so they lived, and so they died.

CONGREVE

AMORET

FAIR Amoret is gone astray:
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LADY WINCHILSEA

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings,
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right;
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,

Whence spring the woodbind and the bramble-rose, And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows, Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes, Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes, Where scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine, Show trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine, While Salisbury stands the test of every light, In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright; When odours, which declined repelling day, Through temperate air uninterrupted stray; When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear, And falling waters we distinctly hear; When through the gloom more venerable shows Some ancient fabric awful in repose; While sunburn'd hills their swarthy looks conceal, And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale; When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads, Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads, Whose stealing pace and lengthen'd shade we fear, Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear; When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food, And unmolested kine rechew the cud; When curlews cry beneath the village walls, And to her straggling brood the partridge calls; Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep, Which but endures whilst tyrant man doth sleep; When a sedate content the spirit feels, And no fierce light disturbs whilst it reveals; But silent musings urge the mind to seek Something too high for syllables to speak; Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd, Finding the elements of rage disarm'd, O'er all below a solemn quiet grown, loys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own; In such a night let me abroad remain, Till morning breaks and all's confused again; Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd, Our pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursued.

SWIFT

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST (On observing how most men mistake their own talents)

When beasts could speak (the learned say They still can do so every day,) It seems, they had religion then, As much as now we find in men. It happen'd, when a plague broke out, (Which therefore made them more devout,) The king of brutes (to make it plain, Of quadrupeds I only mean) By proclamation gave command, That every subject in the land Should to the priest confess their sins; And thus the pions Wolf begins: "Good father, I must own with shame, That often I have been to blame: I must confess, on Friday last, Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:

But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."

The Ass, approaching next, confess'd That in his heart he loved a jest: A wag he was, he needs must own, And could not let a dunce alone: Sometimes his friend he would not spare, And might perhaps be too severe; But yet the worst that could be said, He was a wit both born and bred; And if it be a sin and shame, Nature alone must bear the blame: One fault he has, is sorry for't, His ears are half a foot too short; Which could he to the standard bring, He'd show his face before the king; Then for his voice, there's none disputes That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd, His shape and beauty made him proud; In diet was perhaps too nice, But gluttony was ne'er his vice; In every turn of life content, And meekly took what fortune sent; Inquire through all the parish round, A better neighbour ne'er was found; His vigilance might some displease: 'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was grieved to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

The Goat advanced with decent pace,
And first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now:
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find, How just it suits with human kind. Some faults we own; but, can you guess?

—Why, virtue's carried to excess:

Wherewith our vanity endows us,

Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term;
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a place Without success, thus tells his case; Why should he longer mince the matter? He fail'd, because he could not flatter; He had not learn'd to turn his coat, Nor for a party give his vote; His crime he quickly understood: Too zealous for the nation's good: He found the ministers resent it, Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion:
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him, Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!) Call'd up at midnight, ran to save A blind old beggar from the grave; But see how Satan spreads his snares: He quite forgot to say his prayers. He cannot help it, for his heart, Sometimes to act the parson's part: Quotes from the Bible many a sentence, That moves his patients to repentance; And, when his medicines do no good, Supports their minds with heavenly food: At which, however well intended, He hears the clergy are offended; And grown so bold behind his back, To call him hypocrite and quack, In his own church he keeps a seat; Says grace before and after meat; And calls, without affecting airs, His household twice a day to prayers.

He shuns apothecaries' shops, And hates to cram the sick with slops; He scorns to make his art a trade; Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid; Old nurse-keepers would never hire, To recommend him to the squire; Which others, whom he will not name, Have often practised, to their shame.

The Statesman tells you, with a sneer, His fault is to be too sincere; And having no sinister ends, Is apt to disablige his friends, The nation's good, his master's glory, Without regard to Whig or Tory, Were all the schemes he had in view. Yet he was seconded by few: Though some had spread a thousand lies, Twas he defeated the excise. Twas known, though he had borne aspersion, That standing troops were his aversion: His practice was, in every station, To serve the king, and please the nation; Though hard to find in every case The fittest man to fill a place: His promises he ne'er forgot, But took memorials on the spot; His enemies, for want of charity, Said, he affected popularity: Tis true, the people understood That all he did was for their good; Their kind affections he has tried; No love is lost on either side. He came to court with fortune clear, Which now he runs out every year; Must, at the rate that he goes on, Inevitably be undone; O! if His Majesty would please To give him but a writ of ease, Would grant him licence to retire, As it has long been his desire, By fair accounts it would be found, He's poorer by ten thousand pound. He owns, and hopes it is no sin, He ne'er was partial to his kin; He thought it base for men in stations, To crowd the court with their relations. His country was his dearest mother, And every virtuous man his brother; Through modesty or awkward shame, (For which he owns himself to blame,) He found the wisest man he could, Without respect to friends or blood; Nor ever acts on private views, When he has liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play, Except to pass an hour away; And well he might; for, to his cost, By want of skill he always lost; He heard there was a club of cheats, Who had contrived a thousand feats; Could change the stock, or cog a die, And thus deceive the sharpest eye; Nor wonder how his fortune sunk: His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact, Besides, the tale is false, in fact; And so absurd, that could I raise up, From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop, I would accuse him to his face, For libelling the four-foot race. Creatures of every kind but ours Well comprehend their natural powers, While we, whom reason ought to sway, Mistake our talents every day. The Ass was never known so stupid, To act the part of Tray or Cupid; Nor leaps upon his master's lap, There to be stroked, and fed with pap, As Æsop would the world persuade; He better understands his trade; Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles, But carries loads, and feeds on thistles. Our author's meaning, I presume, is A creature bipes et implumis; Wherein the moralist design'd A compliment on human kind; For here he owns, that now and then Beasts may degenerate into men.

ADDISON

A HYMN

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. The unwearied Sun from day to day Does his Creator's power display; And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty Hand. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The Moon takes up the wondrous tale; And nightly to the listening Earth Repeats the story of her birth: Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole. What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though nor real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found? In Reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing as they shine "The Hand that made us is divine."

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM (From The Campaign)

Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was

That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved, Amidst confusion, horror, and despair, Examined all the dreadful scenes of war; In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd, To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid, Inspired repulsed battalions to engage, And taught the doubtful battle where to rage. So when an angel by divine command With rising tempests shakes a guilty land, Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past, Calm and serene he drives the furious blast; And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform, Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

PARNELL

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH
By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way;
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep you azure dyes the sky, Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie, While through their ranks in silver pride The nether crescent seems to glide! The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe, The lake is smooth and clear beneath, Where once again the spangled show Descends to meet our eyes below. The grounds which on the right aspire, In dimness from the view retire: The left presents a place of graves, Whose wall the silent water laves. That steeple guides thy doubtful sight Among the livid gleams of night. There pass, with melancholy state, By all the solemn heaps of fate, And think, as softly-sad you tread Above the venerable dead, Time was, like thee they life possest, And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves, with bending osier bound, That nameless heave the crumbled ground, Quick to the glancing thought disclose, Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name, The chisel's slender help to fame, (Which ere our set of friends decay Their frequent steps may wear away,) A middle race of mortals own, Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high, Whose dead in vaulted arches lie, Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones, Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones, These, all the poor remains of state, Adorn the rich, or praise the great; Who while on earth in fame they live, Are senseless of the fame they give.

Hah! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades, The bursting earth unveils the shades! All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds, They rise in visionary crowds, And all with sober accent cry, "Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply, How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

"Why then thy flowing sable stoles Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles, Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds, Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds, And plumes of black, that, as they tread, Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead? Nor can the parted body know, Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe. As men who long in prison dwell, With lamps that glimmer round the cell, Whene'er their suffering years are run, Spring forth to greet the glittering sun: Such joy, though far transcending sense, Have pious souls at parting hence. On earth and in the body placed, A few, and evil years they waste; But when their chains are cast aside, See the glad scene unfolding wide, Clap the glad wing, and tower away, And mingle with the blaze of day."

YOUNG

FROM SATIRE VI

Anxious Melania rises to my view, Who never thinks her lover pays his due: Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore—
Her Majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! That's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin:
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this because she's growinitaly fair:

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surprised to hear
She's quite deform'd! And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refined, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teased by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring, Thou shining, frail, adored, and wretched thing? Old age will come; disease may come before; Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore. Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay: But grant these fugitives prolong their stay, Their basis totters, their foundation shakes; Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks; Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine: The ground eternal, as the work divine.

GAY

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN

A BALLAD

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS

A FABLE

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name, Unless to one you stint the flame. The child, whom many fathers share, Hath seldom known a father's care. 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,

And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss, It grieves my heart to see thee thus; Be comforted, relief is near; For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high, Her languid head, her heavy eye: "My back," says he, "may do you harm; The Sheep's at hand, the wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd His sides a load of wool sustain'd; Said he was slow, confess'd his fears; For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares! She now the trotting Calf address'd.

She now the trotting Calf address'd, To save from death a friend distress'd. "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age, In this important care engage? Older and abler pass'd you by; How strong are those! How weak am I! Should I presume to bear you hence, Those friends of mine may take offence. Excuse me, then. You know my heart; But dearest friends, alas! must part. How shall we all lament! Adieu! For see, the hounds are just in view."

TICKELL

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd, And left her debt to Addison unpaid; Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan, And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own. What mourner ever felt poetic fires? Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires: Grief unaffected suits but ill with art, Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of

kings!

What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire!
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend;
Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!...

In what new region, to the just assign'd, What new employments please the unbodied mind? A winged Virtue, through the ethereal sky, From world to world unwearied does he fly? Or curious trace the long laborious maze Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering Angels gaze? Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell? Or, mix'd with milder Cherubim, to glow In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below? Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind-A task well suited to thy gentle mind? Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend, To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend! When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms, When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms, In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart, And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart; Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before, Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

RAMSAY

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING
MY Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gies me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,—
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
With innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

POPE

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John!" fatigued, I said:

"Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."
The Dog-star rages! Nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they

By land, by water, they renew the charge, They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. No place is sacred, not the church is free, Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his dar.

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws, Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause: Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong, The world had wanted many an idle song), What drop or nostrum can this plague remove? Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? A dire dilemma! Either way I'm sped:
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead. Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I! Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel—"Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends, Obliged by hunger, and request of friends: "The piece, you think, is incorrect? Why, take it, I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound, My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace, I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter Informs you, sir, 't was when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him! Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. "'Tis a stranger sues:
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll
print it,

And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with Lintot." Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too

much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, or retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring, (Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen) was forced to speak, or burst:
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! You deal in dangerous things.

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings: Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick, 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick? Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? Has poet yet, or peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake!—you'll

offend:

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend. I too could write, and I am twice as tall, But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all. Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, It is the slaver kills, and not the bite. A fool quite angry is quite innocent: Alas! 'its ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are who to my person pay their court: I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short; Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high; Such Ovid's nose; and, "Sir, you have an eye." Go on, obliging creatures, make me see All that disgraced my betters met in me. Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed, "Just so immortal Maro held his head;" And, when I die, be sure you let me know Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write; Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise, And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays; The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read, Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before) With open arms received one poet more. Happy my studies, when by these approved! Happier their author, when by these beloved! From these the world will judge of men and books, Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence While pure description held the place of sense? Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme, A painted mistress, or a purling stream. Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill; I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still. Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret; I never answer'd, I was not in debt. If want provoked, or madness made them print, I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad. If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod. Pains, reading, study are their just pretence, And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. Commas and points they set exactly right, And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite. Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds, From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds: Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables, Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim, Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name. Pretty, in amber to observe the forms Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too; Well might they rage, I gave them but their due. A man's true merit 't is not hard to find; But each man's secret standard is his mind. That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness, This, who can gratify? for who can guess? The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown, Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown, Just writes to make his barrenness appear, And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year; He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft, Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left: And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, Means not, but blunders round about a meaning: And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad, It is not poetry, but prose run mad: All these my modest satire bade translate, And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe! And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires; Blest with each talent, and each art to please, And born to write, converse, and live with ease: Should such a man, too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, And hate for arts that caused himself to rise; Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike; Alike reserved to blame, or to commend, A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend; Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged, And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged; Like Cato, give his little senate laws, And sit attentive to his own applause; While wits and Templars every sentence raise, And wonder with a foolish face of praise-Who but must laugh, if such a man there be? Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls, Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals? Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load, On wings of winds came flying all abroad? I sought no homage from the race that write; I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: Poems I heeded (now berimed so long) No more than thou, great George! a birthday song. I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days, To spread about the itch of verse and praise; Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, To fetch and carry sing-song up and down; Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried, With handkerchief and orange at my side; But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate, To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill, Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill; Fed with soft dedication all day long, Horace and he went hand in hand in song. His library (where busts of poets dead, And a true Pindar stood without a head) Received of wits an undistinguish'd race, Who first his judgement ask'd, and then a place; Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat, And flatter'd every day, and some days eat: Till grown more frugal in his riper days, He paid some bards with port, and some with praise; To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd, And others (harder still) he paid in kind. Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, Dryden alone escaped this judging eye: But still the great have kindness in reserve, He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill! May every Bavius have his Bufo still! So when a statesman wants a day's defence, Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense, Or simple pride for flattery makes demands, May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands! Blest be the great, for those they took away, And those they left me!—for they left me Gay; Left me to see neglected genius bloom, Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb: Of all thy blameless life the sole return My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! Was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? Or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift."—" Indeed? No

doubt,"

Cries prating Balbus, "something will come out:"
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow, That tends to make one worthy man my foe, Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear! But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace, Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress, Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about, Who writes a libel, or who copies out; That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name, Yet, absent, wounds an author's honest fame; Who can your merit selfishly approve, And show the sense of it without the love; Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend; Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say, And if he lie not, must at least betray; Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear, And see at Canons what was never there; Who reads, but with a lust to misapply, Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;-A lash like mine no honest man shall dread. But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? That thing of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet
squeaks;

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest:
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool, Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise, That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways: That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame, And thought a lie in verse or prose the same; That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, But stoop'd to truth, and moralised his song: That not for fame, but virtue's better end, He stood the furious foe, the timid friend, The damning critic, half-approving wit, The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had, The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad; The distant threats of vengeance on his head, The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed; The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown, The imputed trash, and dulness not his own; The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape, The libel'd person, and the pictured shape; Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread, A friend in exile, or a father dead; The whisper, that to greatness still too near, Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear-Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past: For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in every state
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer, Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; If on a pillory, or near a throne, He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit, Sappho can tell you how this man was bit: This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress: So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door, Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore. Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply? Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie; To please a mistress, one aspersed his life; He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife: Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill, And write whate'er he pleased, except his will; Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse His father, mother, body, soul, and muse. Yet why? That father held it for a rule It was a sin to call our neighbour fool: That harmless mother thought no wife a whore: Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! Unspotted names, and memorable long! If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause, While yet in Britain honour had applause)

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own, And better got, than Bestia's from the throne. Born to no pride, inheriting no strife, Nor marrying discord in a noble wife, Stranger to civil and religious rage, The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. No courts he saw, no suits would ever try, Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie. Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art, No language, but the language of the heart. By nature honest, by experience wise, Healthy by temperance, and by exercise, His life, though long, to sickness past unknown, His death was instant, and without a groan. O grant me thus to live, and thus to die! Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! May each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine!
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
friend.

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, And just as rich as when he served a Queen. A. Whether that blessing be denied or given, Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

ELOISA TO ABELARD ARGUMENT

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells, Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells, And ever-musing melancholy reigns; What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins? Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat? Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came, And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his loved Idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine. Nor foes nor fortune take this power away; And is my Abelard less kind than they? Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue; To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief; Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid, Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid; They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires, Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires, The virgin's wish without her fears impart, Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart, Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul, And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame, When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name; My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I loved a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said, Curse on all laws but those which Love has made? Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame, August her deed, and sacred be her fame; Before true passion all those views remove, Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? The jealous God, when we profane his fires, Those restless passions in revenge inspires, And bids them make mistaken mortals groan, Who seek in love for aught but love alone. Should at my feet the world's great master fall, Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all: Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove; No, make me mistress to the man I love; If there be yet another name more free, More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw, When love is liberty, and nature, law: All then is full, possessing, and possesst, No craving void left aching in the breast: Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part, And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart. This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be) And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.

I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest. Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day, When victims at you altar's foot we lay? Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell, When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale Heav'n scarce believed the Conquest it survey'd, And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made. Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you: Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call, And if I lose thy love, I lose my all. Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe; Those still at least are left thee to bestow. Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie, Still drink delicious poison from thy eye, Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd; Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest. Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, With other beauties charm my partial eyes, Full in my view set all the bright abode, And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care, Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer. From the false world in early youth they fled, By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led. You raised these hallow'd walls; the desert smiled, And Paradise was open'd in the Wild. No weeping orphan saw his father's stores Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors; No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n, Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heav'n: But such plain roofs as Piety could raise, And only vocal with the Maker's praise. In these lone walls (their days eternal bound) These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd, Where awful arches make a noon-day night, And the dim windows shed a solemn light; Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray, And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day. But now no face divine contentment wears, 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears. See how the force of others' pray'rs I try. (O pious fraud of amorous charity!) But why should I on others' pray'rs depend? Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend! Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move, And all those tender names in one, thy love! The darksome pines that o'er you rocks reclined Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind, The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills, The grots that echo to the tinkling rills, The dying gales that pant upon the trees, The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; No more these scenes my meditation aid, Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves, Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves, Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws A death-like silence, and a dead repose: Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene, Shades every flow'r, and darkens every green, Deepens the murmur of the falling floods, And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay; Sad proof how well a lover can obey! Death, only death, can break the lasting chain; And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain, Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain, Confess'd within the slave of love and man. Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that prayer? Sprung it from piety, or from despair? Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires, Love finds an altar for forbidden fires. I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought; I mourn the lover, not lament the fault; I view my crime, but kindle at the view, Repent old pleasures, and solicit new; Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence, Now think of thee, and curse my innocence. Of all affliction taught a lover yet, 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense, And love the offender, yet detest the offence? How the dear object from the crime remove, Or how distinguish penitence from love? Unequal task! a passion to resign, For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine. Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state, How often must it love, how often hate! How often hope, despair, resent, regret, Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget. But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fired; Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired! Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue, Renounce my love, my life, myself-and you. Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot? The world forgetting, by the world forget: Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind! Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd; Labour and rest, that equal periods keep; "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;" Desires composed, affections ever even; Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven. Grace shines around her with serenest beams, And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams. For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms, And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes, For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring, For her white virgins Hymenaeals sing,

To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away, And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ, Far other raptures, of unholy joy: When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away, Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free, All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee. O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night! How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! Provoking Daemons all restraint remove, And stir within me every source of love. I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms, And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms. I wake :- no more I hear, no more I view, The phantom flies me, as unkind as you. I call aloud; it hears not what I say: I stretch my empty arms; it glides away. To dream once more I close my willing eyes; Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe, Where round some mouldering tow'r pale ivy creeps, And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps. Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise. I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find, And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose; No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows. Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow, Or moving spirit bade the waters flow; Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, And mild as opening gleams of promised heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread? The torch of Venus burns not for the dead. Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves; Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view? The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue, Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes. I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee, Thy image steals between my God and me, Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear, With every bead I drop too soft a tear. When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll, And swelling organs lift the rising soul, One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight, Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight: In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie, Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye, While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! oh virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses every fear:

For God, not man, absolves our frailties here." I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers, Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers. Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go, Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow: Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay, And smooth my passage to the realms of day; See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll, Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul! Ah no-in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand, Present the Cross before my lifted eye, Teach me at once, and learn of me to die. Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see! It will be then no crime to gaze on me. See from my cheek the transient roses fly! See the last sparkle languish in my eye! Till every motion, pulse and breath be o'er; And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more. O Death all-eloquent! you only prove What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy, (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy) In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd, Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round, From opening skies may streaming glories shine, And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name, And graft my love immortal on thy fame! Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, When this rebellious heart shall beat no more; If ever chance two wandering lovers brings To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs, O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads, And drink the falling tears each other sheds; Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved, "Oh may we never love as these have loved!" From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise, And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice, Amid that scene if some relenting eye Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie, Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n, One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n. And sure if fate some future bard shall join In sad similitude of griefs to mine, Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore, And image charms he must behold no more; Such if there be, who loves so long, so well; Let him our sad, our tender story tell; The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost; He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

CAREY

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley. There is no lady in the land Is half so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

CAREY. THOMSON

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

THOMSON

SPRING SONGSTERS

Up springs the lark Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn: Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads Of the coy quiristers that lodge within, Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng Superior heard, run through the sweetest length Of notes, when listening Philomela deigns To let them joy, and purposes, in thought Elate, to make her night excel their day. The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake, The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove; Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these, Innumerous songsters in the freshening shade Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix

Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes A melancholy murmur through the whole.

THE SNOWSTORM

THE keener tempests come: and fuming dun From all the livid east or piercing north, Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd. Heavy they roll their fleecy world along, And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm. Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends, At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields Put on their winter-robe of purest white. 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts Along the mazy current. Low the woods Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun Faint from the west emits his evening ray, Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill, Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven, Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around The winnowing store, and claim the little boon Which Providence assigns them. One alone, The redbreast, sacred to the household gods, Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky, In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man His annual visit. Half afraid, he first Against the window beats; then brisk alights On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor, Eyes all the smiling family askance, And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is-Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare, Though timorous of heart, and hard beset By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs, And more unpitying men, the garden seeks, Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth, With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed, Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

THOMSON. DYER. JOHNSON

The nations not so blest as thee Must in their turns to tyrants fall: While thou shalt flourish great and free, The dread and envy of them all. Still more majestic shalt thou rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke: As the loud blast that tears the skies Serves but to root thy native oak. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to bend thee down Will but arouse thy generous flame, But work their woe and thy renown, To thee belongs the rural reign; Thy cities shall with commerce shine; All thine shall be the subject main. And every shore it circles, thine. The Muses, still with freedom found, Shall to thy happy coast repair: Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd, And manly hearts to guard the fair. Rule, Britannia, rule the waves, Britons never will be slaves.

DYER

FROM "GRONGAR HILL"

Now, I gain the mountain's brow; What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies; Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires; Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads, Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise, Beautiful in various dyes: The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, The yellow beech, the sable yew, The slender fir, that taper grows, The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs; And beyond the purple grove, Haunt of Phillis, queen of love, Gaudy as the opening dawn, Lies a long and level lawn, On which a dark hill, steep and high, Holds and charms the wandering eye. Deep are his feet in Towy's flood, His sides are clothed with waving wood, And ancient towers crown his brow, That cast an awful look below;

Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps; So both a safety from the wind On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode; 'Tis now the apartment of the toad: And there the fox securely feeds; And there the poisonous adder breeds, Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds; While, ever and anon, there falls Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls. Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low, And level lays the lofty brow,-Has seen this broken pile complete, Big with the vanity of state; But transient is the smile of fate! A little rule, a little sway, A sunbeam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave. . . .

Be full, ye courts, be great who will; Search for Peace with all your skill; Open wide the lofty door, Seek her on the marble floor: In vain ye search, she is not there; In vain ye search the domes of Care! Grass and flowers Quiet treads, On the meads, and mountain-heads, Along with Pleasure, close allied, Ever by each other's side: And often, by the murmuring rill, Hears the thrush, while all is still, Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

FROM "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES"

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL, IMITATED In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand, Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand: To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign, Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine, Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows, His smile alone security bestows: Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r: Till conquest unresisted ceased to please, And rights submitted left him none to seize. At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye, His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly: Now drops at once the pride of awful state, The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate, The regal palace, the luxurious board, The liveried army, and the menial lord. With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd, He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings, And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. . . .

When first the college rolls receive his name, The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame; Thro' all his veins the fever of renown Burns from the strong contagion of the gown: O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread, And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth, And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth! Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat Till captive Science yields her last retreat; Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, And pour on misty Doubt resistless day; Should no false kindness lure to loose delight, Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright; Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain, And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain; Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart, Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart; Should no disease thy torpid veins invade, Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade; Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee. Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause awhile from letters to be wise; There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. See nations, slowly wise and meanly just, To buried merit raise the tardy bust. If dreams yet flatter, once again attend, Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end. . . .

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride, How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide. A frame of adamant, a soul of fire, No dangers fright him, and no labours tire; O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain; No joys to him pacific sceptres yield, War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field. Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine, And one capitulate, and one resign:

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:

"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend? Did no subverted empire mark his end? Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound? Or hostile millions press him to the ground? His fall was destined to a barren strand, A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; He left the name at which the world grew pale, To point a moral, or adorn a tale. . . .

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!" In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays: Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know That life protracted is protracted woe. Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy, And shuts up all the passages of joy: In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour, The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r: With listless eyes the dotard views the store, He views, and wonders that they please no more; Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines, And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns. Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain, Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain: No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear, Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near; Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend, Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend. But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue. Perversely grave, or positively wrong; The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest, Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest, While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer, And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear: The watchful guests still hint the last offence, The daughter's petulance, the son's expense; Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill. And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains:
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. . . .

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ? Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind? Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise, No cries invoke the mercies of the skies? Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain, Which Heav'n may hear: nor deem religion vain Still raise for good the supplicating voice, But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice. Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar The secret ambush of a specious pray'r, Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind, And makes the happiness she does not find.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET, A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year, See Levet to the grave descend, Officious, innocent, sincere, Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye Obscurely wise and coarsely kind; Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay, No petty gain disdain'd by pride; The modest wants of every day The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round, Nor made a pause, nor left a void; And sure the Eternal Master found The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

R. GLOVER

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST
Written on the taking of Carthagena from the Spaniards, 1739

As near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
C'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail:

"Heed, oh, heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost—
Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
These were English captains brave;
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid:
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying, And her galleons leading home, Though, condemn'd for disobeying, I had met a traitor's doom: To have fall'n, my country crying, 'He has play'd an English part,' Had been better far than dying Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning Shall we roam, deprived of rest, If, to Britain's shores returning, You neglect my just request; After this proud foe subduing, When your patriot friends you see, Think on vengeance for my ruin, And for England shamed in me."

GRAY

ODE

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College ''Ανθρωπος, Ικανή πρόφασις είς το δυστυχείν. ΜεΝΑΝDER.

Yr distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade, Ah, fields beloved in vain, Where once my careless childhood stray'd, A stranger yet to pain! I feel the gales, that from ye blow, A momentary bliss bestow, As waving fresh their gladsome wing, My weary soul they seem to soothe, And, redolent of joy and youth, To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.
Lo. in the vale of years beneath

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.
To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
"Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Same where the bestle wheels his droping fight.

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds: Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r

The moping owl does to the moon complain Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r, Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray; Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

On some fond breast the parting soul renes,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate; If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn Brushing with hasty steps the dews away To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove, Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came: nor yet beside the rill.

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn:"

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

Φωνάντα συνετοίσιν' ές δὲ τὸ πῶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει.—PINDAR, Olymp. ii.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey, Temper'd to thy warbled lay. O'er Idalia's velvet-green The rosy-crowned Loves are seen On Cytherea's day With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures, Frisking light in frolic measures; Now pursuing, now retreating, Now in circling troops they meet: To brisk notes in cadence beating Glance their many-twinkling feet. Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare: Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay. With arms sublime, that float upon the air, In gliding state she wins her easy way: O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep, Isles, that crown the Ægaean deep, Fields, that cool Ilissus laves, Or where Maeander's amber waves In lingering labyrinths creep, How do your tuneful echoes languish, Mute, but to the voice of Anguish? Where each old poetic mountain Inspiration breathed around: Every shade and hallow'd fountain Murmur'd deep a solemn sound: Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains. Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power, And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horrour that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore! Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er Scatters from her pictured urn Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
line."

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shricks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him
wait!

Amazement in his van, with Flight combined, And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warriour fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his eveningprey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!

"Girt with many a Baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again Fierce War, and faithful Love, And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest. In buskin'd measures move Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain, With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast. A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir, Gales from blooming Eden bear; And distant warblings lessen on my ear, That lost in long futurity expire. Fond impious Man, think'st thou, you sanguine cloud. Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day? To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, And warms the nations with redoubled ray. Enough for me: with joy I see The different doom our Fates assign. Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care, To triumph, and to die, are mine." He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless

night.

ODE

On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.
Fragment

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing;
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woo's the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
New-born flocks, in rustic dance,

Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise, the rapturous choir among;
Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song:

Yesterday the sullen year Saw the snowy whirlwind fly; Mute was the music of the air,

The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.
Smiles on past Misfortune's brow

Soft Reflection's hand can trace; And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw

A melancholy grace; While Hope prolongs our happier hour, Or deepest shades, that dimly lower And blacken round our weary way, Gilds with a gleam of distant day. Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,

See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:

The hues of Bliss more brightly glow, Chastised by sabler tints of woe; And blended form, with artful strife, The strength and harmony of life. See the wretch, that long has tost

On the thorny bed of pain, At length repair his vigour lost,

And breathe and walk again:
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN

AN ODE

(From the Norse Tongue)

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues with fruitless yell
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes

The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead:
Till from out the hollow ground

Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?

Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!

Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown, Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom you glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom you golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey, Prophetess, arise, and say, What dangers Odin's child await, Who the author of his fate. Pr. In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom; His brother sends him to the tomb. Now my weary lips I close; Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

Pr. In the caverns of the west, By Odin's fierce embrace comprest, A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear, Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair, Nor wash his visage in the stream, Nor see the sun's departing beam, Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile Flaming on the funeral pile. Now my weary lips I close: Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet awhile my call obey; Prophetess, awake, and say, What virgins these, in speechless woe, That bend to earth their solemn brow, That their flaxen tresses tear, And snowy veils, that float in air. Tell me, whence their sorrows rose: Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha! No traveller art thou, King of Men, I know thee now; Mightiest of a mighty line—

O. No boding Maid of skill divine Art thou, nor Prophetess of good; But Mother of the giant-brood!

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home, That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassumed her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

COLLINS

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,

Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the pow'rs of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart

Disdain'st the wealth of art,

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,

O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store On Hybla's thymy shore, By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear, By her whose love-lorn woe, In evening musings slow, Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep, Who spread his wavy sweep

In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat; On whose enamell'd side

When holy Freedom died,

No equal haunt allured thy future feet!

O sister meek of Truth,

To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem, But virtue's patriot theme,

You loved her hills, and led her laureate band; But stay'd to sing alone To one distinguish'd throne,

And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bow'r, The passions own thy pow'r.

Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean; For thou hast left her shrine, Nor olive more, nor vine,

Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless To some divine excess,

Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole; What each, what all supply, May court, may charm our eye,

Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask, To aid some mighty task,

I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE

Written in the beginning of the year 1746. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallow'd mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. By fairy hands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ODE TO EVENING

Ir aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
I like the own brawling springs.

Like thy own brawling springs, Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun Sits in you western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove, O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid composed, To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale, May not unseemly with its stillness suit,

As, musing slow, I hail Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant hours, and elves Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still, The pensive pleasures sweet, Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene, Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,

Whose walls more awful nod By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain, Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut That from the mountain's side

Views wilds and swelling floods, And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires, And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont, And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves, Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train, And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule, Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, Thy gentlest influence own,

And hymn thy favourite name!

THE PASSIONS

An ODE FOR MUSIC

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early Greece she sung, The Passions oft, to hear her shell, Throng'd around her magic cell, Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, Possest beyond the Muse's painting: By turns they felt the glowing mind Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined; Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, From the supporting myrtles round They snatched her instruments of sound; And, as they oft had heard apart Sweet lessons of her forceful art, Each (for Madness ruled the hour) Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden

hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down;

And with a withering look, The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread, Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied, Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,

While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, Pale Melancholy sat retired; And from her wild sequester'd seat, In notes, by distance made more sweet, Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul: And dashing soft from rocks around, Bubbling runnels join'd the sound; Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole, Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay, Round an holy calm diffusing, Love of peace and lonely musing, In hollow murmurs died away. But oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone, When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, Her bow across her shoulder flung, Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew, Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung, The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known! The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen. Satyrs and silvan boys, were seen, Peeping from forth their alleys green: Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear; And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear. Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: He, with viny crown advancing, First to the lively pipe his hand address'd: But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol, Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best: They would have thought, who heard the strain, They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids, Amidst the festal-sounding shades, To some unwearied minstrel dancing, While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings, Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round: Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound; And he, amidst his frolic play, As if he would the charming air repay, Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings. O Music! sphere-descended maid, Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid! Why, goddess, why, to us denied, Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside? As in that loved Athenian bower, You learn'd an all-commanding power, Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd, Can well recall what then it heard; Where is thy native simple heart, Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art? Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that godlike age,

Fill thy recording sister's page—

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O! bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In you deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here, And while its sounds at distance swell, Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view you whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthy bed, Ah! what will every dirge avail; Or tears, which Love and Pity shed, That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend, Now waft me from the green hill's side, Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see—the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

COLLINS, SMOLLETT, AKENSIDE, SMART

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"O! vales and wild woods," shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear To vex with shricks this quiet grove; But shepherd lads assemble here, And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen, No goblins lead their nightly crew; The female fays shall haunt the green, And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SMOLLETT

ODE TO LEVEN WATER

On Leven's banks, while free to rove, And tune the rural pipe to love, I envied not the happiest swain That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave My youthful limbs I wont to lave; No torrents stain thy limpid source, No rocks impede thy dimpling course, That sweetly warbles o'er its bed, With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread; While, lightly poised, the scaly brood In myriads cleave thy crystal flood; The springing trout in speckled pride, The salmon, monarch of the tide; The ruthless pike, intent on war, The silver eel, and mottled par. Devolving from thy parent lake, A charming maze thy waters make By bowers of birch and groves of pine And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

AKENSIDE

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTO

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream, This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine, Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot, Were placed by Glycon. He with cowslips pale, Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green Before my threshold, and my shelving walls With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon, Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount, I slumber; here my clustering fruits I tend; Or from the humid flowers, at break of day, Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds Each thing impure and noxious. Enter in, O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad Here lurks; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread My quiet mansion; chiefly, if thy name Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

SMART

A SONG TO DAVID

O THOU that sit'st upon a throne
With harp of high majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings;
And voice of heaven-ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:
To bless each valley, grove, and coast,

And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's mount,
And send the year to his account

With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,

Which thou mayst now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

His muse, bright angel of his verse, Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce, For all the pangs that rage; Blest light, still gaining on the gloom, The more than Michal of his bloom, The Abishag of his age. He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world—the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root; Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit, Choice gums and precious balm; Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,

And with the sweetness of the gale Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,

That live in peace, or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape
Which Nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun:

The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while Earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied: O Lord, THOU ART.

For Adoration, all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,
O blessed Bridegroom, bid'st.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis 1 with her gorgeous vest
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

The laurels with the winter strive; The crocus burnishes alive

1 The humming-bird. Upon the snow-clad earth.
For Adoration, myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

For Adoration, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of Christ the sparrows find a home;
And on His olives perch:
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes, And drops upon the leafy limes; Sweet Hermon's fragrant air: Sweet is the lily's silver bell, And sweet the wakeful tapers smell That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive;
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive,

Sweeter in all the strains of love
The language of thy turtle dove
Pair'd to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter with every grace endued
The glory of thy gratitude
Respired unto the Lord,

Strong is the horse upon his speed; Strong in pursuit the rapid glede, Which makes at once his game; Strong the tall ostrich on the ground; Strong through the turbulent profound Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes;
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer;
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

SMART. ELLIOT. GOLDSMITH

Glorious the sun in mid career: Glorious the assembled fires appear: Glorious the comet's train; Glorious the trumpet and alarm; Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm; Glorious the enraptured main; Glorious the northern lights astream; Glorious the song, when God's the theme; Glorious the thunder's roar; Glorious hosanna from the den; Glorious the catholic amen; Glorious the martyr's gore: Glorious-more glorious is the crown Of him that brought salvation down, By meekness call'd thy Son; Thou that stupendous truth believed, And now the matchless deed's achieved, Determined, dared, and done.

JANE ELLIOT THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking, Lasses a-lilting, before dawn of day; But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning; The flowers of the forest are a' wede away. At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae; Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing: Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away. In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering: Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray; At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching; The flowers of the forest are a' wede away. At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play; But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie: The flowers of the forest are weded away. Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

GOLDSMITH

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport could please, How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green, Where humble happiness endear'd each scene; How often have I paused on every charm, The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, The never-failing brook, the busy mill, The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill, The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade, For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made; How often have I bless'd the coming day, When toil remitting lent its turn to play, And all the village train, from labour free, Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree; While many a pastime circled in the shade, The young contending as the old survey'd; And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground, And sleights of art and feats of strength went round; And still as each repeated pleasure tired, Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired; The dancing pair that simply sought renown, By holding out to tire each other down; The swain mistrustless of his smutted face, While secret laughter titter'd round the place; The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love, The matron's glance that would those looks reprove: These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these, With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please; These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed, These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn; Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, And desolation saddens all thy green: One only master grasps the whole domain, And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain: No more thy glassy brook reflects the day, But choked with sedges, works its weedy way. Along thy glades, a solitary guest, The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest; Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, And tires their echoes with unvaried cries. Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all, And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall; And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand, Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and men decay: Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade; A breath can make them, as a breath has made; But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began, When every rood of ground maintain'd its man; For him light labour spread her wholesome store, Just gave what life required, but gave no more: His best companions, innocence and health; And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care, In all my griefs—and God has given my share—I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down; To husband out life's taper at the close, And keep the flame from wasting by repose. I still had hopes, for pride attends us still, Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill, Around my fire an evening group to draw, And tell of all I felt, and all I saw; And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue, Pants to the place from whence at first she flew, I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd, Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline, Retreats from care, that never must be mine, How happy he who crowns in shades like these, A youth of labour with an age of ease; Who quits a world where strong temptations try, And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly! For him no wretches, born to work and weep, Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep; No surly porter stands in guilty state To spurn imploring famine from the gate; But on he moves to meet his latter end, Angels around befriending Virtue's friend; Bends to the grave with unperceived decay, While Resignation gently slopes the way; And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last, His Heaven commences ere the world be pass'd!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close Up yonder hill the village murmur rose; There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow, The mingling notes came soften'd from below; The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung, The sober herd that low'd to meet their young; The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from school; The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind, And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind: These all in sweet confusion sought the shade, And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made. But now the sounds of population fail, No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale, No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread, For all the bloomy flush of life is fled. All but you widow'd, solitary thing That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread, To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread, To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn, To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn; She only left of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled, And still where many a garden flower grows wild; There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, The village preacher's modest mansion rose. A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a year; Remote from towns he ran his godly race, Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place; Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour; Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize, More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise. His house was known to all the vagrant train, He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain; The long-remember'd beggar was his guest, Whose beard descending swept his aged breast; The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud, Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd; The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away; Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done, Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won. Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits, or their faults to scan, His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride, And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side. But in his duty prompt at every call, He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all; And, as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd, The reverend champion stood. At his control, Despair and Anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way, With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay, There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, The village master taught his little school; A man severe he was, and stern to view; I knew him well, and every truant knew; Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace The day's disasters in his morning face; Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd; Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault; The village all declared how much he knew; 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too; Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And e'en the story ran that he could gauge. In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill, For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still; While words of learned length and thund'ring sound Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around, And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot. Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high, Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts

inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

The pictures placed for ornament and use, The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose; The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day, With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay; While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! Could not all Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall! Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; Thither no more the peasant shall repair To sweet oblivion of his daily care; No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale, No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail; No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear; The host himself no longer shall be found Careful to see the mantling bliss go round; Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd, Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain, These simple blessings of the lowly train; To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm, than all the gloss of art; Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway; Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind, Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined: But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade, With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain, The toiling pleasure sickens into pain; And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy, The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay, 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand Between a splendid and a happy land. Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore, And shouting Folly hails them from her shore; Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish abound, And rich men flock from all the world around. Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name That leaves our useful products still the same. Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride Takes up a space that many poor supplied; Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds, Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds; The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half to

Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen, Indignant spurns the cottage from the green; Around the world each needful product flies, For all the luxuries the world supplies; While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all In barren splendour feebly waits the fall. As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside, To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride? If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd, He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade, Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide, And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies. She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd, Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd; Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn; Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled, Near her betrayer's door she lays her head, And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower, With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour, When idly first, ambitious of the town, She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train—Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led, At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene, Where half the convex world intrudes between, Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go, Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. Far different there from all that charm'd before, The various terrors of that horrid shore; Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray, And fiercely shed intolerable day; Those matted woods where birds forget to sing, But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd, Where the dark scorpion gathers death around; Where at each step the stranger fears to wake The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake; Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey And savage men more murd'rous still than they; While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies, Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies. Far different these from every former scene, The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, The breezy covert of the warbling grove, That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks away; When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd, Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave,
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear; Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree, How ill exchanged are things like these for thee! How do thy potions, with insidious joy Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy! Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown, Boast of a florid vigour not their own; At every draught more large and large they grow, A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe; Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound, Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun, And half the business of destruction done: E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand, I see the rural virtues leave the land: Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the sail, That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale, Downward they move, a melancholy band, Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand. Contented toil, and hospitable care, And kind connubial tenderness, are there; And piety, with wishes placed above, And steady loyalty, and faithful love. And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid, Still first to fly where sensual joys invade; Unfit in these degenerate times of shame, To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried, My shame in crowds, my solitary pride; Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe, That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so; Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well! Farewell, and Oh! where'er thy voice be tried, On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side, Whether where equinoctial fervours glow, Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, Redress the rigours of the inclement clime; Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain; Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd, Though very poor, may still be very bless'd; That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay, As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

COWPER

A COMPARISON

Addressed to a Young Lady
Sweet stream that winds thro' yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle, yet prevailing, force
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

TO THE SWALLOW
(From the Greek.)
ATTIC maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the spring.
Ah for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said
That a songster gasps and dies,
That a songster may be fed.

BOADICEA: AN ODE
WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
"Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word In the blood that she has spilt; Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd, Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway, Where his eagles never flew, None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words Pregnant with celestial fire, Bending, as he swept the chords Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride, Felt them in her bosom glow; Rush'd to battle, fought, and died; Dying, hurl'd them at the foe;

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

Showing how he went farther than he Intended, and came safe Home again

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day, And we will then repair Unto the Bell at Edmonton All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child, Myself, and children three, Will fill the chaise; so you must ride On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my dearest dear, Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: "That's well said; And, for that wine is dear, We will be furnish'd with our own, Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife; O'erjoy'd was he to find That, though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought, But yet was not allow'd To drive up to the door, lest all Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd, Where they did all get in; Six precious souls, and all agog To dash through thick and thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, Were never folk so glad, The stones did rattle underneath, As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side Seized fast the flowing mane, And up he got, in haste to ride, But soon came down again; For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he, His journey to begin, When, turning round his head, he saw Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time, Although it grieved him sore, Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—" yet bring it me, My leathern belt likewise, In which I bear my trusty sword When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be Equipp'd from top to toe, His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat, He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again Upon his nimble steed. Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, With caution and good heed!

But, finding soon a smoother road Beneath his well-shod feet, The snorting beast began to trot, Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried, But John he cried in vain; That trot became a gallop soon, In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought; Away went hat and wig!— He little dreamt, when he set out, Of running such a rig!

COWPER

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
"Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'Twas wonderful to view How in a trice the turnpike-men Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, Most piteous to be seen, Which made his horse's flanks to smoke As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight, With leathern girdle braced; For all might see the bottle-necks Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about On both sides of the way, Just like unto a trundling mop, Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired"—

Said Gilpin: "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit Inclined to tarry there; For why?—his owner had a house Full-ten miles off, at Ware. So like an arrow swift he flew, Shot by an archer strong; So did he fly—which brings me to The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath, And sore against his will, Till at his friend the calender's His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, And loved a timely joke; And thus unto the calender In merry guise he spoke:—

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find His friend in merry pin, Return'd him not a single word, But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus show'd his ready wit—
"My head is twice as big as yours,

They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;

And stop and eat, for well you may Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day, And all the world would stare, If wife should dine at Edmonton And I should dine at Ware!"

So, turning to his horse, he said:
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had heard a lion roar, And gallop'd off with all his might, As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw Her husband posting down Into the country far away, She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell:
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back amain; Whom in a trice he tried to stop, By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant, And gladly would have done, The frighted steed he frighted more, And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

They raised the hue and cry:
"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again Flew open in short space; The toll-men, thinking, as before, That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!—
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king, And Gilpin long live he; And, when he next doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!

EPITAPH ON A HARE

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue, Nor swifter greyhound follow, Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew, Nor ear heard huntsman's hollo; Old Tiney, surliest of his kind, Who, nursed with tender care, And to domestic bounds confined, Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread, And milk, and oats, and straw, Thistles, or lettuces instead, With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled, On pippins' russet peel; And, when his juicy salads fail'd, Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn, Whereon he loved to bound, To skip and gambol like a fawn, And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours, For then he lost his fear; But most before approaching showers, Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour' sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut-shade He finds his long, last home, And waits, in snug concealment laid, Till gentler Puss shall come,

He, still more aged, feels the shocks From which no care can save, And, partner once of Tiney's box, Must soon partake his grave.

DESCRIPTIONS, FROM "THE TASK"

From Book I

HERE Ouse, slow winding through a level plain Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er, Conducts the eye along its sinuous course Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank, Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms, That screen the herdsman's solitary hut; While far beyond, and overthwart the stream That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, The sloping land recedes into the clouds; Displaying on its varied side the grace Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,

Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells Just undulates upon the list'ning ear, Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote. . . .

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds, Exhilarate the spirit, and restore The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds, That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood Of ancient growth, make music not unlike The dash of ocean on his winding shore, And lull the spirit while they fill the mind; Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast, And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once. Nor less composure waits upon the roar Of distant floods, or on the softer voice Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length In matted grass, that with a livelier green Betrays the secret of their silent course. Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds, But animated nature sweeter still, To soothe and satisfy the human ear. Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain, But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime In still repeated circles, screaming loud, The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl That hails the rising moon, have charms for me. Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh, Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns, And only there, please highly for their sake.

From Book V THE WOODMAN'S DOG

SHACGY, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur—His dog attends him. Close behind his heel Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout; Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.

From Book VI

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread

The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms, Whose outspread branches overarch the glade. The roof, though movable through all its length As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed, And, intercepting in their silent fall The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. No noise is here, or none that hinders thought. The redbreast warbles still, but is content With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd: Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes From many a twig the pendent drops of ice, That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below. Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft, Charms more than silence. Meditation here May think down hours to moments. Here the heart May give an useful lesson to the head, And learning wiser grow without his books. Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, The mere materials with which wisdom builds, Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place, Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich. Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. Books are not seldom talismans and spells, By which the magic art of shrewder wits Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd. Some to the fascination of a name Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds Of error leads them by a tune entranced. While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear The insupportable fatigue of thought, And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice, The total grist unsifted, husks and all. But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer, And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs, And lanes in which the primrose ere her time Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root, Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth, Not shy, as in the world, and to be won By slow solicitation, seize at once The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

Here, unmolested, through whatever sign The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist, Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me, Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy. Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year, That calls the unwonted villager abroad With all her little ones, a sportive train, To gather king-cups in the yellow mead, And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook, These shades are all my own. The timorous hare, Grown so familiar with her frequent guest, Scarce shuns me; and the stock-dove, unalarm'd, Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends His long love-ditty for my near approach. Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm That age or injury has hollow'd deep, Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves, He has outslept the winter, ventures forth To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun, The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play: He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird, Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his brush And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud, With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm, And anger insignificantly fierce.

THE POPLAR-FIELD

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade, The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves, Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives. Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew, And now in the grass behold they are laid, And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade. The blackbird has fled to another retreat Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat, And the scene where his melody charm'd me before, Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more. My fugitive years are all hasting away, And I must ere long lie as lowly as they, With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head, Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead. 'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can, To muse on the perishing pleasures of man; Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see, Have a being less durable even than he.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE
WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED
By desire of Lady Austen, who wanted words to the March
in "Scipio."

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete,

Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone; His last sea-fight is fought, His work of glory done. It was not in the battle, No tempest gave the shock, She sprang no fatal leak, She ran upon no rock; His sword was in the sheath, His fingers held the pen, When Kempenfelt went down With twice four hundred men. Weigh the vessel up, Once dreaded by our foes, And mingle with your cup The tears that England owes; Her timbers yet are sound, And she may float again, Full charged with England's thunder And plough the distant main; But Kempenfelt is gone, His victories are o'er; And he and his eight hundred Must plough the wave no more.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

The GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM
On that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead, Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away, And, turning from my nursery window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such ?- It was .- Where thou art gone Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown. May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting sound shall pass my lips no more! Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern, Oft gave me promise of a quick return. What ardently I wish'd, I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived; By disappointment every day beguiled, Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went, Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent, I learn'd at last submission to my lot; But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more, Children not thine have trod my nursery floor; And where the gardener Robin, day by day, Drew me to school along the public way, Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt, 'Tis now become a history little known, That once we call'd the pastoral house our own. Short-lived possession! but the record fair That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm that has effaced A thousand other themes less deeply traced. Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid; Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit or confectionary plum; The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd; All this, and more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and brakes That humour interposed too often makes; All this still legible in memory's page, And still to be so, to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such honours to thee as my numbers may; Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours, When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, The violet, the pink, and jessamine, I prick'd them into paper with a pin, (And thou wast happier than myself the while, Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile) Could those few pleasant hours again appear, Might one wish bring them, would I wish them

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.— But no—what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, That I should ill requite thee to constrain Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the
shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar," 1 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side. But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, Always from port withheld, always distress'd-Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd, Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost, And day by day some current's thwarting force Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he! That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise-The son of parents pass'd into the skies. And now, farewell-time, unrevoked, has run His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done. By contemplation's help, not sought in vain, I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again; To have renew'd the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine: And, while the wings of fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft-Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

SONNET TO MRS, UNWIN

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings; Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew!

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new, And undebased by praise of meaner things! That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings, I may record thy worth, with honour due, In verse as musical as thou art true,—
Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings!
But thou hast little need: there is a book, By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, On which the eyes of God not rarely look; A chronicle of actions just and bright!

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine.

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine, And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

1 Garth (Cowper's note).

TO MARY

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past, Since first our sky was overcast; Ah would that this might be the last! My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, I see thee daily weaker grow-'Twas my distress that brought thee low, My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store, For my sake restless heretofore, Now rust disused, and shine no more, My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil The same kind office for me still. Thy sight now seconds not thy will, My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the housewife's part, And all thy threads with magic art Have wound themselves about this heart, My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem Like language utter'd in a dream; Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme, My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, Are still more lovely in my sight Than golden beams of orient light, My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee, What sight worth seeing could I see? The sun would rise in vain for me, My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline, Thy hands their little force resign; Yet, gently prest, press gently mine, My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st, That now at every step thou mov'st Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st, My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill, In wintry age to feel no chill, With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know, How oft the sadness that I show Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe, My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast With much resemblance of the past, Thy worn-out heart will break at last, My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY

OBSCUREST night involved the sky, The Atlantic billows roar'd, When such a destined wretch as I. Wash'd headlong from on board, Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, His floating home for ever left. No braver chief could Albion boast Than he with whom he went. Nor ever ship left Albion's coast, With warmer wishes sent. He loved them both, but both in vain, Nor him beheld, nor her again. Not long beneath the whelming brine, Expert to swim, he lay; Nor soon he felt his strength decline, Or courage die away; But waged with death a lasting strife, Supported by despair of life. He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd To check the vessel's course, But so the furious blast prevail'd, That, pitiless perforce, They left their outcast mate behind, And scudded still before the wind. Some succour yet they could afford; And, such as storms allow, The cask, the coop, the floated cord, Delay'd not to bestow. But he (they knew) nor ship, nor shore, Whate'er they gave, should visit more. Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he Their haste himself condemn, Aware that flight, in such a sea, Alone could rescue them; Yet bitter felt it still to die Deserted, and his friends so nigh. He long survives, who lives an hour In ocean, self-upheld; And so long he, with unspent power, His destiny repell'd;

And ever, as the minutes flew, Entreated help, or cried: "Adieu!" At length, his transient respite past,

His comrades, who before Had heard his voice in every blast, Could catch the sound no more. For then, by toil subdued, he drank The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page Of narrative sincere, That tells his name, his worth, his age,

Is wet with Anson's tear. And tears by bards or heroes shed Alike immortalize the dead.

COWPER. MICKLE, GRAHAM, LOGAN OR BRUCE

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he.

MICKLE (?)

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's little pleasure in the house When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman:
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's little pleasure in the house When our gudeman's awa.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS

Ir doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

LOGAN OR BRUCE

ODE TO THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear: Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

LOGAN OR BRUCE. LADY LINDSAY. FERGUSSON

Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time of flowers, And hear the sound of music sweet From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood To pull the primrose gay, Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear, And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fli'st thy vocal vale, An annual guest in other lands, Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee! We'd make with joyful wing Our annual visit o'er the globe, Companions of the Spring.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame, And a' the warld to rest are gane, The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee, While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,

But saving a croun he had naething else beside: To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea, And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa, When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin:

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in

Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said na; I look'd for Jamie back; But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;

His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee? Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair; my mother didna speak, But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea, Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me. I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it
he—

Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;

We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away; I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee, And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin; I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin; But I'll do my best a gude wife ay to be, For auld Robin Gray, he is kind unto me.

FERGUSSON

BRAID CLAITH

Yz wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,
Let Merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells of this may fa',
An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa
Wi' a' this graith,
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw

When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae feck o't, For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at, A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit While he draws breath,

Till his four quarters are bedeckit Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days, the barber spark, Whan he has done wi' scrapin' wark, Wi' siller broachie in his sark, Gangs trigly, faith! Or to the Meadows or the Park, In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there, That they to shave your haffits bare, Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair, Would be right laith; When pacing wi' a gawsy air

When pacing wi' a gawsy air In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath

His body in a scabbard clean O' gude Braid Claith.

FERGUSSON. CHATTERTON. CRABBE

For gin he come wi' coat thread-bare, A feg for him she winna care, But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair, An' scauld him baith: Wooers should ay their travel spare Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heeze, Maks mony kail-worms butterflies, Gies mony a doctor his degrees, For little skaith;

In short, you may be what you please Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For tho' ye had as wise a snout on As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton, Your judgement fouk would hae a doubt on, I'll tak my aith,

Till they could see ye wi' a suit on O' gude Braid Claith.

CHATTERTON

MINSTREL'S SONG

O sinc unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy day,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his [hair] as the winter night,
White his [skin] as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
O he lies by the willow-tree;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy Saint to save
All the coldness of a maid;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll [twine] the briers
Round his holy corse to [grow]; 1
[Elfin] fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartès blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

CRABBE

FROM "THE VILLAGE"

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er, Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor; From thence a length of burning sand appears, Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears; Rank weeds, that every art and care defy, Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye: There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar, And to the ragged infant threaten war; There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil; There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil; Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf, The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf; O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade, And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade; With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound, And a sad splendour vainly shines around. So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn, Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn; Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose, While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose; Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress, Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race, With sullen woe display'd in every face; Who far from civil arts, and social, fly, And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand, And wait for favouring winds to leave the land; While still for flight the ready wing is spread: So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;

1 Chatterton, "gre."

Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign, And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain; Who still remain to hear the ocean roar, Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore; Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway, Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away; When the sad tenant weeps from door to door, And begs a poor protection from the poor!

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land; Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain; But yet in other scenes more fair in view, Where plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few—And those who taste not, yet behold her store, Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,—The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health, Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth? Go then, and see them rising with the sun, Through a long course of daily toil to run; See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat, When the knees tremble and the temples beat; Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er The labour past, and toils to come explore; See them alternate suns and showers engage, And hoard up aches and anguish for their age; Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue, When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew; Then own that labour may as fatal be To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field.
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,'
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share!
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease, Whom the smooth stream and the smoother sonnet please;

Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share, Go look within, and ask if peace be there; If peace be his—that drooping weary sire, Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire; Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand! Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease; For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age Can with no cares except his own engage; Who propp'd on that rude staff, looks up to see The bare arms broken from the withering tree, On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough, Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs;
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep, His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep; Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow O'er his white locks and bury them in snow, When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn. He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the frost, and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see Are others' gain, but killing cares to me; To me the children of my youth are lords, Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words: Wants of their own demand their care; and who Feels his own want and succours others too? A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go, None need my help, and none relieve my woe; Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid, And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

FROM "THE BOROUGH"

THE DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED HIGHWAYMAN HE sees his native village with delight; The house, the chamber, where he once array'd His youthful person; where he knelt and pray'd: Then too the comforts he enjoy'd at home, The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;—The hours of innocence;—the timid look Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took And told his hope; her trembling joy appears, Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.

All now is present;—'tis a moment's gleam Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream! Let him within his pleasant garden walk, Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile; Then come his sister and his village-friend, And he will now the sweetest moments spend Life has to yield; -No! never will he find Again on earth such pleasure in his mind: He goes through shrubby walks these friends among: Love in their looks and honour on the tongue: Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows, The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows;— Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire For more than true and honest hearts require, They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,— Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,— And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum; Then through the broomy bound with ease they

And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass, Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread, And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed; Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay !— The ocean smiling to the fervid sun-The waves that faintly fall and slowly run-The ships at distance and the boats at hand; And now they walk upon the sea-side sand, Counting the number and what kind they be, Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea: Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold The glittering waters on the shingles roll'd: The timid girls, half dreading their design, Dip the small foot in the retarded brine, And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow, Or lie like pictures on the sand below; With all those bright red pebbles that the sun Through the small waves so softly shines upon; And those live lucid jellies which the eye Delights to trace as they swim glittering by: Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire, And will arrange above the parlour-fire,— Tokens of bliss !- Oh! horrible! a wave Roars as it rises—save me, Edward! save! She cries:—Alas! the watchman on his way Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

THE LOVER'S JOURNEY

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind descries;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise:
When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
Again they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;

Or, if absorb'd by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend;
Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
Long as the passion reigns the effects endure;
But love in minds his various changes makes,
And clothes each object with the change he takes;
His light and shade on every view he throws,
And on each object, what he feels, bestows.

Fair was the morning, and the month was June, When rose a lover; love awakens soon; Brief his repose, yet much he dreamt the while Of that day's meeting, and his Laura's smile; Fancy and love that name assign'd to her, Call'd Susan in the parish-register; And he no more was John—his Laura gave The name Orlando to her faithful slave.

Bright shone the glory of the rising day, When the fond traveller took his favourite way; He mounted gaily, felt his bosom light, And all he saw was pleasing in his sight.

"Ye hours of expectation, quickly fly,
And bring on hours of blest reality;
When I shall Laura see, beside her stand,
Hear her sweet voice, and press her yielded hand."
First o'er a barren heath beside the coast

First o'er a barren heath beside the coast Orlando rode, and joy began to boast.

"This neat low gorse," said he, "with golden bloom,

Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;
And this gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
A man at leisure might admire for hours;
This green-fringed cup-moss has a scarlet tip,
That yields to nothing but my Laura's lip;
And then how fine this herbage! Men may say
A heath is barren; nothing is so gay:
Barren or bare to call such charming scene,
Argues a mind possess'd by care and spleen."

Onward he went, and fiercer grew the heat, Dust rose in clouds before the horse's feet; For now he pass'd through lanes of burning sand, Bound to thin crops or yet uncultured land; Where the dark poppy flourish'd on the dry And sterile soil, and mock'd the thin-set rye.

"How lovely this!" the rapt Orlando said;
"With what delight is labouring man repaid!
The very lane has sweets that all admire,
The rambling suckling and the vigorous brier;
See! wholesome wormwood grows beside the way,
Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends the

Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn, And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn; No fostering hand they need, no sheltering wall, They spring uncultured and they bloom for all."

The lover rode as hasty lovers ride, And reach'd a common pasture wild and wide; Small black-legg'd sheep devour with hunger keen The meagre herbage, fleshless, lank, and lean; Such o'er thy level turf, Newmarket! stray, And there with other black-legs find their prey: He saw some scatter'd hovels; turf was piled In square brown stacks; a prospect bleak and wild! A mill, indeed, was in the centre found, With short sear herbage withering all around; A smith's black shed opposed a wright's long shop, And join'd an inn where humble travellers stop.

"Ay, this is Nature," said the gentle squire; "This ease, peace, pleasure—who would not admire? With what delight these sturdy children play, And joyful rustics at the close of day; Sport follows labour, on this even space Will soon commence the wrestling and the race; Then will the village maidens leave their home, And to the dance with buoyant spirits come; No affectation in their looks is seen, Nor know they what disguise or flattery mean; Nor aught to move an envious pang they see, Easy their service, and their love is free; Hence early springs that love, it long endures, And life's first comfort, while they live, ensures: They the low roof and rustic comforts prize, Nor cast on prouder mansions envying eyes; Sometimes the news at yonder town they hear, And learn what busier mortals feel and fear; Secure themselves, although by tales amazed, Of towns bombarded and of cities razed; As if they doubted, in their still retreat, The very news that makes their quiet sweet, And their days happy—happier only knows He on whom Laura her regard bestows."

On rode Orlando, counting all the while The miles he pass'd and every coming mile; Like all attracted things, he quicker flies, The place approaching where the attraction lies; When next appear'd a dam—so call the place— Where lies a road confined in narrow space; A work of labour, for on either side Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide, With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied: Far on the right the distant sea is seen, And salt the springs that feed the marsh between; Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd flood Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud; Near it a sunken boat resists the tide, That frets and hurries to the opposing side; The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow, Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below, Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow: Here a grave flora scarcely deigns to bloom; Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume; The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread Partake the nature of their fenny bed; Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom, Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;

Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh, And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh; Low on the ear the distant billows sound, And just in view appears their stony bound; No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun; Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun, Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

"Various as beauteous Nature, is thy face," Exclaim'd Orlando: "all that grows has grace, All are appropriate—bog, and marsh, and fen Are only poor to undiscerning men; Here may the nice and curious eye explore How Nature's hand adorns the rushy moor; Here the rare moss in secret shade is found, Here the sweet myrtle of the shaking ground; Beauties are these that from the view retire, But well repay the attention they require; For these my Laura will her home forsake, And all the pleasures they afford partake."

Again the country was enclosed, a wide And sandy road has banks on either side; Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd, And there a gipsy tribe their tent had rear'd; 'Twas open spread, to catch the morning sun, And they had now their early meal begun, When two brown boys just left their grassy seat, The early traveller with their prayers to greet: While yet Orlando held his pence in hand, He saw their sister on their duty stand; Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly, Prepared the force of early powers to try; Sudden a look of languor he descries, And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes: Train'd but yet savage, in her speaking face He mark'd the features of her vagrant race; When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd The vice implanted in her youthful breast: Forth from the tent her elder brother came, Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame The young designer, but could only trace The looks of pity in the traveller's face; Within, the father, who from fences nigh Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply, Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by; On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed, And by the hand of course indulgence fed, In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd, Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast; In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd, Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd; Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state, Cursing his tardy aid; her mother there With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair; Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands, And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands, Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years, Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;

With hard and savage eye she views the food, And grudging pinches their intruding brood; Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits Neglected, lost, and living but by fits; Useless, despised, his worthless labours done, And half protected by the vicious son, Who half supports him; he with heavy glance Views the young ruffians who around him dance; And, by the sadness in his face, appears To trace the progress of their future years: Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit, Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat! What shame and grief, what punishment and pain, Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain— Ere they like him approach their latter end, Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

But this Orlando felt not; "Rogues," said he, "Doubtless they are, but merry rogues they be; They wander round the land, and be it true, They break the laws—then let the laws pursue The wanton idlers; for the life they live, Acquit I cannot, but I can forgive." This said, a portion from his purse was thrown, And every heart seem'd happy like his own.

He hurried forth, for now the town was nigh—
"The happiest man of mortal men am I."
Thou art! but change in every state is near,
(So while the wretched hope, the blest may fear);
"Say where is Laura?"—"That her words must show,"

A lass replied; "read this, and thou shalt know!"
"What, gone!"—"her friend insisted—forced to

Is vex'd, was teased, could not refuse her! "—" No?"
"But you can follow." "Yes." "The miles are

The way is pleasant; will you come?—Adieu!
Thy Laura!" "No! I feel I must resign
The pleasing hope; thou hadst been here, if mine:
A lady was it?—Was no brother there?
But why should I afflict me if there were?
The way is pleasant! What to me the way?
I cannot reach her till the close of day.
My dumb companion! Is it thus we speed?
Not I from grief nor thou from toil art freed;
Still art thou doom'd to travel and to pine,
For my vexation—What a fate is mine!

"Gone to a friend, she tells me; I commend Her purpose; means she to a female friend? By Heaven, I wish she suffer'd half the pain Of hope protracted through the day in vain: Shall I persist to see the ungrateful maid? Yes, I will see her, slight her, and upbraid: What! in the very hour? She knew the time, And doubtless chose it to increase her crime."

Forth rode Orlando by a river's side, Inland and winding, smooth, and full and wide, That roll'd majestic on, in one soft-flowing tide; The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks,
Tall willows, waving in their broken ranks;
The road, now near, now distant, winding led
By lovely meadows which the waters fed;
He pass'd the way-side inn, the village spire,
Nor stopp'd to gaze, to question, or admire;
On either side the rural mansions stood,
With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crown'd with
wood,

And many a devious stream that reach'd the nobler flood.

"I hate these scenes," Orlando angry cried, "And these proud farmers! yes, I hate their pride: See! that sleek fellow, how he strides along, Strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong; Can you close crops a single eye detain But his who counts the profits of the grain? And these vile beans with deleterious smell, Where is their beauty? Can a mortal tell? These deep fat meadows I detest; it shocks One's feelings there to see the grazing ox ;-For slaughter fatted, as a lady's smile Rejoices man, and means his death the while. Lo! now the sons of labour! every day Employ'd in toil, and vex'd in every way; Theirs is but mirth assumed, and they conceal, In their affected joys, the ills they feel: I hate these long green lanes: there's nothing seen In this vile country but eternal green; Woods! waters! meadows! Will they never end? 'Tis a vile prospect: Gone to see a friend!"

Still on he rode; a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view—the pride of Loddon Hall:
Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing steer,
The full-fed steed, the herds of bounding deer:
On a clear stream the vivid sunbeams play'd,
Through noble elms, and on the surface made
That moving picture, checker'd light and shade;
The attended children, there indulged to stray,
Enjoy'd and gave new beauty to the day;
Whose happy parents from their room were seen
Pleased with the sportive idlers on the green.

"Well!" said Orlando, "and for one so bless'd, A thousand reasoning wretches are distress'd; Nay, these so seeming glad are grieving like the rest:

Man is a cheat—and all but strive to hide
Their inward misery by their outward pride.
What do you lofty gates and walls contain,
But fruitless means to soothe unconquer'd pain?
The parents read each infant daughter's smile,
Form'd to seduce, encouraged to beguile;
They view the boys unconscious of their fate,
Sure to be tempted, sure to take the bait;
These will be Lauras, sad Orlandos these—
There's guilt and grief in all one hears and sees."
Our traveller, labouring up a hill, look'd down

Upon a lively, busy, pleasant town;

All he beheld there were alert, alive,
The busiest bees that ever stock'd a hive;
A pair were married, and the bells aloud
Proclaim'd their joy, and joyful seem'd the crowd;
And now proceeding on his way, he spied,
Bound by strong ties, the bridegroom and the bride:
Each by some friends attended, near they drew,
And spleen beheld them with prophetic view.

"Married! nay, mad!" Orlando cried in scorn;
"Another wretch on this unlucky morn:
What are this foolish mirth, these idle joys?
Attempts to stifle doubt and fear by noise;
To me these robes, expressive of delight,
Foreshow distress, and only grief excite;
And for these cheerful friends, will they behold
Their wailing brood in sickness, want, and cold;
And his proud look, and her soft languid air
Will—but I spare you—go, unhappy pair!"

And now approaching to the journey's end, His anger fails, his thoughts to kindness tend, He less offended feels, and rather fears to offend; Now gently rising, hope contends with doubt, And casts a sunshine on the views without; And still reviving joy and lingering gloom Alternate empire o'er his soul assume; Till, long perplex'd, he now began to find The softer thoughts engross the settling mind: He saw the mansion, and should quickly see His Laura's self-and angry could he be? No! the resentment melted all away-" For this my grief a single smile will pay," Our traveller cried; " and why should it offend, That one so good should have a pressing friend? Grieve not, my heart! to find a favourite guest Thy pride and boast—ye selfish sorrows, rest; She will be kind, and I again be blest."

While gentler passions thus his bosom sway'd, He reach'd the mansion, and he saw the maid: "My Laura!"—"My Orlando!—this is kind; In truth I came persuaded, not inclined: Our friends' amusement let us now pursue, And I to-morrow will return with you."

Like man entranced, the happy lover stood—
"As Laura wills, for she is kind and good;
Ever the truest, gentlest, fairest, best—
As Laura wills; I see her and am blest."

Home went the lovers through that busy place, By Loddon Hall, the country's pride and grace; By the rich meadows where the oxen fed, Through the green vale that form'd the river's bed; And by unnumber'd cottages and farms, That have for musing minds unnumber'd charms; And how affected by the view of these Was then Orlando—did they pain or please?

Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield—and why? The mind was fill'd, was happy, and the eye Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but appear'd, to

Alone Orlando on the morrow paced
The well-known road; the gypsy-tent he traced;
The dam high-raised, the reedy dikes between,
The scatter's hovels on the barren green,
The burning sand, the fields of thin-set rye,
Mock'd by the useless flora blooming by;
And last the heath with all its various bloom,
And the close lanes that led the traveller home.

Then could these scenes the former joys renew?
Or was there now dejection in the view?—
Nor one or other would they yield—and why?
The mind was absent, and the vacant eye
Wander'd o'er viewless scenes, that but appear'd, to
die.

BLAKE

TO SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down

Through the clear windows of the morning, turn Thine angel eyes upon our western isle, Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring! The hills tell each other, and the list'ning Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth, And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head, Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

TO THE EVENING STAR

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest;
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with
Thy sacred dew; protect them with thine influence.

SONG

How sweet I roam'd from field to field And tasted all the summer's pride, Till I the prince of love beheld Who in the sunny beams did glide! He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.
With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.
He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,

SONG

And mocks my loss of liberty.

My silks and fine array, My smiles and languish'd air, By love are driv'n away; And mournful lean Despair Brings me yew to deck my grave: Such end true lovers have. His face is fair as heav'n When springing buds unfold; O why to him was't giv'n Whose heart is wintry cold? His breast is love's all-worship'd tomb, Where all love's pilgrims come. Bring me an axe and spade, Bring me a winding-sheet; When I my grave have made, Let winds and tempests beat: Then down I'll lie as cold as clay. True love doth pass away!

SONG

Memory, hither come, And tune your merry notes: And, while upon the wind Your music floats, I'll pore upon the stream Where sighing lovers dream, And fish for fancies as they pass Within the watery glass. I'll drink of the clear stream, And hear the linnet's song; And there I'll lie and dream The day along: And when night comes, I'll go To places fit for woe, Walking along the darken'd valley With silent Melancholy.

TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove, Beneath the bosom of the sea Wand'ring in many a coral grove Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN

PREPARE, prepare the iron helm of war, Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb; The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands, And casts them out upon the darken'd earth!

Prepare, prepare.

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! Prepare Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth; Prepare your arms for glorious victory! Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!

Prepare, prepare.

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine! Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue? Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause, And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.

Prepare, prepare.

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of Death stand in the low'ring heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
Prepare, prepare.

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause; Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause: Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky: Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day! Prepare, prepare.

Alfred shall smile, and make his harp rejoice; The Norman William, and the learned Clerk, And Lion Heart, and black-brow'd Edward with His loyal queen, shall rise, and welcome us! Prepare, prepare.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE, INTRODUCTION

Piping down the valleys wild, Piping songs of pleasant glee, On a cloud I saw a child, And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy songs of happy cheer: "So I sang the same again, While he wept with joy to hear. "Piper, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read." So he vanish'd from my sight, And I pluck'd a hollow reed, And I made a rural pen, And I stain'd the water clear, And I wrote my happy songs Every child may joy to hear.

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy, And the dimpling stream runs laughing by; When the air does laugh with our merry wit, And the green hill laughs with the noise of it; When the meadows laugh with lively green, And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene, When Mary and Susan and Emily With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, Ha, He!" When the painted birds laugh in the shade, Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread, Come live, and be merry, and join with me, To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, He!"

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green, And laughing is heard on the hill, My heart is at rest within my breast, And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down.

And the dews of night arise; Come, come, leave off play, and let us away Till the morning appears in the skies."
"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,

And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away, And then go home to bed."

The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd, And all the hills echoèd.

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, "Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb, I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? and what dread feet? What the hammer? what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp? When the stars threw down their spears, And water'd heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the lamb make thee? Tiger! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

AH! SUNFLOWER

AH, sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sun-flower wishes to go.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.
And the gates of this chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;
And I saw it was filled with graves,

And I saw it was filled with graves,

And tomb-stones where flowers should be:

And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,

And binding with briers my joys and desires.

THE SCHOOLBOY

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;

The distant huntsman winds his horn, And the skylark sings with me. O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy Sit in a cage and sing? How can a child, when fears annoy, But droop his tender wing, And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd And blossoms blown away, And if the tender plants are stripp'd Of their joy in the springing day, By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

THE LAND OF DREAMS

AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
O wake! Thy father doth thee keep.

O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?

O father! I saw my mother there, Among the lilies by waters fair.

Among the lambs, clothèd in white, She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight. I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn, O! when shall I again return?

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams

Have wander'd all night in the Land of

Dreams;

But though calm and warm the waters wide, I could not get to the other side.

Father, O father! what do we here In this land of unbelief and fear? The Land of Dreams is better far, Above the light of the morning star. BURNS

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O, An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this; Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Chorus

Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O; The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows-tree.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's destinie! M'Pherson's time will not be long

On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?

On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again!
Until these bands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword,

And there's no a man in all Scotland

But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart, And not avenged be. Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! May coward shame distain his name, The wretch that dare not die!

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows-tree.

THE SILVER TASSIE

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,

And fill it in a silver tassie,

That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie!

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody.

It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary! OF A' THE AIRTS

Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,

Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar:

It's not the roar o' sea or shore

Or a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers—
I see her sweet and fair.

I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

Chorus

We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e! The cock may craw, the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see.
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie:
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold, coward loun is he! Wha first beside his chair shall fa', He is the King amang us three!

Chorus

We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e! The cock may craw, the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie, Some counsel unto me come len'; To anger them a' is a pity, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow In poortith I might mak a fen'. What care I in riches to wallow, If I mauna marry Tam Glen? There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller: "Guid day to you," brute! he comes ben. He brags and he blaws o' his siller, But when will he dance like Tam Glen? My minnie does constantly deave me, And bids me beware o' young men. They flatter, she says, to deceive me-But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him. He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten. But if it's ordain'd I maun take him, O, wha will I get but Tam Glen? Yestreen at the valentines' dealing, My heart to my mou gied a sten, For thrice I drew ane without failing, And thrice it was written "Tam Glen"! The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken-His likeness came up the house staukin, And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry! I'll gie ye my bonie black hen, Gif ye will advise me to marry The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

AE FOND KISS

Ar fond kiss, and then we sever! Ae farewell, and then forever! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me, Dark despair around benights me. I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy: Naething could resist my Nancy! But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love for ever. Had we never lov'd sae kindly, Had we never lov'd sae blindly, Never met—or never parted— We had ne'er been broken-hearted. Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest! Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest! Thine be ilka joy and treasure, Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure! Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! Ae farewell, alas, for ever! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

O, LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN-WHEEL

O, LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel!
And leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the summer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel!
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot.
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,

Alike to screen the birdie's nest And little fishes' caller rest. The sun blinks kindly in the biel, Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, And Echo cons the doolfu' tale. The lintwhites in the hazel braes, Delighted, rival ither's lays. The craik amang the claver hay, The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley, The swallow jinkin round my shiel, Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma to sell and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, O, wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? Amid their flaring, idle toys, Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys, Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel?

A RED, RED ROSE

O, MY luve is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June. O, my luve is like the melodie, That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I, And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun! And I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve, And fare thee weel a while! And I will come again, my luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

AULD LANG SYNE

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne!

Should audd acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp, And surely I'll be mine, And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne! We twa hae run about the braes, And pou'd the gowans fine, But we've wander'd monie a weary fit Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn Frae morning sun till dine, But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere, And gie's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught For auld lang syne!

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne!

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—

We e'er saw Irish land. Now a' is done that men can do, And a' is done in vain,

My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear—

For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about Upon the Irish shore, And gae his bridle reins a shake,

And gae his bridle reins a shake
With adieu for evermore,
My dear—

And adieu for evermore!

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,

My dear—

Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come, And a' folk bound to sleep, I think on him that's far awa The lee-lang night, and weep, My dear— The lee-lang night and weep.

O, saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther!

To see her is to love her, And love but her for ever; For Nature made her what she is, And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley— Thy subjects, we before thee! Thou art divine, fair Lesley— The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na skaith thee, Or aught that wad belang thee: He'd look into thy bonie face, And say:—"I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee, Misfortune sha'na steer thee: 'Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely, 'That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley, Return to Caledonie! That we may brag we hae a lass There's nane again sae bonie.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me.
I said there was naething I hated like men:
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een, And vow'd for my love he was diein. I said, he might die when he liket for Jean: The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein— The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers—
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? In a fortnight or less
(The Deil tak his taste to gae near her!)
He up the Gate-Slack to my black cousin, Bess!
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock—
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink, Lest neebours might say I was saucy. My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie— And vow'd I was his dear lassie. I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet:
Gin she had recover'd her hearin?
And how her new shoon fit her auld, shachl'd feet?
But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin—
But heavens! how he fell a swearin!
He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow—

MY NANIE'S AWA

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw, But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

I think I maun wed him to-morrow!

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn, And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw: They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa!

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn, And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa, Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay! The dark, dreary Winter and wild-driving snaw Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Scors, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your gory bed Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front o' battle lour, See approach proud Edward's power— Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Let him turn and fee

Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand or freeman fa', Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains, By your sons in servile chains, We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them where the heather grows, Ca' them where the burnie rowes, My bonic dearie.

HARK, the mavis' e'ening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang, Then a-faulding let us gang, My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side, Thro' the hazels, spreading wide O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers Where, at moonshine's midnight hours, O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear— Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear, Nocht of ill may come thee near, My bonie dearie.

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

Is THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY
Is there for honesty poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that,

A prince can mak a belted knight,

And I a bird to shelter there,

When wearied on my little wing!

How I wad mourn when it was torn

By Autumn wild and Winter rude!

But I wad sing on wanton wing,

When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O, gin my love were yon red rose,

That grows upon the castle wa',

And I mysel a drap o' dew

Into her bonie breast to fa',

O there beyond expression blest

O, WERE MY LOVE

Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,

O, were my love you lilac fair

And I mysel a drap o' dew
Into her bonie breast to fa',
O, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phæbus' light!

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be!
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison!
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',

To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said amang them a':—

"Ye are na Mary Morison!"

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace Wha for thy sake wad gladly die? Or canst thou break that heart of his Whase only faut is loving thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown: A thought ungentle canna be The thought o' Mary Morison.

YE FLOWERY BANKS

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough:
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate:
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate!

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon To see the woodbine twine, And ilka bird sang o' its luve, And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose Frae aff its thorny tree, And my fause luver staw my rose, But left the thorn wi' me.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST
O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE: AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, Was ae day nibblin on the tether, Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: There, groanin, dying, she did lie, When Hughoc he cam doytin by. Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; He saw her days were near-hand ended, But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it! He gapèd wide, but naething spak. At length poor Mailie silence brak:—

"O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woefu' case! My dying words attentive hear, An' bear them to my Master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep— O, bid him never tie them mair, Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! But ca' them out to park or hill, An' let them wander at their will: So may his flock increase, an' grow To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a Master kin', An' ay was guid to me an' mine; An' now my dying charge I gie him, My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives, Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives? But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, Till they be fit to fend themsel; An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn, Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets—
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail!
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, O, bid him breed him up wi' care! An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him—what I winna name—To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like other menseless, graceless brutes.

"An neist, my yowie, silly thing; Gude keep thee frae a tether string! O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie blastit, moorland toop; But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath, I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail, To tell my master a' my tale; An' bid him burn this cursed tether, An' for thy pains thou'se get my blether."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, An' clos'd her een amang the dead!

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785
WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request; I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin fast, An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, Till crash! the cruel culter past

Till crash! the cruel culter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain: The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! The present only toucheth thee: But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full in this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the long Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, As he frae Ayr ae night did canter: (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam, had'st thou but been sae wise, As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice! She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober; That ilka melder wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. She prophesied that, late or soon, Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon, Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet, To think how monie counsels sweet, How monie lengthen'd, sage advices The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious Wi's secret favours, sweet and precious: The Souter tauld his queerest stories; The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: The storm without might rair and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy. As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious, O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread:
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane.

That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in; And sic a night he taks the road in, As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze, Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing, And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance: Nae cotillion, brent new frae France, But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Put life and mettle in their heels. A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast; A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large, To gie them music was his charge: He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; And, by some devilish cantraip sleight, Each in its cauld hand held a light: By which heroic Tam was able To note upon the haly table, A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns; Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; A thief new-cutted frae a rape-Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted; Five scymitars wi' murder crusted; A garter which a babe had strangled; A knife a father's throat had mangled— Whom his ain son o' life bereft-The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft; Wi' mair of horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had that been queans, A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!—

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Louping and flinging on a crummock, I wonder did na turn thy stomach!

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie: There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, That night enlisted in the core, Lang after kend on Carrick shore (For monie a beast to dead she shot, An' perish'd monie a bonie boat, And shook baith meikle corn and bear, And kept the country-side in fear). Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, That while a lassie she had worn, In longitude tho' sorely scanty, It was her best, and she was vauntie. . . . Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches), Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour, Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out: "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin! In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the brig; There, at them thou thy tail may toss, A running stream they dare na cross! But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake;

For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; But little wist she Maggie's mettle! Ae spring brought off her master hale, But left behind her ain grey tail: The carlin claught her by the rump, And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed: Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Or cutty sarks run in your mind, Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear: Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs! That led th' embattl' d scraphin to war.—MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee—Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie—Wha in you cavern grim an' sootie,

Clos'd under hatches,

Spairges about the brunstane cootie, To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee, An' let poor damnèd bodies be; I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil,

To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me An' hear us squeel,

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame; Far kend an' noted is thy name; An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame, Thou travels far;

An' faith! thou's neither lag, nor lame,
Nor blate, nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners trying;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;

Whyles, in the human bosom pryin, Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say, In lanely glens ye like to stray; Or, where auld ruin'd castles grey Nod to the moon, Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way

Wi' eldritch croon. When twilight did my graunie summon,

To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yout the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

BURNS. BOWLES

Ae dreary, windy, winter night, The stars shot down wi' sklentin light, Wi' you mysel, I gat a fright:

Ayont the lough, Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight, Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake, Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake; When wi' an eldritch, stoor "quaick, quaick," Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags, Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags, They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Wi' wicked speed;

And in kirk-yards renew their leagues, Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; For O! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill;

An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse On young guidmen, fond, keen an' croose; When the best wark-lume i' the house,

By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, An' float the jinglin icy boord, Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord, By your direction,

An' nighted trav'llers are allur'd

To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies

Delude his eyes, Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip In storms an' tempests raise you up, Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,

Or, strange to tell!

The youngest brother ye wad whip

Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, An' all the soul of love they shar'd,

The raptur'd hour Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird, In shady bow'r. Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!),

An' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz, Ye did present your smoutie phiz

'Mang better folk; An' sklented on the man of Uzz Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall, An' brak him out o' house an' hall, While scabs an' botches did him gall, Wi' bitter claw;

An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul— Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse, Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Sin' that day Michael did you pierce Down to this time,

Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse, In prose or rhyme.

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin, A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, Some luckless hour will send him linkin, To your black Pit;

But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin, An' cheat you yet.

But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
O, wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:

I'm wae to think upo' yon den, Ev'n for your sake!

BOWLES

ON LEAVING A PLACE OF RESIDENCE

IF I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bowers My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours, Dead were I to the sympathies that swell The human breast! These woods, that whispering

My father rear'd and nursed, now to the grave Gone down; he loved their peaceful shades and said, Perhaps, as here he mused: "Live, laurels green; Ye pines that shade the solitary scene, Live blooming and rejoice! When I am dead, My son shall guard you, and amid your bowers, Like me, find shelter from life's beating showers."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear; And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain, A stranger shall possess the loved domain, In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.

But these are shadows of the shaping brain That now my heart, alas! can ill sustain: We must forget—the world is wide—the abode Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road. It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd, Where'er the spot, we bear the unalter'd mind. Yet, oh! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade, Remember, ere I left your coverts green, Where in my youth I mused, in childhood play'd, I gazed, I paused, I dropp'd a tear unseen, That bitter from the font of memory fell, Thinking on him who rear'd you; now, farewell!

JOANNA BAILLIE

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she, "Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Wi' his blue bonnet on his head, And his doggie runnin'? Yestreen, about the gloamin' time, I chanced to see him comin', Whistlin' merrily the tune That I am a' day hummin'," quo' she, "I am a' day hummin'." "Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she, " Fee him, faither, fee him; A' the wark about the house Gaes wi' me when I see him: A' the wark about the house, I gang sae lightly through it: And though ye pay some merks o' gear, Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she, "No, ye winna rue it." "What wad I do wi' him, hizzy? What wad I do wi' him? He's ne'er a sark upon his back, And I hae nane to gie him." "I hae twa sarks into my kist, And ane o' them I'll gie him; And for a merk o' mair fee, O, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she, " Dinna stand wi' him "Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she, "Weel do I lo'e him; The brawest lads about the place Are a' but hav'rels to him. O fee him, faither; lang, I trow, We've dull and dowie been; He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn, And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she, "Crack wi' me at e'en."

ROGERS

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill; A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear; A willowy brook, that turns a mill, With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch Shall twitter from her clay-built nest: Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees, Where first our marriage-vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper spire to heaven.

BARONESS NAIRNE

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great; His mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state; He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek. Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell, At his table-head he thought she'd look well; M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee, A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree. His wig was well pouther'd, and as guid as new, His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat-And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that ? He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie, And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee: "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben, She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen." Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine: "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?" She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown, Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa doun. And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low, And what was his errand he soon let her know; Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na"; And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa, Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,

T. RUSSELL.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS

And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,

He mounted his mare, he rade cannilie;

She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright The cautious pilot, ten revolving years Great Paean's son, unwonted erst to tears, Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light Of heaven he watch'd, and blamed its lingering flight; By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave And savage howlings chased his dreams by night. Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sigh'd

RUSSELL. WORDSWORTH

Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar, In each white cloud a coming sail he spied; Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

WORDSWORTH

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

STRANGE fits of passion have I known: And I will dare to tell, But in the Lover's ear alone, What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day Fresh as a rose in June, I to her cottage bent my way, Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye, All over the wide lea; With quickening pace my horse drew nigh Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot; And, as we climbed the hill, The sinking moon to Lucy's cot Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept, Kind Nature's gentlest boon! And all the while my eyes I kept On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof He raised, and never stopped: When down behind the cottage roof, At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide Into a Lover's head! "O mercy!" to myself I cried, "If Lucy should be dead!"

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!

—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men, In lands beyond the sea; Nor, England! did I know till then What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream! Nor will I quit thy shore A second time; for still I seem

A second time; for still I seem To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son, · Where art thou, worse to me than dead? Oh find me, prosperous or undone! Or, if the grave be now thy bed, Why am I ignorant of the same That I may rest; and neither blame Nor sorrow may attend thy name? Seven years, alas! to have received No tidings of an only child; To have despaired, have hoped, believed, And been for evermore beguiled; Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss! I catch at them, and then I miss; Was ever darkness like to this? He was among the prime in worth, An object beauteous to behold; Well born, well bred; I sent him forth Ingenuous, innocent, and bold: If things ensued that wanted grace, As hath been said, they were not base; And never blush was on my face. Ah! little doth the young-one dream, When full of play and childish cares, What power is in his wildest scream, Heard by his mother unawares! He knows it not, he cannot guess: Years to a mother bring distress; But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long From that ill thought; and, being blind, Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong: Kind mother have I been, as kind As ever breathed: " and that is true; I've wet my path with tears like dew, Weeping for him when no one knew. My Son, if thou be humbled, poor, Hopeless of honour and of gain, Oh! do not dread thy mother's door; Think not of me with grief and pain: I now can see with better eyes; And worldly grandeur I despise, And fortune with her gifts and lies. Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings, And blasts of heaven will aid their flight; They mount—how short a voyage brings The wanderers back to their delight! Chains tie us down by land and sea; And wishes, vain as mine, may be All that is left to comfort thee. Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, Maimed, mangled by inhuman men; Or thou upon a desert thrown Inheritest the lion's den; Or hast been summoned to the deep, Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep An incommunicable sleep. I look for ghosts; but none will force Their way to me: 'tis falsely said That there was ever intercourse Between the living and the dead; For, surely, then I should have sight Of him I wait for day and night, With love and longings infinite. My apprehensions come in crowds; I dread the rustling of the grass; The very shadows of the clouds Have power to shake me as they pass: I question things and do not find One that will answer to my mind; And all the world appears unkind. Beyond participation lie My troubles, and beyond relief: If any chance to heave a sigh, They pity me, and not my grief. Then come to me, my Son, or send Some tidings that my woes may end; I have no other earthly friend!

MICHAEL A PASTORAL POEM

Ir from the public way you turn your steps Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll, You will suppose that with an upright path Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. But, courage! for around that boisterous brook The mountains have all opened out themselves, And made a hidden valley of their own. No habitation can be seen; but they Who journey thither find themselves alone With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kite That overhead are sailing in the sky. It is in truth an utter solitude; Nor should I have made mention of this Dell But for one object which you might pass by, Might see and notice not. Beside the brook Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones! And to that simple object appertains A story—unenriched with strange events, Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, Or for the summer shade. It was the first Of those domestic tales that spake to me Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men Whom I already loved; -not verily For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills Where was their occupation and abode. And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy Careless of books, yet having felt the power Of Nature, by the gentle agency Of natural objects, led me on to feel For passions that were not my own, and think (At random and imperfectly indeed) On man, the heart of man, and human life. Therefore, although it be a history Homely and rude, I will relate the same For the delight of a few natural hearts; And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake Of youthful Poets, who among these hills Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name; An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb. His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen, Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt And watchful more than ordinary men. Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds, Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes, When others heeded not, he heard the South Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills. The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock Bethought him; and he to himself would say, "The winds are now devising work for me!" And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives The traveller to a shelter, summoned him Up to the mountains: he had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists, That came to him, and left him, on the heights. So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had
laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him A pleasurable feeling of blind love, The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness. His Helpmate was a comely matron, old-Though younger than himself full twenty years. She was a woman of a stirring life, Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had Of antique form: this large, for spinning wool; That small, for flax; and, if one wheel had rest, It was because the other was at work. The Pair had but one inmate in their house, An only Child, who had been born to them When Michael, telling o'er his years, began To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase, With one foot in the grave. This only Son, With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm, The one of an inestimable worth, Made all their household. I may truly say, That they were as a proverb in the vale For endless industry. When day was gone, And from their occupations out of doors The Son and Father were come home, even then, Their labour did not cease; unless when all Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there, Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes, And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, That in our ancient uncouth country style With huge and black projection overbrowed Large space beneath, as duly as the light Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp; An aged utensil, which had performed Service beyond all others of its kind.

Early at evening did it burn—and late. Surviving comrade of uncounted hours, Which, going by from year to year, had found, And left, the couple neither gay perhaps Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes, Living a life of eager industry. And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year, There by the light of this old lamp they sate, Father and Son, while far into the night The Housewife plied her own peculiar work, Making the cottage through the silent hours Murmur as with the sound of summer flies. This light was famous in its neighbourhood, And was a public symbol of the life That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced, Their cottage on a plot of rising ground Stood single, with large prospect, north and south, High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise, And westward to the village near the lake; And from this constant light, so regular, And so far seen, the House itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale, Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart This son of his old age was yet more dear-Less from instinctive tenderness, the same Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all-Than that a child, more than all other gifts That earth can offer to declining man, Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts, And stirrings of inquietude, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms, Had done him female service, not alone For pastime and delight, as is the use Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
f fond correction and reproof bestowed

Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his shouts Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek Two steady roses that were five years old; Then Michael from a winter coppice cut With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped With iron, making it throughout in all Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff, And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt He as a watchman oftentimes was placed At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; And, to his office prematurely called, There stood the urchin, as you will divine, Something between a hindrance and a help; And for this cause not always, I believe, Receiving from his father hire of praise; Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice, Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights, Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways, He with his Father daily went, and they Were as companions, why should I relate That objects which the Shepherd loved before Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came Feelings and emanations—things which were Light to the sun and music to the wind; And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up: And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived From day to day, to Michael's ear there came Distressful tidings. Long before the time Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound In surety for his brother's son, a man Of an industrious life, and ample means; But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly Had prest upon him; and old Michael now Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, A grievous penalty, but little less Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim, At the first hearing, for a moment took More hope out of his life than he supposed That any old man ever could have lost. As soon as he had armed himself with strength To look his trouble in the face, it seemed The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once A portion of his patrimonial fields. Such was his first resolve; he thought again, And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he, Two evenings after he had heard the news, "I have been toiling more than seventy years, And in the open sunshine of God's love Have we all lived; yet, if these fields of ours

Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused, And Isabel sat silent, for her mind Was busy, looking back into past times. There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself, He was a parish boy—at the church-door They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence, And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares; And, with this basket on his arm, the lad Went up to London, found a master there, Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy To go and overlook his merchandise Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich, And left estates and monies to the poor, And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. These thoughts, and many others of like sort, Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel, And her face brightened. The old Man was glad, And thus resumed :- "Well, Isabel! this scheme These two days has been meat and drink to me. Far more than we have lost is left us yet.

We have enough—I wish indeed that I Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope. Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best Buy for him more, and let us send him forth To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night: If he could go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth With a light heart. The Housewife for five days Was restless morn and night, and all day long Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare

Things needful for the journey of her son. But Isabel was glad when Sunday came To stop her in her work: for, when she lay By Michael's side, she through the last two nights Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep: And when they rose at morning she could see That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon She said to Luke, while they two by themselves Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go: We have no other Child but thee to lose, None to remember-do not go away, For if thou leave thy Father he will die." The Youth made answer with a jocund voice; And Isabel, when she had told her fears, Recovered heart. That evening her best fare Did she bring forth, and all together sat Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work; And all the ensuing week the house appeared As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length The expected letter from their kinsman came, With kind assurances that he would do His utmost for the welfare of the Boy; To which, requests were added, that forthwith He might be sent to him. Ten times or more The letter was read over; Isabel Went forth to show it to the neighbours round; Nor was there at that time on English land A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel Had to her house returned, the old Man said, "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word The Housewife answered, talking much of things Which, if at such short notice he should go, Would surely be forgotten. But at length She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll, In that deep valley, Michael had designed To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard The tidings of his melancholy loss, For this same purpose he had gathered up A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge Lay thrown together, ready for the work. With Luke that evening thitherward he walked: And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, And thus the old Man spake to him :- " My son, To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart I look upon thee, for thou art the same That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, And all thy life hast been my daily joy. I will relate to thee some little part Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good When thou art from me, even if I should touch On things thou canst not know of.—After thou First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,

And still I loved thee with increasing love. Never to living ear came sweeter sounds Than when I heard thee by our own fireside First uttering, without words, a natural tune: While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month. And in the open fields my life was passed And on the mountains; else I think that thou Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees, But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills, As well thou knowest, in us the old and young Have played together, nor with me didst thou Lack any pleasure which a boy can know." Luke had a manly heart; but at these words He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand, And said, "Nay, do not take it so-I see That these are things of which I need not speak. -Even to the utmost I have been to thee A kind and a good Father: and herein I but repay a gift which I myself Received at others' hands; for, though now old Beyond the common life of man, I still Remember them who loved me in my youth. Both of them sleep together: here they lived, As all their Forefathers had done; and, when At length their time was come, they were not loth To give their bodies to the family mould, I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived, But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son, And see so little gain from threescore years. These fields were burthened when they came to me; Till I was forty years of age, not more Than half of my inheritance was mine. I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work, And till these three weeks past the land was free. -It looks as if it never could endure Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good That thou shouldst go."

At this the old Man paused; Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood, Thus, after a short silence, he resumed: "This was a work for us; and now, my Son, It is a work for me. But, lay one stone-Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands. Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live To see a better day. At eighty-four I still am strong and hale ;- do thou thy part ; I will do mine.—I will begin again With many tasks that were resigned to thee; Up to the heights, and in among the storms, Will I without thee go again, and do All works which I was wont to do alone, Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy! Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes— I knew that thou couldst never have a wish To leave me, Luke; thou hast been bound to me

Only by links of love: when thou art gone, What will be left to us !- But I forget My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone, As I requested; and hereafter, Luke, When thou art gone away, should evil men Be thy companions, think of me, my Son, And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts, And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, Who, being innocent, did for that cause Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well-When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see A work which is not here: a covenant 'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last, And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down, And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that house in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and, when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their kinsman come, Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout "The prettiest letters that were ever seen." Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts. So, many months passed on: and once again The Shepherd went about his daily work With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour He to that valley took his way, and there Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began To slacken in his duty; and, at length, He in the dissolute city gave himself To evil courses: ignominy and shame Fell on him, so that he was driven at last To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love; 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else Would overset the brain, or break the heart: I have conversed with more than one who well Remember the old Man, and what he was Years after he had heard this heavy news. His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud, And listened to the wind; and, as before,

Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep And for the land, his small inheritance. And to that hollow dell from time to time Did he repair, to build the Fold of which His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet The pity which was then in every heart For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all That many and many a day he thither went, And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog, Then old, beside him, lying at his feet. The length of full seven years, from time to time, He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought, And left the work unfinished when he died. Three years, or little more, did Isabel Survive her Husband: at her death the estate Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground On which it stood: great changes have been wrought In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left That grew beside their door; and the remains Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed Their snow-white blossoms on my head With brightest sunshine round me spread Of spring's unclouded weather, In this sequestered nook how sweet To sit upon my orchard-seat! And birds and flowers once more to greet, My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid you tuft of hazel trees, That twinkle to the gusty breeze, Behold him perched in ecstasies, Yet seeming still to hover;

There! where the flutter of his wings Upon his back and body flings Shadows and sunny glimmerings, That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice. O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass Thy twofold shout I hear; From hill to hill it seems to pass At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale, Of sunshine and of flowers, Thou bringest unto me a tale Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days I listened to; that Cry Which made me look a thousand ways In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, faery place; That is fit home for Thee!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful Dawn; A dancing Shape, an Image gay, To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. I saw her upon nearer view, A Spirit, yet a Woman too! Her household motions light and free, And steps of virgin-liberty; A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet; A Creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food; For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. And now I see with eye serene The very pulse of the machine; A Being breathing thoughtful breath, A Traveller between life and death: The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill; A perfect Woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a Spirit still, and bright With something of angelic light,

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be Both law and impulse: and with me The Girl, in rock and plain, In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, Shall feel an overseeing power To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend; Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the Storm Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean her ear In many a secret place Where rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force; She neither hears nor sees; Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, With rocks, and stones, and trees.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company: I gazed—and gazed—but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard In the silence of morning the song of the Bird. 'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees A mountain ascending, a vision of trees; Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide, And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale, Down which she so often has tripped with her pail; And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's, The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade, The mist and the river, the hill and the shade: The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors; The sky rejoices in the morning's birth; The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors The hare is running races in her mirth; And with her feet she from the plashy earth Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun, Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky; And I bethought me of the playful hare: Even such a happy Child of earth am I; Even as these blissful creatures do I fare; Far from the world I walk, and from all care; But there may come another day to me— Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought, As if life's business were a summer mood; As if all needful things would come unsought To genial faith, still rich in genial good;

But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, A leading from above, a something given, Yet it befell that, in this lonely place, When I with these untoward thoughts had striven, Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven I saw a Man before me unawares: The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs. As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie Couched on the bald top of an eminence; Wonder to all who do the same espy, By what means it could thither come, and whence; So that it seems a thing endued with sense: Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself; Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead, Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age: His body was bent double, feet and head Coming together in life's pilgrimage; As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage Of sickness felt by him in times long past, A more than human weight upon his frame had cast. Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face, Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood: And, still as I drew near with gentle pace, Upon the margin of that moorish flood Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood, That heareth not the loud winds when they call; And moveth all together, if it move at all. At length, himself unsettling, he the pond Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look Upon the muddy water, which he conned, As if he had been reading in a book: And now a stranger's privilege I took; And, drawing to his side, to him did say, "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day." A gentle answer did the old Man make, In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew: And him with further words I thus bespake, "What occupation do you there pursue? This is a lonesome place for one like you." Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes. His words came feebly, from a feeble chest, But each in solemn order followed each, With something of a lofty utterance drest— Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach

Of ordinary men; a stately speech; Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use, Religious men, who give to God and man their dues. He told, that to these waters he had come To gather leeches, being old and poor: Employment hazardous and wearisome! And he had many hardships to endure: From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor; Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance; And in this way he gained an honest maintenance. The old Man still stood talking by my side; But now his voice to me was like a stream Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide; And the whole body of the Man did seem Like one whom I had met with in a dream; Or like a man from some far region sent, To give me human strength, by apt admonishment. My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills; And hope that is unwilling to be fed; Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills; And mighty Poets in their misery dead. -Perplexed, and longing to be comforted, My question eagerly did I renew, "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?" He with a smile did then his words repeat; And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide He travelled; stirring thus about his feet The waters of the pools where they abide. "Once I could meet with them on every side; But they have dwindled long by slow decay; Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may." While he was talking thus, the lonely place, The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me: In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace About the weary moors continually, Wandering about alone and silently. While I these thoughts within myself pursued, He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed. And soon with this he other matter blended, Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind, But stately in the main; and, when he ended, I could have laughed myself to scorn to find In that decrepit Man so firm a mind. "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure; I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

HART-LEAP WELL

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor With the slow motion of a summer's cloud, And now, as he approached a vassal's door, "Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey; Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes; The horse and horseman are a happy pair; But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies, There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall, That as they galloped made the echoes roar; But horse and man are vanished, one and all; Such race, I think, was never seen before,

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind, Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain: Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind, Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern; But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one, The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race? The bugles that so joyfully were blown?—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase; Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side; I will not stop to tell how far he fled, Nor will I mention by what death he died; But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn; He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy; He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn, But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat; Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned; And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched: His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill, And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest, (Never had living man such joyful lot!) Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west, And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now Such sight was never seen by human eyes: Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow Down to the very fountain where he lies. "I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

"And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known, Another monument shall here be raised; Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone, And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And in the summer-time, when days are long, I will come hither with my Paramour; And with the dancers and the minstrel's song We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart stone-dead, With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said; And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered, A cup of stone received the living well; Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared, And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And, near the fountain, flowers of stature tall With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—Which soon composed a little sylvan hall, A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long, Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour; And with the dancers and the minstrel's song Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time, And his bones lie in his paternal vale.— But there is matter for a second rhyme, And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.
As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.
What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head; Half wasted the square mound of tawny green; So that you just might say, as then I said, "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near, More doleful place did never eye survey; It seemed as if the spring-time came not here, And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost, When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired, Came up the hollow:—him did I accost, And what this place might be I then enquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed. "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old! But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood— Some say that they are beeches, others elms— These were the bower; and here a mansion stood, The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition tell; You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream; But as to the great Lodge! you might as well Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep, Will wet his lips within that cup of stone; And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep, This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done, And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part, I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun, That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!

Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep, Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last— O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank, Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide; This water was perhaps the first he drank When he had wandered from his mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn He heard the birds their morning carols sing; And he perhaps, for aught we know, was born Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade; The sun on drearier hollow never shone; So will it be, as I have often said, Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone." "Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well; Small difference lies between thy creed and mine: This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell: His death was mourned by sympathy divine. "The Being that is in the clouds and air, That is in the green leaves among the groves, Maintains a deep and reverential care For the unoffending creatures whom he loves. "The pleasure-house is dust :- behind, before, This is no common waste, no common gloom; But Nature, in due course of time, once more Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom. "She leaves these objects to a slow decay, That what we are, and have been, may be known; But at the coming of the milder day These monuments shall all be overgrown. "One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide, Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals: Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

THE SHEPHERD-LORD

From Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle
Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour. July 13, 1798 Five years have past; five summers, with the length Of five long winters! and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs With a soft inland murmur.—Once again Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, That on a wild secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect The landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, Which at this season, with their unripe fruits, Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke Sent up, in silence, from among the trees! With some uncertain notice, as might seem Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms, Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eye: But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart; And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration :- feelings too Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world, Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood, In which the affections gently lead us on,-Until, the breath of this corporeal frame And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul: While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colours and their forms, were then to me An appetite; a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts Have followed; for such loss, I would believe, Abundant recompense. For I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold From this green earth; of all the mighty world Of eye, and ear,-both what they half create, And what perceive; well pleased to recognise In nature and the language of the sense The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me here upon the banks Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend, My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make, Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy: for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain-winds be free To blow against thee: and, in after years, When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling-place . For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance— If I should be where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams Of past existence—wilt thou then forget That on the banks of this delightful stream We stood together; and that I, so long A worshipper of Nature, hither came Unwearied in that service: rather say With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget That after many wanderings, many years Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs, And this green pastoral landscape, were to me More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky! Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound? Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground? Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, Those quivering wings composed, that music still! To the last point of vision, and beyond, Mount, daring warbler !- that love-prompted strain, (Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond), Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain: Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing All independent of the leafy spring. Leave to the nightingale her shady wood; A privacy of glorious light is thine; Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood Of harmony, with instinct more divine; Type of the wise who soar, but never roam; True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

LAODAMIA

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"
So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,

Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands; Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows; And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand That calms all fear; "Such grace hath crowned thy

Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be, I am not sent to scare thee or deceive; But in reward of thy fidelity. And something also did my worth obtain; For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:

A generous cause a victim did demand; And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain; A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

WORDSWORTH

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this; Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side! Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss To me, this day, a second time thy bride!" Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul; A fervent, not ungovernable, love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb Alcestis, a reanimated corse, Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom? Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years, And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he said,— She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered; The ghastly colour from his lips had fled; In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel In worlds whose course is equable and pure; No fears to beat away—no strife to heal— The past unsighed for, and the future sure; Spake of heroic arts in graver mood Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there In happier beauty; more pellucid streams, An ampler ether, a diviner air, And fields invested with purpureal gleams; Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned That privilege by virtue.—" Ill," said he, "The end of man's existence I discerned, Who from ignoble games and revelry Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight, While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved The oracle, upon the silent sea; And, if no worthier led the way, resolved That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife! On thee too fondly did my memory hang, And on the joys we shared in mortal life,— The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers:

My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry, Behold they tremble!—haughty their array, Yet of their number no one dares to die?' In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought, In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak In reason, in self-government too slow; I counsel thee by fortitude to seek Our blest re-union in the shades below. The invisible world with thee hath sympathised; Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—Seeking a higher object. Love was given, Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end; For this the passion to excess was driven—That self might be annulled: her bondage prove The fetters of a dream opposed to love."—

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis

The hours are past—too brief had they been years; And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day, He through the portal takes his silent way, And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved! Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime, Was in a trance of passion thus removed; Delivered from the galling yoke of time, And these frail elements—to gather flowers Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due; And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown Are mourned by man, and not by man alone, As fondly he believes.—Upon the side Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

SURPRISED BY JOY

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb, That spot which no vicissitude can find? Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—But how could I forget thee? Through what

power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, Mindless of its just honours; with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound; A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound; With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief; The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp, It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head: And these grey rocks; that household lawn; Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn; This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake; This little bay; a quiet road That holds in shelter thy Abode-In truth together do ye seem Like something fashioned in a dream; Such Forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep! But, O fair Creature! in the light Of common day, so heavenly bright, I bless Thee, Vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart; God shield thee to thy latest years! Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away: For never saw I mien, or face, In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here scattered, like a random seed, Remote from men, Thou dost not need The embarrassed look of shy distress, And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a Mountaineer: A face with gladness overspread! Soft smiles, by human kindness bred! And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays; With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech: A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life! So have I, not unmoved in mind, Seen birds of tempest-loving kind-Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull For thee who art so beautiful? O happy pleasure! here to dwell Beside thee in some heathy dell; Adopt your homely ways and dress, A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess! But I could frame a wish for thee More like a grave reality: Thou art to me but as a wave Of the wild sea; and I would have Some claim upon thee, if I could, Though but of common neighbourhood. What joy to hear thee, and to see! Thy elder Brother I would be, Thy Father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old, As fair before me shall behold, As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

STEPPING WESTWARD

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"

"WHAT, you are stepping westward?"—"Yea."
—'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold; Behind, all gloomy to behold; And stepping westward seemed to be A kind of beavenly destiny: I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound Of something without place or bound; And seemed to give me spiritual right To travel through that region bright. The voice was soft, and she who spake Was walking by her native lake: The salutation had to me The very sound of courtesy: Its power was felt; and while my eye Was fixed upon the glowing Sky, The echo of the voice enwrought A human sweetness with the thought Of travelling through the world that lay Before me in my endless way.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt More welcome notes to weary bands Of travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian sands: A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?— Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago:

WORDSWORTH

Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to-day? Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang As if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still; And, as I mounted up the hill, The music in my heart I bore, Long after it was heard no more.

YARROW VISITED

September, 1814
And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale, Save where that pearly whiteness Is round the rising sun diffused, A tender hazy brightness; Mild dawn of promise! that excludes All profitless dejection; Though not unwilling here to admit A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding? His bed perchance was you smooth mound On which the herd is feeding: And haply from this crystal pool, Now peaceful as the morning, The Water-wraith ascended thrice—And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.
That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,

And, rising from those lofty groves, Behold a Ruin hoary! The shattered front of Newark's Towers, Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, For sportive youth to stray in; For manhood to enjoy his strength; And age to wear away in! You cottage seems a bower of bliss, A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights, They melt, and soon must vanish; One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—Sad thought, which I would banish, But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow! Will dwell with me—to heighten joy, And cheer my mind in sorrow.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee; And was the safeguard of the west: the worth Of Venice did not fall below her birth, Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty. She was a maiden City, bright and free; No guile seduced, no force could violate; And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length are driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY

When I have borne in memory what has tamed Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart When men change swords for ledgers, and desert The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed I had, my Country—am I to be blamed? Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art, Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed. For dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; And I by my affection was beguiled: What wonder if a Poet now and then, Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

AFTER-THOUGHT

Closing the Series of Sonnets, "The River Duddon"
I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe
strain.

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

THE TABLES TURNED

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books; Or surely you'll grow double: Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks; Why all this toil and trouble?

WORDSWORTH

The sun, above the mountain's head, A freshening lustre mellow Through all the long green fields has spread, His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music! on my life, There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher: Come forth into the light of things, Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless-Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; Our meddling intellect Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:-We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art; Close up those barren leaves; Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives.

THE FOUNTAIN: A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue Affectionate and true, A pair of friends, though I was young, And Matthew seventy-two. We lay beneath a spreading oak, Beside a mossy seat; And from the turf a fountain broke, And gurgled at our feet. "Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match This water's pleasant tune With some old border-song, or catch That suits a summer's noon; "Or of the church-clock and the chimes Sing here beneath the shade, That half-mad thing of witty rhymes Which you last April made!" In silence Matthew lay, and eyed The spring beneath the tree; And thus the dear old Man replied, The grey-haired man of glee: "No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;

How merrily it goes!

And flow as now it flows.

'Twill murmur on a thousand years,

"And here, on this delightful day, I cannot choose but think How oft, a vigorous man, I lay Beside this fountain's brink. " My eyes are dim with childish tears, My heart is idly stirred, For the same sound is in my ears Which in those days I heard. "Thus fares it still in our decay: And yet the wiser mind Mourns less for what age takes away Than what it leaves behind. "The blackbird amid leafy trees, The lark above the hill, Let loose their carols when they please, Are quiet when they will. "With Nature never do they wage A foolish strife; they see A happy youth, and their old age Is beautiful and free: "But we are pressed by heavy laws; And often, glad no more, We wear a face of joy, because We have been glad of yore. " If there be one who need bemoan His kindred laid in earth, The household hearts that were his own; It is the man of mirth. "My days, my Friend, are almost gone, My life has been approved, And many love me! but by none Am I enough beloved." " Now both himself and me he wrongs, The man who thus complains! I live and sing my idle songs Upon these happy plains; "And, Matthew, for thy children dead I'll be a son to thee!" At this he grasped my hand, and said, "Alas! that cannot be." We rose up from the fountain-side; And down the smooth descent Of the green sheep-track did we glide; And through the wood we went; And, ere we came to Leonard's rock, He sang those witty rhymes About the crazy old church-clock, And the bewildered chimes.

ODE TO DUTY

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eô perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty! if that name thou love Who art a light to guide, a rod To check the erring, and reprove;

Thou, who art victory and law When empty terrors overawe; From vain temptations dost set free; And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he That every man in arms should wish to be? -It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought: Whose high endeavours are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright: Who, with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn; Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care; Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower; Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves Of their bad influence, and their good receives: By objects, which might force the soul to abate Her feeling, rendered more compassionate; Is placable—because occasions rise So often that demand such sacrifice; More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure, As tempted more; more able to endure, As more exposed to suffering and distress; Thence, also, more alive to tenderness. —'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends Upon that law as on the best of friends; Whence, in a state where men are tempted still To evil for a guard against worse ill, And what in quality or act is best Doth seldom on a right foundation rest, He labours good on good to fix, and owes To virtue every triumph that he knows: -Who, if he rise to station of command, Rises by open means; and there will stand On honourable terms, or else retire, And in himself possess his own desire; Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state; Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall, Like showers of manna, if they come at all: Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence, a peculiar grace; But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined Great issues, good or bad for human kind, Is happy as a Lover; and attired With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired; And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw; Or if an unexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need:

-He who, though thus endued as with a sense And faculty for storm and turbulence, Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes; Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be, Are at his heart; and such fidelity It is his darling passion to approve; More brave for this, that he hath much to love :-Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high. Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye, Or left unthought-of in obscurity,-Who, with a toward or untoward lot, Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not-Plays, in the many games of life, that one Where what he most doth value must be won: Whom neither shape of danger can dismay, Nor thought of tender happiness betray; Who, not content that former worth stand fast, Looks forward, persevering to the last, From well to better, daily self-surpast: Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth For ever, and to noble deeds give birth, Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame, And leave a dead unprofitable name-Finds comfort in himself and in his cause; And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause: This is the happy Warrior; this is He That every Man in arms should wish to be.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

Suggested by a picture of Peele Castle, in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee: I saw thee every day; and all the while Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea. So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! So like, so very like, was day to day! Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there; It trembled, but it never passed away. How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep; No mood, which season takes away, or brings: I could have fancied that the mighty Deep Was even the gentlest of all gentle things. Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand, To express what then I saw; and add the gleam, The light that never was, on sea or land, The consecration, and the Poet's dream; I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile Amid a world how different from this! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile; On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;— Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, Such Picture would I at that time have made: And seen the soul of truth in every part, A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more; I have submitted to a new control: A power is gone, which nothing can restore; A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold A smiling sea, and be what I have been: The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old; This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore, This work of thine I blame not, but commend; This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and well, Well chosen is the spirit that is here; That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell, This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime, I love to see the look with which it braves, Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time, The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone, Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, And frequent sights of what is to be borne! Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.— Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

ODE

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

> The Child is father of the Man; And I could wish my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Then wheresoe'er I may

Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

WORDSWORTH

The Rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the Rose, The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,

Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; The sunshine is a glorious birth; But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song, And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief: A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong: The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; No more shall grief of mine the season wrong; I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng, The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

> And all the earth is gay; Land and Sea

Give themselves up to jollity, And with the heart of May Doth every Beast keep holiday :-

Thou Child of Joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call Ye to each other make; I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival, My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel-I feel it all. Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning, This sweet May-morning,

And the Children are culling

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide, Fresh flowers: while the sun shines warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :-I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

-But there's a Tree, of many, one, A single Field which I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone: The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat: Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar: Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing Boy,

But He beholds the light, and whence it flows, He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own; Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, And, even with something of a Mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man. Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came. Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies, Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art; A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral; And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his song: Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside, And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part; Filling from time to time his "humorous stage" With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage; As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind, That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep, Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,-

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest! On whom those truths do rest, Which we are toiling all our lives to find, In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave; Thou, over whom thy Immortality Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave, A Presence which is not to be put by; Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

WORDSWORTH

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke The years to bring the inevitable yoke, Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife? Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight, And custom lie upon thee with a weight, Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live, That nature yet remembers What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never:

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy, Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower; We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind; In the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be; In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

FROM "THE PRELUDE," BOOK I

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows Like harmony in music; there is a dark Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles Discordant elements, makes them cling together In one society. How strange that all The terrors, pains, and early miseries, Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part, And that a needful part, in making up The calm existence that is mine when I Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end! Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ; Whether her fearless visitings, or those That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may use Severer interventions, ministry More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,

The horizon's utmost boundary; far above Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky. She was an elfin pinnace; lustily I dipped my oars into the silent lake, And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat Went heaving through the water like a swan; When, from behind that craggy steep till then The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge, As if with voluntary power instinct Upreared its head. I struck and struck again, And growing still in stature the grim shape Towered up between me and the stars, and still, For so it seemed, with purpose of its own And measured motion like a living thing, Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned, And through the silent water stole my way Back to the covert of the willow tree; There in her mooring-place I left my bark,— And through the meadows homeward went, in grave And serious mood; but after I had seen That spectacle, for many days, my brain Worked with a dim and undetermined sense Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts There hung a darkness, call it solitude Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes Remained, no pleasant images of trees, Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields; But huge and mighty forms, that do not live Like living men, moved slowly through the mind By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe! Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought, That givest to forms and images a breath And everlasting motion, not in vain By day or star-light thus from my first dawn Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me The passions that build up our human soul; Not with the mean and vulgar works of man, But with high objects, with enduring things-With life and nature—purifying thus The elements of feeling and of thought, And sanctifying, by such discipline, Both pain and fear, until we recognise A grandeur in the beatings of the heart. Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me With stinted kindness. In November days, When vapours rolling down the valley made A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods, At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights, When, by the margin of the trembling lake, Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went In solitude, such intercourse was mine; Mine was it in the fields both day and night, And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun Was set, and visible for many a mile The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom, I heeded not their summons: happy time It was indeed for all of us-for me It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud The village clock tolled six,-I wheeled about, Proud and exulting like an untired horse That cares not for his home. All shod with steel, We hissed along the polished ice in games Confederate, imitative of the chase And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn, The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare. So through the darkness and the cold we flew, And not a voice was idle; with the din Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; The leafless trees and every icy crag Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills Into the tumult sent an alien sound Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west The orange sky of evening died away. Not seldom from the uproar I retired Into a silent bay, or sportively Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng, To cut across the reflex of a star That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes, When we had given our bodies to the wind, And all the shadowy banks on either side Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still The rapid line of motion, then at once Have I, reclining back upon my heels, Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs Wheeled by me-even as if the earth had rolled With visible motion her diurnal round! Behind me did they stretch in solemn train, Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

FROM "THE PRELUDE," BOOK V THERE was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs And islands of Winander !- many a time At evening, when the earliest stars began To move along the edges of the hills, Rising or setting, would he stand alone Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake, And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth Uplifted, he, as through an instrument, Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, That they might answer him; and they would shout Across the watery vale, and shout again, Responsive to his call, with quivering peals, And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud, Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause Of silence came and baffled his best skill, Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise Has carried far into his heart the voice

Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene Would enter unawares into his mind, With all its solemn imagery, its rocks, Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old. Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale Where he was born; the grassy churchyard hangs Upon a slope above the village school, And through that churchyard when my way has led On summer evenings, I believe that there A long half hour together I have stood Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!

FROM "THE PRELUDE," BOOK XI THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT THE COMMENCEMENT

O PLEASANT exercise of hope and joy! For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood Upon our side, us who were strong in love! Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very Heaven! O times, In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways Of custom, law, and statute, took at once The attraction of a country in romance! When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights When most intent on making of herself A prime enchantress—to assist the work, Which then was going forward in her name! Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth, The beauty wore of promise—that which sets (As at some moments might not be unfelt Among the bowers of Paradise itself) The budding rose above the rose full blown. What temper at the prospect did not wake To happiness unthought of? The inert Were roused, and lively natures rapt away! They who had fed their childhood upon dreams, The play-fellows of fancy, who had made All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred Among the grandest objects of the sense, And dealt with whatsoever they found there As if they had within some lurking right To wield it ;-they, too, who of gentle mood Had watched all gentle motions, and to these Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild, And in the region of their peaceful selves;-Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire, And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,-Were called upon to exercise their skill, Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,— Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where! But in the very world, which is the world Of all of us,—the place where, in the end, We find our happiness, or not at all!

FROM "THE PRELUDE," BOOK XII ONE Christmas-time,

On the glad eve of its dear holidays, Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth Into the fields, impatient for the sight Of those led palfreys that should bear us home; My brothers and myself. There rose a crag, That, from the meeting-point of two highways Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched; Thither, uncertain on which road to fix My expectation, thither I repaired, Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall; Upon my right hand couched a single sheep, Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood; With those companions at my side, I watched, Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist Gave intermitting prospect of the copse And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,-That dreary time, ere we had been ten days Sojourners in my father's house, he died, And I and my three brothers, orphans then, Followed his body to the grave. The event, With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared A chastisement; and when I called to mind That day so lately past, when from the crag I looked in such anxiety of hope; With trite reflections of morality, Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low To God, Who thus corrected my desires; And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain, And all the business of the elements, The single sheep, and the one blasted tree, And the bleak music from that old stone wall, The noise of wood and water, and the mist That on the line of each of those two roads Advanced in such indisputable shapes; All these were kindred spectacles and sounds To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink, As at a fountain; and on winter nights, Down to this very time, when storm and rain Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day, While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees, Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock In a strong wind, some working of the spirit, Some inward agitations thence are brought, Whate'er their office, whether to beguile Thoughts over busy in the course they took, Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

HOGG

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

COME all ye jolly shepherds That whistle through the glen, I'll tell ye of a secret That courtiers dinna ken:

What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
Oh, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gie ?—
And a' the airts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gie me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame—

My bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye come hame.

KILMENY BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen; But it wasna to meet Duneira's men, Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see, For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be. It was only to hear the yorlin sing, And pu' the cress-flower round the spring; The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye, And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree; For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be. But lang may her minny look o'er the wa', And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw; Lang the laird o' Duneira blame, And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame! When many a day had come and fled, When grief grew calm, and hope was dead, When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung, When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead bell rung, Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still, When the fringe was red on the westlin hill, The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane, The reek o' the cot hung over the plain, Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane; When the ingle low'd wi' an eiry leme, Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame! "Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have ye been? Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean; By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree, Yet ye are halesome and fair to see. Where gat ye that joup o' the lily scheen? That bonnie snood of the birk sae green? And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen? Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have ye been ? " Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace, But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face; As still was her look, and as still was her e'e, As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea, Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea. For Kilmeny had been, she ken'd not where, And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare; Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew, Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew. But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung, And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue, When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen, And a land where sin had never been; A land of love and a land of light, Withouten sun, or moon, or night; Where the river swa'd a living stream, And the light a pure celestial beam; The land of vision, it would seem, A still, an everlasting dream. In you green-wood there is a waik, And in that waik there is a wene,

And in that wene there is a maike,

That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;

And down in you green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay, Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay; But the air was soft and the silence deep, And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep. She kenn'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e, Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She waked on a couch of the silk sae slim, All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim; And lovely beings round were rife, Who erst had travell'd mortal life; And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer, "What spirit has brought this mortal here?"—

"Lang have I journey'd, the world wide," A meek and reverend fere replied; "Baith night and day I have watch'd the fair, Eident a thousand years and mair. Yes, I have watch'd o'er ilk degree, Wherever blooms femenitye; But sinless virgin, free of stain In mind and body, fand I nane. Never, since the banquet of time, Found I a virgin in her prime, Till late this bonnie maiden I saw As spotless as the morning snaw: Full twenty years she has lived as free As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye: I have brought her away frae the snares of men That sin or death she never may ken."-

They clasp'd her waist and her hands sae fair, They kiss'd her cheek and they kemed her hair, And round came many a blooming fere, Saying, "Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here! Women are freed of the littand scorn: O blest be the day Kilmeny was born! Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken what a woman may be! Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain, Many a lang year through the world we've gane, Commission'd to watch fair womankind, For it's they who nurse the immortal mind. We have watch'd their steps as the dawning shone, And deep in the green-wood walks alone; By lily bower and silken bed, The viewless tears have o'er them shed; Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep, Or left the couch of love to weep. We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come.

And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O would the fairest of mortal kind Aye keep the holy truths in mind, That kindred spirits their motions see, Who watch their ways with anxious e'e, And grieve for the guilt of humanitye! O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer, And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair! And dear to Heaven the words of truth, And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth! And dear to the viewless forms of air, The minds that kyth as the body fair!

"O bonnie Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away, And she walk'd in the light of a sunless day; The sky was a dome of crystal bright, The fountain of vision, and fountain of light: The emerald fields were of dazzling glow, And the flowers of everlasting blow. Then deep in the stream her body they laid, That her youth and beauty never might fade; And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie In the stream of life that wander'd bye. And she heard a song, she heard it sung, She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung, It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn: " O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born! Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken what a woman may be! The sun that shines on the world sae bright, A borrow'd gleid frae the fountain of light; And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun, Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun, Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair, And the angels shall miss them travelling the air. But lang, lang after baith night and day, When the sun and the world have elyed away; When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom, Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"-

They bore her away, she wist not how, For she felt not arm nor rest below; But so swift they wain'd her through the light, 'Twas like the motion of sound or sight; They seem'd to split the gales of air, And yet nor gale nor breeze was there. Unnumber'd groves below them grew, They came, they pass'd, and backward flew, Like floods of blossoms gliding on, In moment seen, in moment gone. O, never vales to mortal view Appear'd like those o'er which they flew! That land to human spirits given, The lowermost vales of the storied heaven; From thence they can view the world below, And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow, More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green, To see what mortal never had seen;

And they seated her high on a purple sward, And bade her heed what she saw and heard, And note the changes the spirits wrought, For now she lived in the land of thought. She look'd, and she saw nor sun nor skies, But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes: She look'd, and she saw nae land aright, But an endless whirl of glory and light: And radiant beings went and came, Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame. She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view; She look'd again, and the scene was new. She saw a sun on a summer sky, And clouds of amber sailing bye; A lovely land beneath her lay, And that land had glens and mountains gray; And that land had valleys and hoary piles, And marled seas, and a thousand isles. Its fields were speckled, its forests green, And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen, Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray; Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung, On every shore they seem'd to be hung; For there they were seen on their downward plain A thousand times and a thousand again; In winding lake and placid firth, Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth. Kilmeny sigh'd and seem'd to grieve, For she found her heart to that land did cleave; She saw the corn wave on the vale, She saw the deer run down the dale; She saw the plaid and the broad claymore, And the brows that the badge of freedom bore; And she thought she had seen the land before. She saw a lady sit on a throne, The fairest that ever the sun shone on ! A lion lick'd her hand of milk, And she held him in a leish of silk; And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee, With a silver wand and melting e'e; Her sovereign shield till love stole in, And poison'd all the fount within. Then a gruff untoward bedesman came, And hundit the lion on his dame; And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e, She dropp'd a tear, and left her knee; And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled, Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead; A coffin was set on a distant plain, And she saw the red blood fall like rain; Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair, And she turn'd away, and could look nae mair. Then the gruff grim carle girn'd amain, And they trampled him down, but he rose again; And he baited the lion to deeds of weir, Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear;

And weening his head was danger-preef, When crown'd with the rose and clover leaf, He gowl'd at the carle, and chased him away To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray. He gowl'd at the carle, and geck'd at Heaven, But his mark was set, and his arles given. Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew; She look'd again, and the scene was new. She saw before her fair unfurl'd One half of all the glowing world, Where oceans roll'd, and rivers ran, To bound the aims of sinful man. She saw a people, fierce and fell, Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell; There lilies grew, and the eagle flew; And she herked on her ravening crew, Till the cities and towers were wrapp'd in a blaze, And the thunder it roar'd o'er the lands and the seas. The widows they wail'd, and the red blood ran, And she threaten'd an end to the race of man: She never lened, nor stood in awe, Till caught by the lion's deadly paw. O, then the eagle swink'd for life, And brainzell'd up a mortal strife; But flew she north, or flew she south, She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth. With a mooted wing and waefu' maen, The eagle sought her eiry again; But lang may she cower in her bloody nest, And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast, Before she sey another flight, To play wi' the norland lion's might. But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw, So far surpassing nature's law, The singer's voice wad sink away, And the string of his harp wad cease to play. But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye, And all was love and harmony; Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away, Like flakes of snaw on a winter day. Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see The friends she had left in her own countrye; To tell of the place where she had been, And the glories that lay in the land unseen: To warn the living maidens fair, The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care, That all whose minds unmeled remain Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane. With distant music, soft and deep, They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep; And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane, All happ'd with flowers, in the green-wood wene. When seven lang years had come and fled, When grief was calm, and hope was dead; When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name, Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

And O, her beauty was fair to see, But still and steadfast was her e'e! Such beauty bard may never declare, For there was no pride nor passion there; And the soft desire of maiden's e'en In that mild face could never be seen. Her seymar was the lily flower, And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower: And her voice like the distant melodye, That floats along the twilight sea. But she loved to raike the lanely glen, And keeped afar frae the haunts of men; Her holy hymns unheard to sing, To suck the flowers, and drink the spring. But wherever her peaceful form appear'd, The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd; The wolf play'd blythly round the field, The lordly byson low'd and kneel'd; The dun deer woo'd with manner bland, And cower'd aneath her lily hand. And when at even the woodlands rung, When hymns of other worlds she sung In ecstasy of sweet devotion, O, then the glen was all in motion! The wild beasts of the forest came, Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, And goved around, charm'd and amazed; Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed, And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain For something the mystery to explain. The buzzard came with the throstle-cock; The corby left her houf in the rock; The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew; The hind came tripping o'er the dew; The wolf and the kid their raike began, And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran; The hawk and the hern attour them hung, And the merle and the mavis forhooy'd their young; And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd; It was like an eve in a sinless world! When a month and a day had come and gane, Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene; There laid her down on the leaves sae green, And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen. But O, the words that fell from her mouth Were words of wonder, and words of truth! But all the land were in fear and dread, For they kendna whether she was living or dead. It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain; She left this world of sorrow and pain, And return'd to the land of thought again.

SCOTT MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

'(From The Lay of the Last Minstrel)
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.
BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd, As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, From wandering on a foreign strand! If such there breathe, go, mark him well; For him no Minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung. O Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child! Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood, Land of my sires! what mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band, That knits me to thy rugged strand! Still as I view each well-known scene, Think what is now, and what hath been, Seems as, to me, of all bereft, Sole friends thy woods and streams were left; And thus I love them better still, Even in extremity of ill. By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, Though none should guide my feeble way; Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break, Although it chill my withered cheek; Still lay my head by Teviot Stone, Though there, forgotten and alone,

This is my own, my native land!

THE BALLAD OF ROSABELLE

The Bard may draw his parting groan.

(From The Lay of the Last Minstrel)
O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.
—" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white:

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir To-night at Roslin leads the ball, But that my ladye-mother there Sits lonely in her castle-hall. "Tis not because the ring they ride, And Lindesay at the ring rides well, But that my sire the wine will chide, If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam; 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light, And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud, Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie, Each Baron, for a sable shroud, Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around, Deep sacristy and altar's pale; Shone every pillar foliage-bound, And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high, Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair— So still they blaze when fate is nigh The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold Lie buried within that proud chapelle; Each one the holy vault doth hold— But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there, With candle, with book, and with knell; But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST (From Marmion)

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Chorus.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

. Chorus.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Chorus.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.
Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,
Never, O never!

Chorus.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,

LOCHINVAR
(From Marmion)

Through all the wide Border his steed was the best; And save his good broadsword he weapons had none, He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Lochinvar. He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone, He swam the Eske river where ford there was none; But ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late: For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar. So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,) "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" "I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;-Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide— And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar." The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up, He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh, With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,-"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by

far,

To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung! "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur; They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE TROSSACHS

(From The Lady of the Lake)

THE western waves of ebbing day Roll'd o'er the glen their level way; Each purple peak, each flinty spire, Was bathed in floods of living fire. But not a setting beam could glow Within the dark ravines below, Where twined the path in shadow hid, Round many a rocky pyramid, Shooting abruptly from the dell Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle; Round many an insulated mass, The native bulwarks of the pass, Huge as the tower which builders vain Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain. The rocky summits, split and rent, Form'd turret, dome, or battlement, Or seem'd fantastically set With cupola or minaret, Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd, Or mosque of Eastern architect. Nor were these earth-born castles bare, Nor lack'd they many a banner fair; For, from their shiver'd brows display'd, Far o'er the unfathomable glade, All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, The brier-rose fell in streamers green, And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes, Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild, Each plant or flower, the mountain's child. Here eglantine embalm'd the air, Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; The primrose pale, and violet flower, Found in each cliff a narrow bower; Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side, Emblems of punishment and pride, Group'd their dark hues with every stain The weather-beaten crags retain. With boughs that quaked at every breath, Grey birch and aspen wept beneath; Aloft, the ash and warrior oak Cast anchor in the rifted rock; And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung, Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high, His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky. Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced, The wanderer's eye could barely view The summer heaven's delicious blue; So wondrous wild, the whole might seem The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild duck's brood to swim. Lost for a space, through thickets veering, But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark-blue mirror trace; And farther as the hunter stray'd, Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood, But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,

And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

CORONACH

(From The Lady of the Lake)

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

(From Rokeby)

(From Rokeby)
O, BRIGNAL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
"O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."
"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life lead we,

That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read, As read full well you may, Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed, As blithe as Queen of May." Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are green; I'd rather rove with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen. I read you, by your bugle-horn, And by your palfrey good, I read you for a ranger sworn, To keep the king's greenwood." "A ranger, lady, winds his horn, And 'tis at peep of light; His blast is heard at merry morn, And mine at dead of night." Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are gay; I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his Queen of May! With burnish'd brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come, I read you for a bold dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum." "I list no more the tuck of drum, No more the trumpet hear; But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the spear. And O! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay, Yet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May! Maiden! a nameless life I lead, A nameless death I'll die; The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead, Were better mate than I! And when I'm with my comrades met Beneath the greenwood bough, What once we were we all forget, Nor think what we are now. Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen."

ADIEU FOR EVERMORE

(From Rokeby)

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,

My love!

No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day, He spurr'd his courser on, Without stop or stay, down the rocky way, That leads to Brotherstone.

And adieu for evermore.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced,

And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe, Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space, And his looks were sad and sour; And weary was his courser's pace, As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor Ran red with English blood; Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch

'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet;was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen, And look thou tell me true! Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been, What did thy lady do?"

"My lady each night sought the lonely light That burns on the wild Watchfold; For, from height to height, the beacons bright Of the English foemen told. "The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,

It burnèd all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight Till to the fire she came,

And, by Mary's might! an armed Knight Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,

And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,

As again I watch'd the secret pair On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour, And name this holy eve,

And say 'Come this night to thy lady's bower; Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"' He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch; His lady is all alone;

The door she'll undo to her knight so true On the eve of good Saint John.'

"'I cannot come, I must not come,
I dare not come to thee;

On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone, In thy bower I may not be.'

"' Now out on thee, fainthearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet

Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,

And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair; So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy Saint John, I conjure thee, my love, to be there!

"'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,

And the warder his bugle should not blow,

Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east, And my footstep he would know.'

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;

And there to say mass, till three days do pass, For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd,
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight

May as well say mass for me.

"'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have | In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and

In thy chamber will I be.'

With that he was gone, and my lady left alone, And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow, From the dark to the blood-red high-

"Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen, For, by Mary, he shall die!"

"His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light; His plume it was scarlet and blue;

On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound, And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page, Loud dost thou lie to me!

For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould, All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord! For I heard her name his name;

And that lady bright, she called the knight Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow, From high blood-red to pale—

"The grave is deep and dark, and the corpse is stiff and stark,

So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose, And Eildon slopes to the plain,

Full three nights ago, by some secret foe, That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight, And the wild winds drown'd the name;

For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white monks do sing

For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-grate, And he mounted the narrow stair

To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait

He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood Look'd over hill and vale,

Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood And all down Teviotdale,

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!" "Now hail, thou Baron true!

What news, what news from Ancram fight? What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore, For many a southron fell;

And Buccleuch has charged us evermore To watch our beacons well."

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said; Nor added the Baron a word.

Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair, And so did her moody lord.

turn'd,

And oft to himself he said,

"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave

It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell, The night was wellnigh done, When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell, On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair, By the light of a dying flame; And she was aware of a knight stood there-

Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried, "For the holy Virgin's sake!"

"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side; But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three, In bloody grave have I lain;

The mass and the death-prayer are said for me, But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand, Most foully slain I fell;

And my restless sprite on the beacon's height For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space, I must wander to and fro;

But I had not had power to come to thy bower Had'st thou not conjured me so."

Love master'd fear; her brow she cross'd-"How, Richard, hast thou sped? And art thou saved, or art thou lost?" The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life; So bid thy lord believe:

That lawless love is guilt above, This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam, His right upon her hand-

The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk, For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four Remains on that board impress'd; And for evermore that lady wore

A covering on her wrist. There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,

Ne'er looks upon the sun; There is a monk in Melrose tower, He speaketh word to none;

That nun who ne'er beholds the day, That monk who speaks to none-That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay, That monk the bold Baron.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, ladie, Sae comely to be seen "—But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; Young Frank is chief of Errington, And lord of Langley-dale; His step is first in peaceful ha', His sword in battle keen"— But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen "—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.
Come as the winds come, when

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,

Chief, vassal, page and groom, Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man, set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN Chorus.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing, Blithely dance the Hieland fling, Drink till the gudeman be blind, Fleech till the gudewife be kind; Hoop a leglin, clout a pan, Or crack a pow wi' ony man;— Tell the news in brugh and glen, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin, Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin', Leisters kipper, makes a shift To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift; Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,— He can wauk when they are sleepers; Not for bountith or rewaird Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

> Donald Caird's come again! Donald Caird's come again! Gar the bagpipes hum amain, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill Fast as hostler-wife can fill; Ilka ane that sells gude liquor Kens how Donald bends a bicker; When he's fou he's stout and saucy, Keeps the cantle o' the causey; Hieland chief and Lawland laird Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist, Else some gear may weel be mis't; Donald Caird finds orra things Where Allan Gregor fand the tings; Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo, Whiles a hen and whiles a sow, Webs or duds frae hedge or yaird—'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again! Donald Caird's come again! Dinna let the Shirra ken Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern, Craig to tether, legs to airn; But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study, Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie; Rings of airn, and bolts of steel, Fell like ice frae hand and heel! Watch the sheep in fauld and glen, Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again! Donald Caird's come again! Dinna let the Justice ken, Donald Caird's come again.

THE SPINDLE SONG

(Sung by Meg Merrilies in Guy Mannering) Twist ye, twine ye! even so Mingle shades of joy and woe, Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife, In the thread of human life. While the mystic twist is spinning, And the infant's life beginning, Dimly seen through twilight bending, Lo, what varied shapes attending! Passions wild, and follies vain, Pleasures soon exchanged for pain; Doubt, and jealousy, and fear, In the magic dance appear. Now they wax, and now they dwindle, Whirling with the whirling spindle. Twist ye, twine ye! even so Mingle human bliss and woe.

THE VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK

(From Old Mortality)
Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night

When first thy mystic braid was wove, And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou press'd The torrid zone of this wild breast, Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell With the first sin which peopled hell, A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean, Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion !— O, if such clime thou canst endure, Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure, What conquest o'er each erring thought Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought! I had not wander'd wild and wide, With such an angel for my guide; Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me, If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcass turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed.
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

SOUND, SOUND THE CLARION

(From Old Mortality)

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

PROUD MAISIE

(From The Heart of Midlothian)

PROUD Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me?"

"When six braw gentlemen Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"

"The grey-headed sexton That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady. The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

LUCY'S SONG

(From The Bride of Lammermoor)
Look not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

COUNTY GUY

(From Quentin Durward) AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the lea, The orange flower perfumes the bower, The breeze is on the sea. The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day, Sits hush'd his partner nigh; Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour, But where is County Guy? The village maid steals through the shade, Her shepherd's suit to hear; To beauty shy, by lattice high, Sings high-born Cavalier. The star of Love, all stars above, Now reigns o'er earth and sky; And high and low the influence know— But where is County Guy?

FLORA'S SONG (From The Doom of Devorgoil) THE sun upon the lake is low, The wild birds hush their song, The hills have evening's deepest glow, Yet Leonard tarries long. Now all whom varied toil and care From home and love divide. In the calm sunset may repair Each to the loved one's side. The noble dame, on turret high, Who waits her gallant knight, Looks to the western beam to spy The flash of armour bright. The village maid, with hand on brow, The level ray to shade, Upon the footpath watches now For Colin's darkening plaid. Now to their mates the wild swans row, By day they swam apart; And to the thicket wanders slow The hind beside the hart. The woodlark at his partner's side, Twitters his closing song; All meet whom day and care divide, But Leonard tarries long.

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke, "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me, Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle your horses, and call up your men; Come open the West Port, and let me gang free, And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat; But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let

The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow, Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow; But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,

Thinking, "Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!"
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd

As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd; There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e, As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears, And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers; But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was

free,

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock, And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke; "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or

three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes— "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose! Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me, Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;

There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,

Will cry boigh! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide; There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside; The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free, At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks— Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox; And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,

The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on, Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee, Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle the horses and call up the men, Come open your gates, and let me gae free, For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER
IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART THE FIRST

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one. It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set: May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand, "There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye— The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: The Mariner hath his will,

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone: He cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner. The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.
The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale,

Merrily did we drop, Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top. The sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he! And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the sea. Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon-The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon. The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy. The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,

The ship driven by a storm toward the South Pole.

The land of ice,

and of fearful

sounds, where

no living thing was to be seen.

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross,

came through the snow-fog.

great joy and

and was received with

hospitality.

Albatross

And lo! the

proveth a bird

of good omen,

and followeth

the ship as it returned northward

through fog

and floating

And now the Storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
And now there came both mist and snow

And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,

As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen:

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken— The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around:

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,

Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross: Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo!

The weddingguest is spellbound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,

The ancient Mariner inospitably killeth the pious bird of

good omen.

Glimmered the white moonshine. "God save thee, ancient Mariner! From the fiends, that plague thee thus !-Why look'st thou so?"-With my crossbow

I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND

The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind.

But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariner's hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

But when the

fog cleared off,

the same, and

themselves accomplices in

The fair breeze continues; the

Pacific Ocean

they justify

thus make

the crime.

and sails

northward, even till it

reaches the

becalmed.

Line. The ship hath been suddenly

And I had done an hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free:

We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down.

'Twas sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged. Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink: Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink;

The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea. About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue and white. And some in dreams assured were

Of the spirit that plagued us so;

From the land of mist and snow.

Nine fathom deep he had followed us

And every tongue, through utter drought,

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls

nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or

Was withered at the root;

more.

We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot. Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

PART THE THIRD There passed a weary time. Each throat

Was parched, and glazed each eye. A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky. At first it seemed a little speck, And then it seemed a mist; It moved and moved, and took at last A certain shape, I wist. A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it neared and neared: As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tacked and veered. With throats unslaked, with black lips

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst. A flash of joy;

We could not laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!

baked.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,

Agape they heard me call: Gramercy! they for joy did grin, And all at once their breath drew in, As they were drinking all.

See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more! And horror follows. For that comes onward without wind or tide?

Hither to work us weal: Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship. And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)

How fast she nears and nears! Are those ber sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres!

Are those her ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner. No twilight within the courts of the Sun. The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've
won!"
Ouoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out: At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;

From the sails the dew did drip— Till clomb above the eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon, one after

another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.

his shipmates drop down dead; Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one. but Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner. The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART THE FOURTH

The weddingguest feareth that a spirit is talking to him; " I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible pen-

and proceedeth
to relate his
horrible penancu.
He despiseth
the creatures

of the calm.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown."— Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; But or ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky.

Lay like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they; The look with which they looked on me Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse.

And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying The moving Moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside—

Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmed water burnt alway A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm. Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth

them in his

heart.

O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware: Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.

The spell be-

The selfsame moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain. The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with
dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element. And soon I heard a roaring wind: It did not come anear; But with its sound it shook the sails, That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side: Like waters shot from some high crag, The lightning fell with never a jag, A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on; The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose.

Nor spake, nor moved their eyes; It had been strange, even in a dream, To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,

Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools— We were a ghastly crew.

but not by the souls of the men, nor by daemons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint. The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropt their arms,

And clustered round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the skylark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song, That makes the heavens be mute. It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June. That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the South Pole carries on the the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Polar

Spirit's fellow

daemons, the

invisible in-

habitants of

the element, take part in

two of them

relate, one to

penance long and heavy for

Mariner hath

to the Polar

Spirit, who

returneth

southward.

been accorded

the ancient

the other, that

his wrong; and

Under the keel nine fathom deep, From the land of mist and snow, The spirit slid: and it was he That made the ship to go. The sails at noon left off their tune. And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast, Had fixed her to the ocean: But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uneasy motion-Backwards and forwards half her length With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound: It flung the blood into my head, And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay. I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned, I heard and in my soul discerned Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the By him who died on cross. With his cruel bow he laid full low The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice, As soft as honeydew: Quoth he, "The man hath penance done, And penance more will do."

"But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing-What makes that ship drive on so What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice

"Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast-

" If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him!"

First Voice

"But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice

"The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!

Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the Mariner's trance is abated."

The super-natural motion is retarded: the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

The curse is

finally ex-

piated.

The Mariner

hath been cast

into a trance; for the angelic

power causeth

the vessel to

drive north-ward faster

than human

life could en

dure.

I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high :

The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died.

Had never passed away: I could not draw my eyes from theirs, Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen-

Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turned round walks on, And turns no more his head; Because he knows, a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me. Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring-It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.

PART THE SIXTH First Voice

And the ancient Mariner be-holdeth his

native country.

The angelic spirits leave the dead

bodies, and appear in their

own forms of light.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze-On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The lighthouse top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree? We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray-O let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway. The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-Oh, Christ! what saw I there! Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light; This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart-No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart. But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer;

My head was turned perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast. I saw a third-I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good!

He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH

The Hermit of the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the sea. How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve-He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss that wholly hides

The rotted old oak-stump. The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk, "Why this is strange, I trow! Where are those lights so many and fair, That signal made but now?"

approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit

"And they answered not our cheer! The planks look warped! and see those

How thin they are and sere! I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag My forest-brook along; When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,

That eats the she-wolf's young." "Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look-" (The Pilot made reply)

"I am a-feared "-" Push on, push on!" Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship, But I nor spake nor stirred; The boat came close beneath the ship, And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread: It reached the ship, it split the bay; The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, Which sky and ocean smote, Like one that hath been seven days

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

> My body lay afloat; But swift as dreams, myself I found Within the Pilot's boat.

drowned

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship, The boat spun round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked And fell down in a fit; The holy Hermit raised his eyes, And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go, Laughed loud and long, and all the while His eyes went to and fro. "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see, The Devil knows how to row." And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepped forth from the boat, And scarcely he could stand. "O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!" The Hermit crossed his brow. "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say-What manner of man art thou?" Forthwith this frame of mine was

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the pen-ance of life falls on him.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

wrenched With a woeful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale; And then it left me free. Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns. I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; That moment that his face I see. I know the man that must hear me: To him my tale I teach. What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there: But in the garden-bower the bride And bride-maids singing are: And hark the little vesper bell, Which biddeth me to prayer! O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God Himself Scarce seemed there to be. O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company !-To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay! Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!

He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

and to teach,

He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest Turned from the bridegroom's door. He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL

PART THE FIRST

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, And the owls have awakened the crowing cock; Tu-whit !- Tu-whoo! And hark, again! the crowing cock, How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich, Hath a toothless mastiff, which From her kennel beneath the rock Maketh answer to the clock, Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour Ever and aye, by shine and shower, Sixteen short howls, not over loud: Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark? The night is chilly, but not dark. The thin grey cloud is spread on high, It covers but not hides the sky. The moon is behind, and at the full; And yet she looks both small and dull. The night is chill, the cloud is grey: 'Tis a month before the month of May, And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel, Whom her father loves so well, What makes her in the wood so late, A furlong from the castle gate? She had dreams all yesternight Of her own betrothed knight; And she in the midnight wood will pray For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke, The sighs she heaved were soft and low, And naught was green upon the oak, But moss and rarest mistletoe: She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly, The lovely lady, Christabel! It moaned as near, as near can be, But what it is, she cannot tell.-On the other side it seems to be, Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
(Said Christabel) "And who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!"
Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

"My sire is of a noble line, And my name is Geraldine: Five warriors seized me yestermorn, Me, even me, a maid forlorn: They choked my cries with force and fright, And tied me on a palfrey white. The palfrey was as fleet as wind, And they rode furiously behind. They spurred amain, their steeds were white; And once we crossed the shade of night. As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought what men they be; Nor do I know how long it is (For I have lain entranced I wis) Since one, the tallest of the five, Took me from the palfrey's back, A weary woman, scarce alive. Some muttered words his comrades spoke: He placed me underneath this oak,

He swore they would return with haste; Whither they went I cannot tell-I thought I heard, some minutes past, Sounds as of a castle-bell. Stretch forth thy hand " (thus ended she), "And help a wretched maid to flee." Then Christabel stretched forth her hand And comforted fair Geraldine: "O well, bright dame! may you command The service of Sir Leoline; And gladly our stout chivalry Will he send forth and friends withal' To guide and guard you safe and free Home to your noble father's hall." She rose: and forth with steps they passed That strove to be, and were not, fast. Her gracious stars the lady blest, And thus spake on sweet Christabel: "All our household are at rest, The hall as silent as the cell; Sir Leoline is weak in health And may not well awakened be, But we will move as if in stealth And I beseech your courtesy, This night to share your couch with me." They crossed the moat, and Christabel Took the key that fitted well; A little door she opened straight, All in the middle of the gate; The gate that was ironed within and without, Where an army in battle array had marched out. The lady sank, belike through pain, And Christabel with might and main Lifted her up, a weary weight, Over the threshold of the gate: Then the lady rose again, And moved, as she were not in pain. So free from danger, free from fear, They crossed the court: right glad they were. And Christabel devoutly cried To the lady by her side, " Praise we the Virgin all divine Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!" "Alas, alas!" said Geraldine, "I cannot speak for weariness." So free from danger, free from fear, They crossed the court: right glad they were. Outside her kennel the mastiff old Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold. The mastiff old did not awake, Yet she an angry moan did make! And what can ail the mastiff bitch? Never till now she uttered yell Beneath the eye of Christabel. Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch: For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"O softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, And not a moonbeam enters here. But they without its light can see The chamber carved so curiously, Carved with figures strange and sweet, All made out of the carver's brain, For a lady's chamber meet: The lamp with twofold silver chain Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim; But Christabel the lamp will trim. She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright, And left it swinging to and fro, While Geraldine, in wretched plight, Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered—"Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her deathbed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine,
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?

And why with hollow voice cries she, "Off, woman, off! this hour is mine-Though thou her guardian spirit be, Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me." Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side, And raised to heaven her eyes so blue-"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride-Dear lady! it hath wildered you!" The lady wiped her moist cold brow, And faintly said, "Tis over now!" Again the wild-flower wine she drank: Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright, And from the floor whereon she sank, The lofty lady stood upright; She was most beautiful to see, Like a lady of a far countrée. And thus the lofty lady spake-"All they who live in the upper sky, Do love you, holy Christabel! And you love them, and for their sake And for the good which me befell, Even I in my degree will try, Fair maiden, to requite you well. But now unrobe yourself; for I Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie." Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!" And as the lady bade, did she. Her gentle limbs did she undress, And lay down in her loveliness. But through her brain of weal and woe So many thoughts moved to and fro, That vain it were her lids to close; So half-way from the bed she rose, And on her elbow did recline To look at the lady Geraldine. Beneath the lamp the lady bowed, And slowly rolled her eyes around; Then drawing in her breath aloud, Like one that shuddered, she unbound The cincture from beneath her breast: Her silken robe, and inner vest, Dropt to her feet, and full in view, Behold! her bosom and half her side-A sight to dream of, not to tell! O shield her! shield sweet Christabel! Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; Ah! what a stricken look was hers! Deep from within she seems half-way To lift some weight with sick assay, And eyes the maid and seeks delay; Then suddenly as one defied Collects herself in scorn and pride, And lay down by the Maiden's side !-And in her arms the maid she took, Ah wel-a-day! And with low voice and doleful look

These words did say:
"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
nd'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:

And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,

To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jaggèd shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep, Like a youthful hermitess, Beauteous in a wilderness, Who, praying always, prays in sleep. And, if she move unquietly, Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free, Comes back and tingles in her feet. No doubt, she hath a vision sweet. What if her guardian spirit 'twere, What if she knew her mother near? But this she knows, in joys and woes, That saints will aid if men will call: For the blue sky bends over all!

PART THE SECOND

"Each matin bell," the Baron saith, "Knells us back to a world of death." These words Sir Leoline first said, When he rose and found his lady dead: These words Sir Leoline will say, Many a morn to his dying day! And hence the custom and law began, That still at dawn the sacristan, Who duly pulls the heavy bell, Five and forty beads must tell Between each stroke—a warning knell, Which not a soul can choose but hear From Bratha Head to Wyndermere. Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell! And let the drowsy sacristan Still count as slowly as he can! There is no lack of such I ween, As well fill up the space between. In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair, And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent, With ropes of rock and bells of air Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent, Who all give back, one after t'other, The death-note to their living brother; And oft too, by the knell offended, Just as their one! two! three! is ended, The devil mocks the doleful tale With a merry peal from Borrowdale." The air is still! through mist and cloud That merry peal comes ringing loud; And Geraldine shakes off her dread, And rises lightly from the bed; Puts on her silken vestments white, And tricks her hair in lovely plight, And nothing doubting of her spell Awakens the lady Christabel. "Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel? I trust that you have rested well." And Christabel awoke and spied The same who lay down by her side-O rather say, the same whom she Raised up beneath the old oak tree!

Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed Her maiden limbs, and having prayed That He, who on the cross did groan, Might wash away her sins unknown, She forthwith led fair Geraldine To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall Are pacing both into the hall, And pacing on through page and groom Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest His gentle daughter to his breast, With cheerful wonder in his eyes The lady Geraldine espies, And gave such welcome to the same, As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale, And when she told her father's name, Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, Murmuring o'er the name again, "Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?"

Alas! they had been friends in youth; But whispering tongues can poison truth; And constancy lives in realms above; And life is thorny; and youth is vain: And to be wroth with one we love, Doth work like madness in the brain. And thus it chanced, as I divine, With Roland and Sir Leoline. Each spake words of high disdain, And insult to his heart's best brother: They parted—ne'er to meet again! But never either found another To free the hollow heart from paining-They stood aloof, the scars remaining, Like cliffs which had been rent asunder A dreary sea now flows between, But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder, Shall wholly do away, I ween, The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space, Stood gazing on the damsel's face. And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age, His noble heart swelled high with rage; He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side, He would proclaim it far and wide With trump and solemn heraldry, That they, who thus had wronged the dame, Were base as spotted infamy! "And if they dare deny the same, My herald shall appoint a week And let the recreant traitors seek My tourney court—that there and then I may dislodge their reptile souls From the bodies and forms of men!" He spake: his eye in lightning rolls! For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away, And in its stead that vision blest, Which comforted her after-rest, While in the lady's arms she lay, Had put a rapture in her breast, And on her lips and o'er her eyes Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her such a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

"And when he has crossed the Irthing flood, My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood, And reaches soon that castle good Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet, Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet, More loud than your horses' echoing feet! And loud and loud to Lord Roland call, 'Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall! Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me. He bids thee come without delay With all thy numerous array; And take thy lovely daughter home: And he will meet thee on the way With all his numerous array White with their panting palfreys' foam';

And by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees, Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing; And Bracy replied, with faltering voice, His gracious hail on all bestowing; "Thy words, thou sire of Christabel, Are sweeter than my harp can tell; Yet might I gain a boon of thee, This day my journey should not be, So strange a dream hath come to me; That I had vowed with music loud To clear you wood from thing unblest, Warned by a vision in my rest! For in my sleep I saw that dove, That gentle bird, whom thou dost love, And call'st by thy own daughter's name-Sir Leoline! I saw the same, Fluttering and uttering fearful moan, Among the green herbs in the forest alone. Which when I saw and when I heard, I wonder'd what might ail the bird: For nothing near it could I see, Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream, methought, I went To search out what might there be found; And what the sweet bird's trouble meant, That thus lay fluttering on the ground. I went and peered, and could descry No cause for her distressful cry; But yet for her dear lady's sake I stooped, methought, the dove to take, When lo! I saw a bright green snake Coiled around its wings and neck. Green as the herbs on which it couched, Close by the dove's its head it crouched; And with the dove it heaves and stirs, Swelling its neck as she swelled hers! I woke: it was the midnight hour, The clock was echoing in the tower; But though my slumber was gone by, This dream it would not pass away-It seems to live upon the eye! And thence I vowed this selfsame day, With music strong and saintly song To wander through the forest bare, Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while, Half-listening heard him with a smile; Then turned to Lady Geraldine, His eyes made up of wonder and love; And said in courtly accents fine, "Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove With arms more strong than harp or song, Thy sire and I will crush the snake!" He kissed her forehead as he spake, And Geraldine in maiden wise, Casting down her large bright eyes, With blushing cheek and courtesy fine She turned her from Sir Leoline; Softly gathering up her train, That o'er her right arm fell again; And folded her arms across her chest, And couched her head upon her breast, And looked askance at Christabel-Iesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,

And like a thing, that sought relief, Full of wonder and full of grief, She rolled her large bright eyes divine Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone, She nothing sees—no sight but one! The maid, devoid of guile and sin, I know not how, in fearful wise So deeply had she drunken in That look, those shrunken serpent eyes, That all her features were resigned To this sole image in her mind: And passively did imitate That look of dull and treacherous hate! And thus she stood, in dizzy trance, Still picturing that look askance With forced unconscious sympathy Full before her father's view-As far as such a look could be, In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid Paused awhile, and inly prayed: Then falling at the Baron's feet, "By my mother's soul do I entreat That thou this woman send away!" She said: and more she could not say: For what she knew she could not tell, O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe, for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,

Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,

Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts like these had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonour'd thus in his old age;
Dishonour'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—

He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

A little child, a limber elf, Singing, dancing to itself, A fairy thing with red round cheeks That always finds, and never seeks, Makes such a vision to the sight As fills a father's eyes with light; And pleasures flow in so thick and fast Upon his heart, that he at last Must needs express his love's excess With words of unmeant bitterness. Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together Thoughts so all unlike each other; To mutter and mock a broken charm. To dally with wrong that does no harm. Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty At each wild word to feel within A sweet recoil of love and pity. And what, if in a world of sin (O sorrow and shame should this be true!) Such giddiness of heart and brain Comes seldom save from rage and pain, So talks as it's most used to do.

KUBLA KHAN

Or, A VISION IN A DREAM. A FRAGMENT

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momently was forced: Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail: And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man, And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean: And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woeful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree;

O! the joys, that came down shower-like, Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty, Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere, Which tells me, Youth's no longer here! O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one, I'll think it but a fond conceit-It cannot be that Thou art gone! Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:-And thou wert aye a masker bold! What strange disguise hast now put on, To make believe, that thou art gone? I see these locks in silvery slips, This drooping gait, this altered size: But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips, And tears take sunshine from thine eyes! Life is but thought: so think I will That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning, But the tears of mournful eve! Where no hope is, life's a warning That only serves to make us grieve, When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve With oft and tedious taking-leave, Like some poor nigh-related guest, That may not rudely be dismist; Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while, And tells the jest without the smile.

SOUTHEY

FROM "RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS"

I. RODERICK AND ROMANO

Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven; At length the measure of offence was full, Count Julian call'd the invaders; not because Inhuman priests with unoffending blood Had stain'd their country; not because a yoke Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd The children of the soil; a private wrong Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to wreak His vengeance for his violated child On Roderick's head, in evil hour for Spain, For that unhappy daughter and himself, Desperate apostate—on the Moors he called; And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa, The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore Descend. A countless multitude they came; Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade, Persian and Copt and Tatar, in one bond Of erring faith conjoin'd,-strong in the youth And heat of zeal-a dreadful brotherhood, In whom all turbulent vices were let loose;

While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst, Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them

All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore, Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus, Bacchus or Hercules; but doom'd to bear The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth To stand his everlasting monument. Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels; Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands. There on the beach the Misbelievers spread Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze; Fair shone the sun upon their proud array, White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd With gold, and scimitars of Syrian steel; And gently did the breezes, as in sport, Curl their long flags outrolling, and display The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon The gales of Spain from that unhappy land Wafted, as from an open charnel-house, The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up Corruption through the infected atmosphere.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour Was come, and vengeance, long withheld, went loose. Famine and pestilence had wasted them, And treason, like an old and eating sore, Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength; And, worst of enemies, their sins were arm'd Against them. Yet the sceptre from their hands Pass'd not away inglorious, nor was shame Left for their children's lasting heritage; Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve, The fatal fight endured, till, perfidy Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk Defeated, not dishonour'd. On the banks Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was found, His battle-horse Orelio, and that helm Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did the stream Receive him with the undistinguish'd dead, Christian and Moor, who clogg'd its course that day? So thought the Conqueror, and from that day forth, Memorial of his perfect victory, He bade the river bear the name of Joy. So thought the Goths; they said no prayer for him, For him no service sung, nor mourning made, But charged their crimes upon his head, and cursed His memory.

Bravely in that eight-days' fight The King had striven,—for victory first, while hope Remain'd, then desperately in search of death. The arrows pass'd him by to right and left, The spear-point pierced him not, the scimitar Glanced from his helmet, "Is the shield of Heaven,

Wretch that I am, extended over me?" Cried Roderick; and he dropt Orelio's reins, And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer— "Death is the only mercy that I crave, Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness!" Aloud he cried; but in his inmost heart There answer'd him a secret voice, that spake Of righteousness and judgement after death, And God's redeeming love, which fain would save The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony, And yet 'twas hope ;-a momentary light, That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross To point salvation, then left all within Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then, Sudden and irresistible as stroke Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt, Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven Struck down, he knew not; loosen'd from his wrist The sword-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell, Glued there with Moorish gore. His royal robe, His horned helmet and enamell'd mail, He cast aside, and taking from the dead A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field. Evening closed round to favour him. All night

He fled, the sound of battle in his ear Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes, With forms more horrible of eager fiends That seem'd to hover round, and gulfs of fire Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan Of some poor fugitive, who bearing with him His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way, Roused him from these dread visions, and he call'd In answering groans on his Redeemer's name, That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips Or rose within his heart. Then would he see The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung. Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds, As from perpetual springs, for ever flow'd. No hart e'er panted for the water-brooks As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live; But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell-Yea, to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head,— Florinda stood between, and warn'd him off With her abhorrent hands,—that agony Still in her face, which, when the deed was done, Inflicted on her ravisher the curse That it invoked from Heaven.—Oh what a night Of waking horrors! Nor when morning came Did the realities of light and day Bring aught of comfort; wheresoe'er he went The tidings of defeat had gone before; And leaving their defenceless homes to seek What shelter walls and battlements might yield, Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,

And widows with their infants in their arms, Hurried along. Nor royal festival, Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes E'er fill'd the public way. All whom the sword Had spared, were here; bed-rid infirmity Alone was left behind; the cripple plied His crutches, with her child of yesterday The mother fled, and she whose hour was come Fell by the road.

Less dreadful than this view Of outward suffering which the day disclosed, Had night and darkness seem'd to Roderick's heart, With all their dread creations. From the throng He turn'd aside, unable to endure This burthen of the general woe; nor walls, Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought, A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find, A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where, Straight through the wild he hasten'd on all day, And with unslacken'd speed was travelling still When evening gather'd round. Seven days from morn Till night he travell'd thus; the forest oaks, The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines, Where fox and household dog together now Fed on the vintage, gave him food; the hand Of Heaven was on him, and the agony Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond All natural force of man.

When the eighth eve Was come, he found himself on Ana's banks, Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was the hour Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard, Nor other sound than of the passing stream, Or stork who, flapping with wide wing the air, Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower. Brethren and pupils thence alike had fled To save themselves within the embattled walls Of neighbouring Merida. One aged Monk Alone was left behind; he would not leave The sacred spot beloved, for having served There from his childhood up to ripe old age God's holy altar, it became him now, He thought, before that altar to await The merciless misbelievers, and lay down His life, a willing martyr. So he staid When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps, And kept devotedly the altar drest, And duly offer'd up the sacrifice. Four days and nights he thus had pass'd alone, In such high mood of saintly fortitude, That hope of Heaven became a heavenly joy; And now at evening to the gate he went If he might spy the Moors,—for it seem'd long To tarry for his crown.

Before the Cross Roderick had thrown himself; his body raised, Half-kneeling, half at length he lay; his arms Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face Tears streaming down bedew'd the senseless stone. He had not wept till now, and at the gush Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart, From a long winter's icy thrall let loose, Had open'd to the genial influences Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him up, And took him by the arm, and led him in; And there before the altar, in the name Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung, Spake comfort, and adjured him in that name There to lay down the burthen of his sins. "Lo!" said Romano, "I am waiting here The coming of the Moors, that from their hands My spirit may receive the purple robe Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown. That God who willeth not the sinner's death Hath led thee hither. Threescore years and five, Even from the hour when I, a five-years' child, Enter'd the schools, have I continued here And served the altar: not in all those years Hath such a contrite and a broken heart Appear'd before me. O my brother, Heaven Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine, That my last earthly act may reconcile A sinner to his God."

Then Roderick knelt Before the holy man, and strove to speak. "Thou seest," he cried,-"thou seest "-but memory And suffocating thoughts repress'd the word, And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head To foot convulsed him; till at length subduing His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd, Spreading his hands and lifting up his face, As if resolved in penitence to bear A human eye upon his shame,—"Thou seest Roderick the Goth!" That name would have sufficed To tell its whole abhorred history: He not the less pursued—" the ravisher, The cause of all this ruin!" Having said, In the same posture motionless he knelt, Arms straighten'd down, and hands outspread, and eyes Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice Awaited life or death.

All night the old man Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd Unto the wounded soul, till he infused A healing hope of mercy that allay'd Its heat of anguish. But Romano saw What strong temptations of despair beset, And how he needed in this second birth, Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's care. "Father in Heaven," he cried, "thy will be done! Surely I hoped that I this day should sing Hosannahs at thy throne; but thou hast yet

Work for thy servant here." He girt his loins, And from her altar took with reverent hands Our Lady's image down: "In this," quoth he, "We have our guide and guard and comforter, The best provision for our perilous way. Fear not but we shall find a resting-place, The Almighty's hand is on us."

They went forth, They cross'd the stream, and when Romano turn'd For his last look toward the Caulian towers, Far off the Moorish standards in the light Of morn were glittering, where the miscreant host Toward the Lusitanian capital To lay their siege advanced; the eastern breeze Bore to the fearful travellers far away The sound of horn and tambour o'er the plain. All day they hasten'd, and when evening fell Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line Of glory came from Heaven to point their course. But feeble were the feet of that old man For such a weary length of way; and now Being pass'd the danger (for in Merida Sacaru long in resolute defence Withstood the tide of war), with easier pace The wanderers journey'd on; till having cross'd Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zezere, They from Albardos' hoary height beheld Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair lake Where Alcoa, mingled there with Baza's stream, Rests on its passage to the western sea, That sea the aim and boundary of their toil.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage Was full, when they arrived where from the land A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent, O'erhung the glittering beach; there on the top A little lowly hermitage they found, And a rude Cross, and at its foot a grave, Bearing no name, nor other monument. Where better could they rest than here, where faith And secret penitence and happiest death Had bless'd the spot, and brought good Angels down, And open'd as it were a way to Heaven? Behind them was the desert, offering fruit And water for their need: on either side The white sand sparkling to the sun; in front, Great Ocean with its everlasting voice, As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd The wonders of the Almighty, filling thus The pauses of their fervent orisons. Where better could the wanderers rest than here?

XIX. RODERICK AND RUSILLA

(Pelayo has been acclaimed King. Roderick, still unknown to others, has been recognised by his mother, Rusilla.)

When all had been perform'd, the royal Goth Look'd up towards the chamber in the tower

Where, gazing on the multitude below,

Alone Rusilla stood, He met her eye,

For it was singling him amid the crowd; Obeying then the hand which beckon'd him, He went with heart prepared, nor shrinking now, But arm'd with self-approving thoughts that hour. Entering in tremulous haste, he closed the door, And turn'd to clasp her knees; but lo, she spread Her arms, and catching him in close embrace, Fell on his neck, and cried "My Son, my Son!"-Ere long, controlling that first agony With effort of strong will, backward she bent, And gazing on his head now shorn and grey, And on his furrow'd countenance, exclaim'd, "Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble mind! The same heroic heart! Still, still, my Son!"-"Changed,—yet not wholly fallen,—not wholly lost," He cried, "—not wholly in the sight of Heaven Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!" She lock'd her arms again around his neck, Saying, "Lord, let me now depart in peace!" And bow'd her head again, and silently Gave way to tears.

When that first force was spent,
And passion in exhaustment found relief,—
"I knew thee," said Rusilla, "when the dog
Rose from my feet, and lick'd his master's hand.
All flash'd upon me then; the instinctive sense
That goes unerringly where reason fails,—
The voice, the eye,—a mother's thoughts are quick,—
Miraculous as it seem'd,—Siverian's tale,—
Florinda's,—every action,—every word,—
Each strengthening each, and all confirming all,
Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I restrain'd
My heart, and yielded to thy holier will
The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet
Wean'd wholly from the world."

"What thoughts?" replied Roderick. "That I might see thee yet again Such as thou wert," she answer'd; "not alone To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself,-Thy Crown,-thy Country,-all within thy reach; Heaven so disposing all things, that the means Which wrought the ill, might work the remedy. Methought I saw thee once again the hope,-The strength,—the pride of Spain! The miracle Which I beheld made all things possible. I know the inconstant people, how their mind, With every breath of good or ill report, Fluctuates, like summer corn before the breeze; Quick in their hatred, quicker in their love, Generous and hasty, soon would they redress All wrongs of former obloquy.—I thought Of happiness restored,—the broken heart Heal'd,—and Count Julian, for his daughter's sake Turning in thy behalf against the Moors His powerful sword :-- all possibilities That could be found or fancied, built a dream Before me; such as easiest might illude A lofty spirit train'd in palaces,

SOUTHEY. BLANCO WHITE

And not alone amid the flatteries
Of youth with thoughts of high ambition fed
When all is sunshine, but through years of woe,
When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld
By honourable pride and earthly hopes.
I thought I yet might nurse upon my knee
Some young Theodofred, and see in him
Thy Father's image and thine own renew'd,
And love to think the little hand which there
Play'd with the bauble, should in after days
Wield the transmitted sceptre;—that through him
The ancient seed should be perpetuate,—
That precious seed revered so long, desired
So dearly, and so wondrously preserved."

"Nay," he replied, "Heaven hath not with its

Scathed the proud summit of the tree, and left The trunk unflaw'd; ne'er shall it clothe its boughs Again, nor push again its scions forth, Head, root, and branch, all mortified alike !-Long ere these locks were shorn had I cut off The thoughts of royalty! Time might renew Their growth, as for Manoah's captive son, And I too on the miscreant race, like him, Might prove my strength regenerate; but the hour, When, in its second best nativity, My soul was born again through grace, this heart Died to the world. Dreams such as thine pass now Like evening clouds before me; if I think How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to feel How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in. But in that World to which my hopes look on, Time enters not, nor Mutability; Beauty and goodness are unfading there; Whatever there is given us to enjoy, That we enjoy for ever, still the same.— Much might Count Julian's sword achieve for Spain And me, but more will his dear daughter's soul Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be there An Angel at the throne of Grace, to plead In his behalf and mine."

"I knew thy heart,"
She answer'd, "and subdued the vain desire.
It was the World's last effort. Thou hast chosen
The better part. Yes, Roderick, even on earth
There is a praise above the monarch's fame,
A higher, holier, more enduring praise,
And this will yet be thine!"

"O tempt me not,
Mother!" he cried; "nor let ambition take
That specious form to cheat us! What but this,
Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven?
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, content
Of private life, the general good report,
Power, reputation, happiness—whate'er
The heart of man desires to constitute
His earthly weal,—unerring Justice claim'd
In forfeiture. I with submitted soul

Bow to the righteous law and kiss the rod.
Only while thus submitted, suffering thus—
Only while offering up that name on earth,
Perhaps in trial offer'd to my choice,
Could I present myself before thy sight;
Thus only could endure myself, or fix
My thoughts upon that fearful pass, where Death
Stands in the Gate of Heaven!—Time passes on,
The healing work of sorrow is complete;
All vain desires have long been weeded out,
All vain regrets subdued; the heart is dead,
The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.
Bless me, my Mother! and come when it will
The inevitable hour, we die in peace."

So saying, on her knees he bow'd his head; She raised her hands to Heaven and blest her child; Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced And claspt him to her heart, and cried, "Once more,

Theodofred, with pride behold thy son!"

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PAST

My days among the Dead are past; Around me I behold. Where'er these casual eyes are cast, The mighty minds of old; My never-failing friends are they, With whom I converse day by day. With them I take delight in weal, And seek relief in woe; And while I understand and feel How much to them I owe. My cheeks have often been bedew'd With tears of thoughtful gratitude. My thoughts are with the Dead, with them I live in long-past years, Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and fears, And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an humble mind. My hopes are with the Dead, anon My place with them will be, And I with them shall travel on Through all Futurity; Yet leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust.

J. BLANCO WHITE

NIGHT AND DEATH

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.

BLANCO WHITE, LAMB, LANDOR

Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood reveal'd, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind? Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

LAMB

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions, In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies— All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women: Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her— All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man: Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly; Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood, Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse, Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother, Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling? So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me, And some are taken from me; all are departed; All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

HESTER

When maidens such as Hester die Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed And her together.

A springy motion in her gait, A rising step, did indicate Of pride and joy no common rate, 'That flush'd her spirit:

I know not by what name beside I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride, It was a joy to that allied, She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool; But she was train'd in Nature's school; Nature had blest her. A waking eye, a prying mind;
A heart that stirs is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before To that unknown and silent shore, Shall we not meet?—as heretofore, Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day, A bliss that would not go away, A sweet forewarning.

LANDOR

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace."

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, joy,
Faithful and fond her bosom heaved once more,
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers.

THE HAMADRYAD

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd, And small are the white-crested that play near, And smaller onward are the purple waves. Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd With rose and myrtle if they were inborn; If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast Where stern Athene raised her citadel, Then olive was entwined with violets Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large; For various men were various coronals, But one was their devotion; 'twas to her Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus, And whom in his chill caves the mutable Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres, And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd To turn in pity the averted cheek Of her he bore away, with promises,

Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself, To give her daily more and sweeter flowers Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hasten'd to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And ere he ended, sigh'd; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help Echion at the hill, to bark you oak And lop its branches off, before we delve About the trunk and ply the root with axe:

This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went; For thence he could see farther, and see more Of those who hurried to the city-gate. Echion he found there, with naked arm Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent Upon the place where first the axe should fall: He held it upright. "There are bees about, Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld, "Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth Inclined his ear, afar, and warily, And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear, And then divided into what seem'd tune, And there were words upon it, plaintive words. He turn'd, and said, "Echion! do not strike That tree: it must be hollow; for some god Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat Upon the moss below, with her two palms Pressing it on each side, a maid in form. Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd Berries of colour like her lip so pure, Nor were the anemones about her hair Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echion, half-afraid, Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes, But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step Backward, for fear came likewise over him, But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,

But could not into one.

"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent

Of blood? No vow demands it; no god wills The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side?

Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?

Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house the Rhaices.

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birthday since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it: 'tis not hard To leave, O maiden, that paternal home
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. 'To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough—
It shows such kindness—if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.

Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?
Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.
Hamad. But wilt thou spare the tree?

Rhaicos. My father wants

The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

Hamad. Awhile? thy father numbers then my days?

Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth

Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock Anywhere near?

Hamad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects

Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.

Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.
Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore
The Aphrodite. Is she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem

amiss

Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay—Ask not how much—but very much. Rise not: No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow Love is unholy. Swear to me that none Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss, Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphrodite!
O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!

But wilt thou come into my father's house?

Hamad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos. Where is it?

Hamad. In this oak.

Rhaicos. Ay; now begins

The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.

Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst, That every year he shall receive from me More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep, More wax than he will burn to all the gods. Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. O pity me! I dare not sue for love—but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee—not once more,
But many days: let me love on—unloved!
I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamad. Go—rather go, than make me say I love. Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality, (And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard—
Hark! on the left—Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.

Hamad. Do men take first, then claim? Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them? and whose laughs? and why?

Savoury was the smell and long past noon, Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram, Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary, Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length, Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last, Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen, With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.

"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of, until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid.
It was religion.

He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,
"Father, that oak is Jove's own tree: that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love—that one"

(He blusht, nor said

What one)

"Has promist this, and may do more. Thou hast not many moons to wait until The bees have done their best; if then there come Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."

"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind," Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there, And gather all the honey thou canst find In every crevice, over and above

What has been promist; would they reckon that?" Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft, Invisible. To play at love, she knew, Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft, Is sweeter than to play on any pipe. She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs; They pleased her when they gently waved her hair, Cooling the pulses of her purple veins, And when her absence brought them out, they pleased. Even among the fondest of them all, What mortal or immortal maid is more Content with giving happiness than pain? One day he was returning from the wood Despondently. She pitied him, and said "Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand Through lentisk and through oleander, there Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap When bathed, and drying them in both her hands. He dared complain; for those who most are loved Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.

O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law, O, let me know henceforward when to hope The fruit of love that grows for me but here." He spake; and pluckt it from its pliant stem. "Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept

The answer I would give? There is a bee

Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts And executes my wishes: I will send That messenger. If ever thou art false, Drawn by another, own it not, but drive My bee away: then shall I know my fate, And—for thou must be wretched—weep at thine. But often as my heart persuades to lay Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest, Expect her with thee, whether it be morn Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest, And season after season: years had past, Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love Ever is sated of sweet things, the same Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days, Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She call'd
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight

Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,

A shriek was carried to the ancient hall

Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son

Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.

No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,

The trunk was riven through. From that day forth

Nor word nor whisper soothed his ear, nor sound

Even of insect wing; but loud laments

The woodmen and the shepherds one long year

Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit

The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,

To find set duly on the hollow stone.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I toven him not; and yet now he is gone, I feel I am alone.

I checkt him while he spoke; yet, could he speak, Alas! I would not check. For reasons not to love him once I sought, And wearied all my thought To vex myself and him; I now would give My love, could he but live Who lately lived for me, and when he found 'Twas vain, in holy ground He hid his face amid the shades of death. I waste for him my breath Who wasted his for me; but mine returns, And this lorn bosom burns With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, And waking me to weep Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years Wept he as bitter tears. "Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer, "These may she never share!" Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold Than daisies in the mould, Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate, His name and life's brief date. Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be, And, O, pray too for me!

PAST RUIN'D ILION HELEN LIVES

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil Hide all the peopled hills you see, The gay, the proud, while lovers hail These many summers you and me.

I HELD HER HAND, THE PLEDGE OF BLISS

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss—
My heart was sure that hers was true;
Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU SMILED

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand,—"O! what a child!
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

ROSE AYLMER

An what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

HERE, EVER SINCE YOU WENT ABROAD

Here, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see:
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
Was it of that you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! Then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.

REMAIN, AH NOT IN YOUTH ALONE

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.
"Can I be always by your side?"
No; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

MILD IS THE PARTING YEAR

MILD is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have soothed it all.

DEATH STANDS ABOVE MR

DEATH stands above me, whispering low I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

TO AGE

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope, One vile, the other vain; One's scourge, the other's telescope, I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage—
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

I STROVE WITH NONE

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

CAMPBELL

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd, Each horseman drew his battle blade, And furious every charger neigh'd To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery,

But redder yet that light shall glow On Linden's hills of stained snow, And bloodier yet the torrent flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Tis morn, but scarce you level sun Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry! Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England That guard our native seas, Whose flag has braved a thousand years The battle and the breeze,-Your glorious standard launch again, To match another foe! And sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow,— While the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. The spirits of your fathers Shall start from every wave! For the deck it was their field of fame, And Ocean was their grave. Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell Your manly hearts shall glow, As ye sweep through the deep, While the stormy winds do blow,-While the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. Britannia needs no bulwarks, No towers along the steep; Her march is o'er the mountain waves, Her home is on the deep. With thunders from her native oak She quells the floods below, As they roar on the shore When the stormy winds do blow,-When the battle rages loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow. The meteor flag of England Shall yet terrific burn, Till danger's troubled night depart, And the star of peace return. Then, then, ye ocean warriors! Our song and feast shall flow To the fame of your name, When the storm has ceased to blow,-When the fiery fight is heard no more, And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand;
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

CAMPBELL. MOORE. ELLIOTT. CUNNINGHAM

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls,
Of the brave!

MOORE

MY BIRTH-DAY

My birth-day—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said:—were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.

Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells In sober birth-days, speaks to me; Far otherwise—of time it tells Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly; Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made Haply for high and pure designs, But oft, like Israel's incense, laid pon unholy, earthly shrines; Of nursing many a wrong desire; Of wandering after Love too far, And taking every meteor fire, That cross'd my pathway, for his star. All this it tells, and, could I trace The imperfect picture o'er again, With power to add, retouch, efface The lights and shades, the joy and pain, How little of the past would stay! How quickly all should melt away-All-but that Freedom of the Mind, Which hath been more than wealth to me; Those friendships, in my boyhood twined, And kept till now unchangingly; And that dear home, that saving ark, Where Love's true light at last I've found, Cheering within, when all grows dark, And comfortless, and stormy round.

E. ELLIOTT

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER
Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!

So, put thou forth thy small white rose; I love it for his sake. Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow O'er all the fragrant bowers, Thou need'st not be ashamed to show Thy satin-threaded flowers: For dull the eye, the heart is dull, That cannot feel how fair, Amid all beauty beautiful, Thy tender blossoms are! How delicate thy gauzy frill! How rich thy branchy stem! How soft thy voice, when woods are still, And thou sing'st hymns to them; While silent showers are falling slow, And, 'mid the general hush, A sweet air lifts the little bough, Lone whispering through the bush! The primrose to the grave is gone; The hawthorn flower is dead; The violet by the moss'd grey stone Hath laid her weary head; But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring, In all their beauteous power, The fresh green days of life's fair spring, And boyhood's blossomy hour. Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more Thou bid'st me be a boy, To gad with thee the woodlands o'er, In freedom and in joy.

CUNNINGHAM

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin That saddens ay my ee, But the dear Marie I left ahin', Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie, An' smiled my ain Marie; I've left a' my heart behin', In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer, And the blossom to the bee, But I'll win back—O never, To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven, Where soon I hope to be, An' there I'll meet ye a' soon, Frae my ain countree!

ANONYMOUS

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand:
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,

Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd, Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,— No seer foretold the children would be banish'd, That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!

O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

LEIGH HUNT

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass,
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are
strong

At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

PEACOCK

THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I nuc, beneath the cypress shade, What well might seem an elfin's grave; And every pledge in earth I laid, That erst thy false affection gave. I press'd them down the sod beneath;
I placed one mossy stone above;
And twined the rose's fading wreath
Around the sepulchre of love.
Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
Ere yet the evening sun was set:
But years shall see the cypress spread,
Immutable as my regret.

SEAMEN THREE

SEAMEN three! What men be ye? Gotham's three wise men we be. Whither in your bowl so free? To rake the moon from out the sea. The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine. And our ballast is old wine; And your ballast is old wine. Who art thou, so fast adrift? I am he they call Old Care. Here on board we will thee lift. No: I may not enter there. Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree, In a bowl Care may not be; In a bowl Care may not be. Fear ye not the waves that roll? No: in charmed bowl we swim. What the charm that floats the bowl? Water may not pass the brim. The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine. And our ballast is old wine; And your ballast is old wine.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter, But the valley sheep are fatter; We therefore deem'd it meeter To carry off the latter. We made an expedition; We met an host and quell'd it; We forced a strong position, And kill'd the men who held it. On Dyfed's richest valley, Where herds of kine were browsing, We made a mighty sally, To furnish our carousing. Fierce warriors rush'd to meet us; We met them, and o'erthrew them: They struggled hard to beat us; But we conquer'd them, and slew them. As we drove our prize at leisure, The king march'd forth to catch us: His rage surpass'd all measure, But his people could not match us. He fled to his hall-pillars; And, ere our force we led off, Some sack'd his house and cellars, While others cut his head off.

PEACOCK. PROCTER. BYRON.

We there, in strife bewild'ring, Spilt blood enough to swim in: We orphan'd many children, And widow'd many women. The eagles and the ravens We glutted with our foemen: The heroes and the cravens, The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle, And much their land bemoan'd them, Two thousand head of cattle, And the head of him who own'd them: Ednyfed, King of Dyfed, His head was borne before us; His wine and beasts supplied our feasts, And his overthrow, our chorus.

PROCTER

SING A LOW SONG

Sing a low song!
A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
Not sad nor long,
But such as we remember long ago,
When Time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.

Sing o'er the bier!
The bell is swinging in the time-worn tower:
He's gone who late was here,
As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour.
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
For some sweet human reason,—
O'er cradle or the coffin still a song.

BYRON

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen: Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd; And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater Felix! in imo qui scatentem Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."

GRAY'S Poemata.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,

When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay; 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe, All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been, Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath, And the soul wears out the breast, And the heart must pause to breathe, And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving, And the day returns too soon, Yet we'll go no more a roving By the light of the moon.

TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate; And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me, Yet it still shall bear me on; Though a desert should surround me, It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story; The days of our youth are the days of our glory; And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled. Then away with all such from the head that is hoary! What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory!

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises, 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover, She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee; Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee; When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story, I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved, Since others it has ceased to move: Yet, though I cannot be beloved, Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field, Glory and Greece, around me see! The Spartan, borne upon his shield, Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)

Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,

And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood!—unto thee Indifferent should the smile or frown Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found— A soldier's grave, for thee the best; Then look around, and choose thy ground, And take thy rest.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE" WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear That sound the first amidst the festival, And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near, His heart more truly knew that peal too well Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier, And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell; He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness; And there were sudden partings, such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war: And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of the alarming drum Roused up the soldier ere the morning star; While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb, Or whispering, with white lips-"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:-How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the fierce native daring which instils The stirring memory of a thousand years, And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, Over the unreturning brave,—alas! Ere evening to be trodden like the grass Which now beneath them, but above shall grow In its next verdure, when this fiery mass Of living valour, rolling on the foe And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife, The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day Battle's magnificently stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent The earth is cover'd thick with other clay, Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent, Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS THE castled crag of Drachenfels Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine, Whose breast of waters broadly swells Between the banks which bear the vine, And hills all rich with blossom'd trees, And fields which promise corn and wine, And scatter'd cities crowning these, Whose far white walls along them shine, Have strew'd a scene, which I should see With double joy wert thou with me. And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes, And hands which offer early flowers, Walk smiling o'er this paradise; Above, the frequent feudal towers, Through green leaves lift their walls of gray; And many a rock which steeply lowers, And noble arch in proud decay, Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers; But one thing want these banks of Rhine,— Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! I send the lilies given to me; Though long before thy hand they touch, I know that they must wither'd be, But yet reject them not as such; For I have cherish'd them as dear, Because they yet may meet thine eye, And guide thy soul to mine even here, When thou behold'st them drooping nigh, And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine, And offer'd from my heart to thine! The river nobly foams and flows, The charm of this enchanted ground, And all its thousand turns disclose Some fresher beauty varying round: The haughtiest breast its wish might bound

Through life to dwell delighted here; Nor could on earth a spot be found To nature and to me so dear, Could thy dear eyes in following mine Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

ROME

OH Rome! my country! city of the soul! The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, Lone mother of dead empires! and control In their shut breasts their petty misery. What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye! Whose agonies are evils of a day-A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay. The Niobe of nations! there she stands,

Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe; An empty urn within her wither'd hands, Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

OCEAN

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him
lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake, And monarchs tremble in their capitals, The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make Their clay creator the vain title take Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake, They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime, The image of eternity, the throne Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime The monsters of the deep are made; each zone Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

FROM "THE GIAOUR"

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,

And but for that chill, changeless brow, Where cold Obstruction's apathy Appals the gazing mourner's heart, As if to him it could impart The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon; Yes, but for these and these alone, Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour, He still might doubt the tyrant's power; So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd, The first, last look by death reveal'd!

Such is the aspect of this shore;

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

We start, for soul is wanting there.

Hers is the loveliness in death,

That parts not quite with parting breath;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,

That hue which haunts it to the tomb,

Expression's last receding ray,

A gilded halo hovering round decay,

The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,

Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Whose land from plain to mountain-cave Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave! Shrine of the mighty! can it be, That this is all remains of thee? Approach, thou craven crouching slave: Say, is not this Thermopylæ? These waters blue that round you lave,-Oh servile offspring of the free, Pronounce what sea, what shore is this? The gulf, the rock of Salamis! These scenes, their story not unknown, Arise, and make again your own; Snatch from the ashes of your sires The embers of their former fires: And he who in the strife expires Will add to theirs a name of fear That Tyranny shall quake to hear, And leave his sons a hope, a fame, They too will rather die than shame: For Freedom's battle once begun, Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son, Though baffled oft is ever won. Bear witness, Greece, thy living page! Attest it many a deathless age ! While kings, in dusty darkness hid, Have left a nameless pyramid, Thy heroes, though the general doom Hath swept the column from their tomb, A mightier monument command, The mountains of their native land! There points thy Muse to stranger's eye The graves of those that cannot die!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou, My country? On thy voiceless shore The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame, Though link'd among a fetter'd race, To feel at least a patriot's shame, Even as I sing, suffuse my face; For what is left the poet here? For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.
The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend Another despot of the kind! Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Porice mothers bore:

Such as the Doric mothers bore; And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep, Where nothing, save the waves and I, May hear our mutual murmurs sweep; There, swan-like, let me sing and die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

THE VISION OF JUDGEMENT

"A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate: His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull, So little trouble had been given of late; Not that the place by any means was full, But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight" The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull, And "a pull altogether," as they say At sea-which drew most souls another way. The angels all were singing out of tune, And hoarse with having little else to do, Excepting to wind up the sun and moon, Or curb a runaway young star or two, Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue, Splitting some planet with its playful tail, As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

Finding their charges past all care below: Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky Save the recording angel's black bureau; Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply With such rapidity of vice and woe, That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills, And yet was in arrear of human ills. His business so augmented of late years, That he was forced, against his will no doubt, (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,) For some resource to turn himself about, And claim the help of his celestial peers, To aid him ere he should be quite worn out By the increased demands for his remarks: Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks. This was a handsome board—at least for heaven; And yet they had even then enough to do, So many conquerors' cars were daily driven, So many kingdoms fitted up anew; Each day too slew its thousands six or seven, Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo, They threw their pens down in divine disgust-The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust. This by the way; 'tis not mine to record What angels shrink from: even the very devil On this occasion his own work abhorr'd, So surfeited with the infernal revel: Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword, It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil. (Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion— 'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.) Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace, Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont, And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease, With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't; 'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase, "With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front, Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born Less formidable in the head than horn. In the first year of freedom's second dawn Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn Left him nor mental nor external sun: A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn, A worse king never left a realm undone! He died-but left his subjects still behind, One half as mad—and t'other no less blind. He died! his death made no great stir on earth: His burial made some pomp; there was profusion Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion; For these things may be bought at their true worth, Of elegy there was the due infusion— Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners, Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

The guardian scraphs had retired on high,

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the

pall;

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low, It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

So mix his body with the dust! It might Return to what it must far sooner, were The natural compound left alone to fight Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done; He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,

Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will:
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?

In whom his qualities are reigning still, Except that household virtue, most uncommon,

Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will

Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I

In this small hope of bettering future ill By circumscribing, with some slight restriction, The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

I know this is unpopular; I know

'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd

For hoping no one else may e'er be so;

I know my catechism; I know we're cramm'd With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;

I know that all save England's church have shamm'd, And that the other twice two hundred churches And synagogues have made a damn'd bad purchase.

God help us all! God help me too! I am, God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,

And not a whit more difficult to damn,

Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,

Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die

Of almost everybody born to die. Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,

And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—

A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame; In short, a roar of things extremely great,

Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim; But he, with first a start and then a wink, Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

But ere he could return to his repose,

A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes— At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose: "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!" Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows

An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes:

To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the
matter?

Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead."

"And who is George the Third?" replied the

"What George? what Third?" "The king of England," said

The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle Him on his way; but does he wear his head? Because the last we saw here had a tustle,

And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces, Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;
That head of his, which could not keep a crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
If I had had my sword, as I had once

When I cut ears off, I had cut him down; But having but my keys, and not my brand, I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin

Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin, So as to make a martyr, never sped Better than did this weak and wooden head.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders, There would have been a different tale to tell:

The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
And so this very foolish head heaven solders
Back on its trunk; it may be very well,

And seems the custom here to overthrow Whatever has been wisely done below."

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire,
And never knew much what it was about—
He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,

And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:

My business and your own is not to inquire

Into such matters, but to mind our cue— Which is to act as we are bid to do."

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan, Arriving like a rush of mighty wind, Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan

Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,

Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man With an old soul, and both extremely blind, Halted before the gate, and in his shroud Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud. But bringing up the rear of this bright host A Spirit of a different aspect waved His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved; His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd; Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved Eternal wrath on his immortal face, And where he gazed a gloom pervaded space. As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin, With such a glance of supernatural hate, As made Saint Peter wish himself within; He patter'd with his keys at a great rate, And sweated through his apostolic skin: Of course his perspiration was but ichor, Or some such other spiritual liquor. The very cherubs huddled all together, Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt A tingling to the tip of every feather, And form'd a circle like Orion's belt Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither His guards had led him, though they gently dealt With royal manes (for by many stories, And true, we learn the angels all are Tories). As things were in this posture, the gate flew Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges Flung over space an universal hue Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new Aurora borealis spread its fringes O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound, By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound." And from the gate thrown open issued beaming A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light, Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight: My poor comparisons must needs be teeming With earthly likenesses, for here the night Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving. 'Twas the archangel Michael; all men know The make of angels and archangels, since There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show, From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince; There also are some altar-pieces, though I really can't say that they much evince One's inner notions of immortal spirits; But let the connoisseurs explain their merits. Michael flew forth in glory and in good;

A goodly work of him from whom all glory

Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary—

And good arise; the portal past—he stood;

(I say young, begging to be understood By looks, not years; and should be very sorry To state, they were not older than St. Peter, But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter). The cherubs and the saints bowed down before That arch-angelic hierarch, the first Of essences angelical, who wore The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core No thought, save for his Master's service, durst Intrude, however glorified and high; He knew him but the viceroy of the sky. He and the sombre, silent Spirit met-They knew each other both for good and ill; Such was their power, that neither could forget His former friend and future foe; but still There was a high, immortal, proud regret In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will Than destiny to make the eternal years Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the spheres. But here they were in neutral space: we know From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay A heavenly visit thrice a year or so; And that the "sons of God," like those of clay, Must keep him company; and we might show From the same book, in how polite a way The dialogue is held between the Powers Of Good and Evil-but 'twould take up hours. And this is not a theologic tract, To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic, If Job be allegory or a fact, But a true narrative; and thus I pick From out the whole but such and such an act As sets aside the slightest thought of trick. 'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion, And accurate as any other vision. The spirits were in neutral space, before The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er, And souls despatch'd to that world or to this; And therefore Michael and the other wore A civil aspect: though they did not kiss, Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness. The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau, But with a graceful Oriental bend, Pressing one radiant arm just where below The heart in good men is supposed to tend; He turn'd as to an equal, not too low, But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian. He merely bent his diabolic brow An instant; and then raising it, he stood In act to assert his right or wrong, and show Cause why King George by no means could or should

Make out a case to be exempt from woe

Eternal, more than other kings, endued

With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,

Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man, Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,

That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy

Will,

If it be just: if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here, Before the Gate of him thou servest, must I claim my subject; and will make appear That as he was my worshipper in dust, So shall he be in spirit, although dear To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

"Look to our earth, or rather mine; it was,
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to Assert my right as lord: and even had I such an inclination, 'twere (as you

Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,

That hell has nothing better left to do

Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad And evil by their own internal curse, Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm

Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain

Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm His isles had floated on the abyss of time; For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

"He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,

How to a minion first he gave the helm; How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold, The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance

Thine eye along America and France.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Caesar's school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the
slain.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
Found George the Third their first opponent.
Whose

History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

"I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet

Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
A part of that vast all they held of old,—
Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
The foe to Catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:

And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw: Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph, While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and bis is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"

"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge The wrongs he made your satellites endure; And if to this exchange you should be given, I'll try to coax our Cerberus up to heaven!"

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil! Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion. Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil! Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression, And condescension to the vulgar's level: Even saints sometimes torget themselves in session. Have you got more to say?"-" No."-" If you

I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand, Which stirr'd with its electric qualities Clouds farther off than we can understand, Although we find him sometimes in our skies; Infernal thunder shook both sea and land In all the planets, and hell's batteries Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls As have the privilege of their damnation Extended far beyond the mere controls Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station Is theirs particularly in the rolls Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination Or business carries them in search of game, They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

They're proud of this—as very well they may, It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré" Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry. I borrow my comparisons from clay, Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be Offended with such base low likenesses; We know their posts are nobler far than these.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell-About ten million times the distance reckon'd From our sun to its earth, as we can tell How much time it takes up, even to a second, For every ray that travels to dispel The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd,

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,

If that the summer is not too severe:

I say that I can tell-'twas half a minute; I know the solar beams take up more time Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it; But then their telegraph is less sublime, And if they ran a race, they would not win it 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own

The sun takes up some years for every ray To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

Upon the verge of space, about the size Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd (I've seen a something like it in the skies In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd, And, growing bigger, took another guise; Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd, Or was steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer;

But take your choice): and then it grew a cloud; And so it was-a cloud of witnesses. But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these; They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud And varied cries were like those of wild geese (If nations may be liken'd to a goose), And realised the phrase of "hell broke loose."

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull, Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore: There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"-" What's your

The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost

In certain terms I shan't translate in full, As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war, The voice of Jonathan was heard to express, "Our president is going to war, I guess."

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane; In short, an universal shoal of shades, From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain, Of all climes and professions, years and trades, Ready to swear against the good king's reign,

Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades: All summon'd by this grand "subpoena," to Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale, As angels can; next, like Italian twilight, He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail, Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight

In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,

Or distant lightning on the horizon by night, Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why-My good old friend, for such I deem you, though Our different parties make us fight so shy, I ne'er mistake you for a personal foe;

Our difference is political, and I

Trust that, whatever may occur below, You know my great respect for you: and this Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse My call for witnesses? I did not mean That you should half of earth and hell produce; 'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean,

True testimonies are enough: we lose Our time, nay, our eternity, between The accusation and defence: if we Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality. Satan replied, "To me the matter is Indifferent, in a personal point of view: I can have fifty better souls than this With far less trouble than we have gone through Already; and I merely argued his Late majesty of Britain's case with you Upon a point of form: you may dispose Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!" Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd "multifaced" By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then we'll call One or two persons of the myriads placed Around our congress, and dispense with all The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced As to speak first? there's choice enough—who shall It be?" Then Satan answer'd, "There are many; But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any." A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite Upon the instant started from the throng, Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite; For all the fashions of the flesh stick long By people in the next world; where unite All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong, From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat, Almost as scanty, of days less remote. The spirit look'd around upon the crowds Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of all The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds; So let's to business: why this general call? If those are freeholders I see in shrouds, And 'tis for an election that they bawl, Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat! Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?" "Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these things Are of a former life, and what we do Above is more august; to judge of kings Is the tribunal met: so now you know." "Then I presume those gentlemen with wings," Said Wilkes, " are cherubs; and that soul below Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?" "He is what you behold him, and his doom Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said; "If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb Gives license to the humblest beggar's head To lift itself against the loftiest."-" Some," Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead, For such a liberty—and I, for one, Have told them what I thought beneath the sun." " Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast

Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,

Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.

With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky I don't like ripping up old stories, since His conduct was but natural in a prince. "Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress A poor unlucky devil without a shilling; But then I blame the man himself much less Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling To see him punish'd here for their excess, Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in Their place below: for me, I have forgiven, And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven." "Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this; You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died, And seem to think it would not be amiss To grow a whole one on the other side Of Charon's ferry; you forget that bis Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide, He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labour, For at the best he will but be your neighbour. "However, I knew what to think of it, When I beheld you in your jesting way, Flitting and whispering round about the spit Where Belial, upon duty for the day, With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt, His pupil; I knew what to think, I say: That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills; I'll have him gagg'd—'twas one of his own bills. "Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow stalk'd, And at the name there was a general squeeze, So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd In comfort, at their own aërial ease, But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd, As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees, Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder, Or like a human colic, which is sadder. The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure, That look'd as it had been a shade on earth; Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour, But nought to mark its breeding or its birth; Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger, With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth; But as you gazed upon its features, they Changed every instant—to what, none could say. The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less Could they distinguish whose the features were; The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess; They varied like a dream-now here, now there; And several people swore from out the press, They knew him perfectly; and one could swear He was his father: upon which another Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother: Another, that he was a duke, or knight, To urge against him," said the Archangel. "Why," An orator, a lawyer, or a priest, A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight Mysterious changed his countenance at least

Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,

As oft as they their minds; though in full sight He stood, the puzzle only was increased; The man was a phantasmagoria in Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

The moment that you had pronounced him one, Presto! his face changed, and he was another; And when that change was hardly well put on, It varied, till I don't think his own mother

(If that he had a mother) would her son

Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other; Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task, At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
That he was not even one; now many rays

Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days: Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies, And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,

On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown; It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear! 'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call Was really, truly, nobody at all.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books, we see,
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:

And really till we fix on somebody

For certain sure to claim them as his due, Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
"For that you may consult my title-page,"

Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,

I scarce shall tell it now."—" Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
First ask him for bis answer to my letter:

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past

Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast

Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne
Tooke,

And Franklin; "—but at this time there was heard A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,

"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a ghost?"

"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.

But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),

I saw a taper, far below me, wink, And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel— No less on history than the Holy Bible.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and The latter yours, good Michael: so the affair Belongs to all of us, you understand.

I snatch'd him up just as you see him there, And brought him off for sentence out of hand:

I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old, And have expected him for some time here; A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,

Or more conceited in his petty sphere: But surely it was not worth while to fold

Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear: We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored With carriage) coming of his own accord.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates

The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.

Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"

"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to

You know we're bound to that in every way."

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which By no means often was his case below, Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch His voice into that awful note of woe

To all unhappy hearers within reach

Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow; But stuck fast with his first hexameter, Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir. But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd Into recitative, in great dismay Both cherubim and seraphim were heard To murmur loudly through their long array;

And Michael rose ere he could get a word Of all his founder'd verses under way,

And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere best-

Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."

A general bustle spread throughout the throng, Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;

The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Referent opposit by a new occasion.

Before, to profit by a new occasion:
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What!

Pye come again? No more—no more of that!"

The tumult grew; an universal cough Convulsed the skies, as during a debate, When Castlereagh has been up long enough (Before he was first minister of state,

I mean—the slaves hear now); some cried "Off, off!"
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose

(Himself an author) only for his prose.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,

Quite a poetic felony "de se."

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode

On earth besides; except some grumbling voice, Which now and then will make a slight inroad Upon decorous silence, few will twice

Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd; And now the bard could plead his own bad cause, With all the attitudes of self-applause.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said, He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread, Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay

Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—

"Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—
"Waterloo."

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;

For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—

Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,

And more of both than anybody knows.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning round

To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours, In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,

With notes and preface, all that most allures The pious purchaser; and there's no ground

For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers: So let me have the proper documents, That I may add you to my other saints." Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,

With amiable modesty, decline

My offer, what says Michael? There are few Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.

Mine is a pen of all work; not so new

As it was once, but I would make you shine Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgement, and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.

I settle all these things by intuition,

Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all, Like King Alfonso. When I thus see double, I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,

Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so He read the first three lines of the contents; But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show

Had vanish'd, with variety of scents, Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang, Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:

The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions; The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;

The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—

(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions);
Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!
Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known

For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys, And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down; Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,

BYRON, DE VERE, WOLFE. SHELLEY

Into his lake, for there he did not drown;
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"
As Welborn says—" the devil turn'd precisian."

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,

Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one; And when the tumult dwindled to a calm, I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

THE ROCK OF CASHEL

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting
showers,

Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time methinks
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless
aisles

A melancholy moral; such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain-stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

WOLFE

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As the corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him— But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

SHELLEY

STANZAS, APRIL 1814

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights
of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!

Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:

Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay, Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home; Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come, And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head:

The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows; Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep. Thou in the grave shalt rest-yet till the phantoms |

Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings

From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power Floats though unseen among us,-visiting This various world with as inconstant wing As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,-Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance Each human heart and countenance; Like hues and harmonies of evening,— Like clouds in starlight widely spread,-Like memory of music fled,-Like aught that for its grace may be Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate

With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon Of human thought or form, -where art thou gone? Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,

This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate? Ask why the sunlight not for ever

Weaves rainbows o'er you mountain-river, Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,

Why fear and dream and death and birth Cast on the daylight of this earth Such gloom,-why man has such a scope For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever To sage or poet these responses given-Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and

Heaven.

Remain the records of their vain endeavour, Frail spells-whose uttered charm might not avail

From all we hear and all we see, Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,

Or music by the night-wind sent Through strings of some still instrument, Or moonlight on a midnight stream,

Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart And come, for some uncertain moments lent. Man were immortal, and omnipotent, Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart. Thou messenger of sympathies, That wax and wane in lovers' eyes-

Thou—that to human thought art nourishment, Like darkness to a dying flame! Depart not as thy shadow came, Depart not-lest the grave should be, Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin, And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead. I called on poisonous names with which our youth is

fed;

I was not heard—I saw them not— When musing deeply on the lot Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing

All vital things that wake to bring News of birds and blossoming,-Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy! I vowed that I would dedicate my powers

To thee and thine-have I not kept the vow? With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours

Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned

Of studious zeal or love's delight Outwatched with me the envious night-They know that never joy illumed my brow Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free

This world from its dark slavery, That thou—O awful LoveLiness,

Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene When noon is past—there is a harmony In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,

Which through the summer is not heard or seen, As if it could not be, as if it had not been !

Thus let thy power, which like the truth Of nature on my passive youth Descended, to my onward life supply Its calm—to one who worships thee, And every form containing thee, Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind To fear himself, and love all human kind.

ON FANNY GODWIN

HER voice did quiver as we parted, Yet knew I not that heart was broken From which it came, and I departed Heeding not the words then spoken. Misery-O Misery, This world is all too wide for thee.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert . . . Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND" Song of a Spirit

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aëreal kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succour thee.

Voice in the Air, singing-To Asia

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divines:

And this atmosphere divinest Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it holds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

SONNET

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live Call Life: though unreal shapes be pictured there, And it but mimic all we would believe With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear. I knew one who had lifted it—he sought, For his lost heart was tender, things to love, But found them not, alas! nor was there aught The world contains, the which he could approve. Through the unheeding many he did move, A splendour among shadows, a bright blot Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

A SONG

A winow bird sate mourning for her love Upon a wintry bough; The frozen wind crept on above, The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare, No flower upon the ground, And little motion in the air Except the mill-wheel's sound.

STANZAS

Written in Dejection, near Naples

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,

Nor peace within nor calm around,

Nor that content surpassing wealth

The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

Others I see whom these surround—

Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—

To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

SHELLEY

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

SIMILES FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1819

As from an ancestral oak

Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion:—

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And the stars are none, or few:—

As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,

Two scorpions under one wet stone,

Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,

Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,

Two vipers tangled into one.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou, Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low, Each like a corpse within its grave, until Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion, Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed, Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread On the blue surface of thine aëry surge, Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge Of the horizon to the zenith's height, The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear, And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear; If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee; A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven, As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need. Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is: What if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth! And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind, If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing low, And the stars are shining bright: I arise from dreams of thee, And a spirit in my feet Hath led me-who knows how? To thy chamber window, Sweet! The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the silent stream— The Champak odours fail Like sweet thoughts in a dream; The nightingale's complaint, It dies upon her heart ;-As I must on thine, Oh, beloved as thou art! Oh lift me from the grass! I die! I faint! I fail! Let thy love in kisses rain On my lips and eyelids pale. My cheek is cold and white, alas! My heart beats loud and fast;-Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one, When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,

and then again I dissolve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below, And their great pines groan aghast; And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast. Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers, Lightning my pilot sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, It struggles and howls at fits; Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion, This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile, Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes, And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack, When the morning star shines dead;

As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and swings, An eagle alit one moment may sit

In the light of its golden wings.

And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall From the depth of Heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine aery nest, As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden, Whom mortals call the Moon,

Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor, By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet, Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee, Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high, Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone, And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim, When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,— The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair, Is the million-coloured bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove, While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water, And the nursling of the Sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; I change, but I cannot die.

SHELLEY

For after the rain when with never a stain

The pavilion of Heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb.

I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire:

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are bright'ning, Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,

In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not; What is most like thee?

From rainbow clouds there flow not

Drops so bright to see

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden, Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden In a palace-tower, Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden

Its aëreal hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view!

Like a rose embowered

In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflowered, Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass,

Rain-awakened flowers,

All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,

Or triumphal chant, Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain?

What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be:

Shadow of annoyance Never came near thee:

Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

TO ---

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden, Thou needest not fear mine; My spirit is too deeply laden Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

SONG OF PROSERPINE
While gathering Flowers on the Plain of Enna
SACRED Goddess Mother Farth

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine

Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew

Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the Hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.

The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray; And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold, Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with
white.

And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;

And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen. Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it !—Oh! to whom?

TO THE MOON

Arr thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TIME

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

TO EMILIA VIVIANI

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet-basil and mignonette?
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower—the very doubt endears
My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.
Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade—

TO ---

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory— Odours, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken. Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heaped for the belovèd's bed; And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love itself shall slumber on.

SONG

RARELY, rarely, comest thou, Spirit of Delight! Wherefore hast thou left me now Many a day and night? Many a weary night and day 'Tis since thou art fled away. How shall ever one like me Win thee back again? With the joyous and the free Thou wilt scoff at pain. Spirit false! thou hast forgot All but those who need thee not. As a lizard with the shade Of a trembling leaf, Thou with sorrow art dismayed; Even the sighs of grief Reproach thee, that thou art not near, And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty To a merry measure; Thou wilt never come for pity. Thou wilt come for pleasure; Pity then will cut away Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay. I love all that thou lovest, Spirit of Delight! The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed, And the starry night; Autumn evening, and the morn When the golden mists are born. I love snow, and all the forms Of the radiant frost; I love waves, and winds, and storms, Everything almost Which is Nature's, and may be Untainted by man's misery. I love tranquil solitude, And such society As is quiet, wise, and good; Between thee and me What difference? but thou dost possess The things I seek, not love them less. I love Love—though he has wings, And like light can flee, But above all other things, Spirit, I love thee-Thou art love and life! Oh, come, Make once more my heart thy home.

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!

On whose last steps I climb,

Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

то ---

No more—Oh, never more!

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.
I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,—

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

A BRIDAL SONG

The golden gates of sleep unbar
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather!
Night, with all thy stars look down,—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;—
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn,—ere it be long!
O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!

Oft renew.

CHORIC SONGS FROM "HELLAS"

-

LIFE may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, but can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed,—but it returneth! Yet were life a charnel where Hope lay coffined with Despair; Yet were truth a sacred lie, Love were lust—if Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light, Hope its iris of delight,

Truth its prophet's robe to wear,

Love its power to give and bear.

11

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go;
New shapes they still may weave,

New gods, new laws receive, Bright or dim are they as the robes they last On Death's bare ribs had cast.

SHELLEY

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim

Which the orient planet animates with light; Hell, Sin, and Slavery came, Like bloodhounds mild and tame,

Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:

While blazoned as on Heaven's immortal noon The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are Paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And Day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The Powers of earth and air

Fled from the folding-star of Bethlehem: Apollo, Pan, and Love,

And even Olympian Jove Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them; Our hills and seas and streams,

Dispeopled of their dreams, Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears, Wailed for the golden years.

Ш

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains From waves serener far; A new Peneus rolls his fountains

Against the morning star. Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep

Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep A loftier Argo cleaves the main, Fraught with a later prize; Another Orpheus sings again,

And loves, and weeps, and dies. A new Ulysses leaves once more Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise, And to remoter time Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

TO STELLA (From the Greek of Plato)

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

ADONAIS

An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, etc.

'Αστήρ πρίν μέν ελαμπες ένί ζωοΐσιν Εώρος' νῦν δὲ θανών λάμπεις Έσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.—PLATO.1

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!

O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay, When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies In darkness? where was lorn Urania When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes, 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath, Rekindled all the fading melodies, With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,

With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath, He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;

1 The poem, "To Stella," immediately preceding, is a translation of this epigram.

For he is gone, where all things wise and fair Descend; -oh, dream not that the amorous Deep Will yet restore him to the vital air;

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our

despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again! Lament anew, Urania !-He died, Who was the Sire of an immortal strain, Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride The priest, the slave, and the liberticide Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified, Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite

Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of

light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew! Not all to that bright station dared to climb; And happier they their happiness who knew, Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time In which suns perished; others more sublime, Struck by the envious wrath of man or god, Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime; And some yet live, treading the thorny road,

Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished-The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew, Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished, And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew; Most musical of mourners, weep anew! Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last, The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste; The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay, He came; and bought, with price of purest breath, A grave among the eternal.—Come away! Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;

Awake him not! surely he takes his fill Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!-Within the twilight chamber spreads apace The shadow of white Death, and at the door Invisible Corruption waits to trace His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place; The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams, The passion-winged Ministers of thought, Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught

The love which was its music, wander not,-Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain, But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet,

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again. And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head, And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries: "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead; See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain." Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise! She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain

She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain. One from a lucid urn of starry dew Washed his light limbs as if embalming them; Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw The wreath upon him, like an anadem, Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem; Another in her wilful grief would break Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem A greater loss with one which was more weak; And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit, That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit, And pass into the panting heart beneath With lightning and with music: the damp death Quenched its caress upon his icy lips; And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips, It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations, Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies, Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incar-

nations Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies; And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs, And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream. All he had loved, and moulded into thought, From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound, Lamented Adonais. Morning sought Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound, Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground Dimmed the aëreal eyes that kindle day; Afar the melancholy thunder moaned, Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,

And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen

hear. Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere a
Amid the faint companions of their youth,

With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.
Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast

And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,

Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and

A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst As it has ever done, with change and motion, From the great morning of the world when first God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed, The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light; All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst; Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,

The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprons corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green, Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow, Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and
sighs,"

And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes, And all the Echoes whom their sister's song Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!" Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung, From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped, Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel.

And human hearts, which to her aery tread Yielding not, wounded the invisible Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell: And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,

Rent the soft Form they never could repel, Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May, Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.

"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless, As silent lightning leaves the starless night! Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her

vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again; Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live; And in my heartless breast and burning brain That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive, With food of saddest memory kept alive, Now thou art dead, as if it were a part Of thee, my Adonais! I would give All that I am to be as thou now art!

But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like

deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."
Thus ceased she is and the mountain shepherds came.

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came, Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent; The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame Over his living head like Heaven is bent, An early but enduring monument, Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,

And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;

It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;

A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band

Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art
thou?"

He answered not, but with a sudden hand Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow, Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs, The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,

Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fied
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of
shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living

clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;

Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee

The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!

Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare

Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there

All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought And as he fell and as he lived and loved Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot, Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:

Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.

Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth, Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright. Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth; As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might Satiate the void circumference: then shrink Even to a point within our day and night; And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink

When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished
breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned Its charge to each; and if the seal is set, Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind, Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find Thine own well full, if thou returnest home, Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.

What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart? Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here They have departed; thou shouldst now depart! A light is passed from the revolving year, And man, and woman; and what still is dear Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither. The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near: 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven, Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng Whose sails were never to the tempest given; The massy earth and sphered skies are riven! I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar; Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven, The soul of Adonais, like a star, Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!

Up,—to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,—
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

SHELLEY

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under Heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was !- the silence there By such a chain was bound That even the busy woodpecker Made stiller by her sound The inviolable quietness; The breath of peace we drew With its soft motion made not less The calm that round us grew. There seemed from the remotest seat Of the white mountain waste, To the soft flower beneath our feet, A magic circle traced,-A spirit interfused around, A thrilling, silent life,-To momentary peace it bound Our mortal nature's strife; And still I felt the centre of The magic circle there Was one fair form that filled with love The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie Under the forest bough,-Each seemed as 'twere a little sky Gulfed in a world below; A firmament of purple light Which in the dark earth lay, More boundless than the depth of night, And purer than the day— In which the lovely forests grew, As in the upper air, More perfect both in shape and hue Than any spreading there. There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, And through the dark green wood The white sun twinkling like the dawn Out of a speckled cloud. Sweet views which in our world above Can never well be seen, Were imaged by the water's love Of that fair forest green. And all was interfused beneath With an Elysian glow, An atmosphere without a breath, A softer day below.

Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth expressed;
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters, seen.

A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,—
Wail, for the world's wrong!

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth— The smokeless altars of the mountain snows Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose, To which the birds tempered their matin lay. All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day, Swinging their censers in the element, With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air; And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear The form and character of mortal mould, Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old Took as his own, and then imposed on them: But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem The cone of night, now they were laid asleep Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

. . .

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep Of a green Apennine: before me fled The night; behind me rose the day; the deep Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,-When a strange trance over my fancy grew Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread Was so transparent, that the scene came through As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn O'er evening hills, they glimmer; and I knew That I had felt the freshness of that dawn Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair, And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn Under the self-same bough, and heard as there The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air, And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

CLARE

JULY

July, the month of Summer's prime, Again resumes his busy time; Scythes tinkle in each grassy dell, Where solitude was wont to dwell; And meadows they are mad with noise Of laughing maids and shouting boys, Making up the withering hay With merry hearts as light as play. The very insects on the ground So nimbly bustle all around, Among the grass, or dusty soil, They seem partakers in the toil. The landscape even reels with life, While, 'mid the busy stir and strife Of industry, the shepherd still Enjoys his summer dreams at will, Bent o'er his hook, or listless laid Beneath the pasture's willow shade, Whose foliage shines so cool and gray Amid the sultry hues of day, As if the morning's misty veil Yet linger'd in its shadows pale; Or lolling in a musing mood On mounds where Saxon castles stood, Upon whose deeply-buried walls The ivy'd oak's dark shadow falls, He oft picks up with wond'ring gaze Some little thing of other days, Saved from the wrecks of time—as beads, Or broken pots among the weeds, Of curious shapes—and many a stone From Roman pavements thickly strown, Oft hoping, as he searches round, That buried riches may be found, Though, search as often as he will, His hopes are disappointed still; Or watching, on his mossy seat, The insect world beneath his feet,

In busy motion here and there Like visitors to feast or fair, Some climbing up the rush's stem, A steeple's height or more to them, With speed, that sees no fear to stop, Till perch'd upon its spiry top, Where they awhile the view survey, Then prune their wings, and flit away,-And others journeying to and fro Among the grassy woods below, Musing, as if they felt and knew The pleasant scenes they wander'd through, Where each bent round them seems to be Huge as a giant timber-tree. Shaping the while their dark employs To his own visionary joys, He pictures such a life as theirs, As free from Summer's sultry cares, And only wishes that his own Could meet with joys so thickly sown: Sport seems the all that they pursue, And play the only work they do.

The cow-boy still cuts short the day By mingling mischief with his play; Oft in the pond, with weeds o'ergrown, Hurling quick the plashing stone To cheat his dog; who watching lies, And instant plunges for the prize; And though each effort proves in vain, He shakes his coat, and dives again, Till, wearied with the fruitless play, He drops his tail, and sneaks away, Nor longer heeds the bawling boy, Who seeks new sports with added joy: Now on some bank's o'erhanging brow Beating the wasp's nest with a bough, Till armies from the hole appear, And threaten vengeance in his ear With such determined hue-and-cry As makes the bold besieger fly; Then, pelting with excessive glee The squirrel on the woodland tree, Who nimbles round from grain to grain, And cocks his tail, and peeps again, Half-pleased, as if he thought the fray Which mischief made, was meant for play, Till scared and startled into flight, He instant tumbles out of sight. Thus he his leisure hour employs, And feeds on busy meddling joys, While in the willow-shaded pool His cattle stand, their hides to cool.

Loud is the Summer's busy song, The smallest breeze can find a tongue, While insects of each tiny size Grow teazing with their melodies, Till noon burns with its blistering breath Around, and day dies still as death. The busy noise of man and brute Is on a sudden lost and mute; Even the brook that leaps along Seems weary of its bubbling song, And, so soft its waters creep, Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep. The cricket on its banks is dumb, The very flies forget to hum; And, save the waggon rocking round, The landscape sleeps without a sound. The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough Hath not a leaf that dances now; The tottergrass upon the hill, And spiders' threads; are standing still; The feathers dropt from moorhen's wing, Which to the water's surface cling, Are steadfast, and as heavy seem As stones beneath them in the stream; Hawkweed and groundsel's fanning downs Unruffled keep their seedy crowns; And in the oven-heated air, Not one light thing is floating there, Save that to the earnest eye, The restless heat seems twittering by. Noon swoons beneath the heat it made, And flowers e'en wither in the shade, Until the sun slopes in the west, Like weary traveller, glad to rest, On pillow'd clouds of many hues; Then nature's voice its joy renews, And chequer'd field and grassy plain Hum, with their summer songs again, A requiem to the day's decline, Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine, As welcome to day's feeble powers As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

Now to the pleasant pasture dells,
Where hay from closes sweetly smells,
Adown the pathway's narrow lane
The milking maiden hies again,
With scraps of ballads never dumb,
And rosy cheeks of happy bloom,
Tann'd brown by Summer's rude embrace,
Which adds new beauties to her face,
And red lips never pale with sighs,
And flowing hair, and laughing eyes
That o'er full many a heart prevail'd,
And swelling bosom loosely veil'd,
White as the love it harbours there,
Unsullied with the taunts of care.

The mower now gives labour o'er,
And on his bench beside the door
Sits down to see his children play,
Smoking a leisure hour away:
While from her cage the blackbird sings,
That on the woodbine arbour hings;
And all with soothing joys receive
The quiet of a Summer's eve.

I AM!

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows? My friends forsake me, like a memory lost. I am the self-consumer of my woes, They rise and vanish, an oblivious host, Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost. And yet I am-I live-though I am toss'd Into the nothingness of scorn and noise, Into the living sea of waking dream, Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys, But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest. I long for scenes where man has never trod-For scenes where woman never smiled or wept-There to abide with my Creator, God, And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept, Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie, The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

LOCKHART

BEYOND

WHEN youthful faith hath fled, Of loving take thy leave; Be constant to the dead,-The dead cannot deceive. Sweet, modest flowers of spring, How fleet your balmy day! And man's brief year can bring No secondary May,-No earthly burst again Of gladness out of gloom: Fond hope and vision wane, Ungrateful to the tomb. But 'tis an old belief That on some solemn shore, Beyond the sphere of grief, Dear friends shall meet once more,— Beyond the sphere of time And sin and fate's control, Serene in endless prime Of body and of soul. That creed I fain would keep; That hope I'll not forgo: Eternal be the sleep, Unless to waken so!

BRYANT

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language; for his gayer hours She has a voice of gladness, and a smile And eloquence of beauty, and she glides Into his darker musings, with a mild

And healing sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, And breathless darkness, and the narrow house, Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart ;— Go forth, under the open sky, and list To Nature's teachings, while from all around-Earth and her waters, and the depths of air-Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee The all-beholding sun shall see no more In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground, Where thy pale form was laid with many tears, Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again, And, lost each human trace, surrendering up Thine individual being, shalt thou go To mix for ever with the elements, To be a brother to the insensible rock, And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down With patriarchs of the infant world-with kings, The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales Stretching in pensive quietness between; The venerable woods; rivers that move In majesty, and the complaining brooks That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all, Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,— Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death, Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom,-Take the wings Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness, Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there: And millions in those solitudes, since first The flight of years began, have laid them down In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone. So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw In silence from the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure? All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before will chase His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men, The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes In the full strength of years, matron and maid, The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side, By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, which moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

KEATS

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

HYMN TO PAN, FROM "ENDYMION"

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness; Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken; And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, Great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles, What time thou wanderest at eventide Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girted bees Their golden honeycombs; our village leas Their fairest-blossom'd beans and poppied corn; The chuckling linnet its five young unborn, To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year All its completions—be quickly near, By every wind that nods the mountain pine, O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies For willing service; whether to surprise The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit; Or upward ragged precipices flit To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw; Or by mysterious enticement draw Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again; Or to tread breathless round the frothy main, And gather up all fancifullest shells For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells, And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping; Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping, The while they pelt each other on the crown With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown-By all the echoes that about thee ring, Hear us, O satyr king!

O Hearkener to the loud-clapping shears, While ever and anon to his shorn peers A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn, When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms, To keep off mildews, and all weather harms: Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds, That come a-swooning over hollow grounds, And wither drearily on barren moors: Dread opener of the mysterious doors Leading to universal knowledge—see, Great son of Dryope, The many that are come to pay their vows With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

THE INDIAN LADY'S SONG

From " Endymion"

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?-

To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
To give the glow-worm light?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?

To give at evening pale Unto the nightingale,

That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?

A lover would not tread A cowslip on the head.

Though he should dance from eve till peep of day.

Nor any drooping flower Held sacred for thy bower,

Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow

I bade good morrow,

And thought to leave her far away behind;

But cheerly, cheerly, She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me, and so kind:

I would deceive her, And so leave her,

But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side, I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept—

And so I kept

Brimming the water-lily cups with tears

Cold as my fears. . .

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din— 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!

Like to a moving vintage down they came, Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame; All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy!

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:

I rush'd into the folly!...

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee? Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate?"
"We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,

A-conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!"

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye, So many, and so many, and such glee? Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?"

"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;

For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth; Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth! Come hither, lady fair, and joined be To our mad minstrelsy!"...

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!

I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,

And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
Into these regions came I, following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear,
Alone, without a peer:

And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young stranger!
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime;
Alas! 'tis not for me:
Bewitch'd I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
"Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage, that hath been Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth, Tasting of Flora and the country green, Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink and leave the world unseen, And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain, While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self.

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like full garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more.

That I shall never look upon thee more, Never have relish in the facry power Of upreflecting love:—then on the shor

Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think, Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

ODE TO PSYCHE

O condess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear, And pardon that thy secrets should be sung, Even into thine own soft-conched ear: Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes? I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly, And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise, Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran A brooklet, scarce espied: 'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed, Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian, They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass; Their arms embraced, and their pinions too; Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu, As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber, And ready still past kisses to outnumber At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:

The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;

Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan Upon the midnight hours;

No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet From chain-swung censer teeming; No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the circ the water and the fire:

Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan

Upon the midnight hours!
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming:

Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant

Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;

383

And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same;
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

FANCY

Ever let the fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home: At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth, Like to bubbles when rain pelteth; Then let winged Fancy wander Through the thought still spread beyond her: Open wide the mind's cage door, She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar. O sweet Fancy! let her loose; Summer's joys are spoilt by use, And the enjoying of the Spring Fades as does its blossoming: Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too, Blushing through the mist and dew Cloys with tasting: What do then? Sit thee by the ingle, when The sear faggot blazes bright, Spirit of a winter's night; When the soundless earth is muffled, And the cakéd snow is shuffled From the ploughboy's heavy shoon; When the Night doth meet the Noon In a dark conspiracy To banish Even from her sky. Sit thee there, and send abroad, With a mind self-overawed, Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her; She has vassals to attend her: She will bring, in spite of frost, Beauties that the earth hath lost; She will bring thee, all together, All delights of summer weather; All the buds and bells of May, From dewy sward or thorny spray; All the heaped Autumn's wealth, With a still, mysterious stealth: She will mix these pleasures up Like three fit wines in a cup, And thou shalt quaff it :- thou shalt hear Distant harvest-carols clear; Rustle of the reaped corn; Sweet birds antheming the morn: And, in the same moment—hark! 'Tis the early April lark, Or the rooks, with busy caw, Foraging for sticks and straw.

Thou shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the marigold; White-plumed lilies, and the first Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst; Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the mid-May; And every leaf, and every flower Pearled with the self-same shower. Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep Meagre from its celled sleep; And the snake all winter-thin Cast on sunny bank its skin; Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, When the hen-bird's wing doth rest Quiet on her mossy nest; Then the hurry and alarm When the bee-hive casts its swarm; Acorns ripe down-pattering While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose; Everything is spoilt by use: Where's the cheek that doth not fade, Too much gazed at? Where's the maid Whose lip mature is ever new? Where's the eye, however blue, Doth not weary? Where's the face One would meet in every place? Where's the voice, however soft, One would hear so very oft? At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth Like to bubbles when rain pelteth. Let, then, winged Fancy find Thee a mistress to thy mind: Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter, Ere the God of Torment taught her How to frown and how to chide; With a waist and with a side White as Hebe's, when her zone Slipt its golden clasp, and down Fell her kirtle to her feet, While she held the goblet sweet, And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh Of the Fancy's silken leash; Quickly break her prison-string, And such joys as these she'll bring.-Let the winged Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto Heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Have ye souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new? Yes, and those of heaven commune With the spheres of sun and moon; With the noise of fountains wondrous, And the parle of voices thund'rous; With the whisper of heaven's trees And one another, in soft ease Seated on Elysian lawns Browsed by none but Dian's fawns; Underneath large blue-bells tented, Where the daisies are rose-scented, And the rose herself has got Perfume which on earth is not; Where the nightingale doth sing Not a senseless, trancèd thing, But divine, melodious truth, Philosophic numbers smooth; Tales and golden histories Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What does strengthen, and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Ye have souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new!

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Sours of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid Tayern? Have ye tippled drink more fine Than mine host's Canary wine? Or are fruits of Paradise Sweeter than those dainty pies Of venison? O generous food! Drest as though bold Robin Hood Would, with his maid Marian, Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An Astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu; And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st:
Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

TO HOMER

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind!—but then the veil was rent;
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spermy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
Ay, on shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green;
There is a budding morrow in midnight;
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run,

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are

they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE, WRITTEN ON MAY DAY, 1818

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!

May I sing to thee

As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ?

Or may I woo thee

In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?

O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span

Of heaven and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song should die away

Content as theirs,

Rich in the simple worship of a day.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die; And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh, Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips: Ay, in the very temple of Delight

Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine, Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine: His soul shall taste the sadness of her might, And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

FAERY SONG

Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! oh weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!

'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up—I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu!—I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu! Adieu!

IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

In a drear-nighted December, Too happy, happy tree, Thy branches ne'er remember Their green felicity: The north cannot undo them With a sleety whistle through them; Nor frozen thawings glue them From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December, Too happy, happy brook, Thy bubblings ne'er remember Apollo's summer look; But with a sweet forgetting, They stay their crystal fretting, Never, never petting About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many A gentle girl and boy! But were there ever any Writhed not at passed joy? To know the change and feel it, When there is none to heal it, Nor numbed sense to steal it, Was never said in rhyme.

TO SLEEP

O sorr embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Ан, what can ail thee, wretched wight, Alone and palely loitering? The sedge is wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight, So haggard and so woe-begone? The squirrel's granary is full, And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head, And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She look'd at me as she did love, And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet, And honey wild and manna dew; And sure in language strange she said, I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too, Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; Who cried—" La belle Dame sans merci Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam With horrid warning gaped wide, And I awoke, and found me here On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

LAST SONNET

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

ISABELLA; OR, THE POT OF BASIL A Story from Boccaccio

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel! Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye! They could not in the self-same mansion dwell Without some stir of heart, some malady; They could not sit at meals but feel how well It soothed each to be the other by; They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep, But to each other dream, and nightly weep. With every morn their love grew tenderer, With every eve deeper and tenderer still; He might not in house, field, or garden stir, But her full shape would all his seeing fill; And his continual voice was pleasanter To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill; Her lute-string gave an echo of his name, She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same. He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch, Before the door had given her to his eyes;

And from her chamber-window he would catch

Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;

And constant as her vespers would he watch, Because her face was turn'd to the same skies; And with sick longing all the night outwear. To hear her morning-step upon the stair. A whole long month of May in this sad plight Made their cheeks paler by the break of June: "To-morrow will I bow to my delight, To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."-"O may I never see another night, Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."— So spake they to their pillows; but, alas, Honeyless days and days did he let pass; Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek Fell sick within the rose's just domain, Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek By every lull to cool her infant's pain: "How ill she is!" said he, "I may not speak, And yet I will, and tell my love all plain: If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears, And at the least 'twill startle off her cares." So said he one fair morning, and all day His heart beat awfully against his side; And to his heart he inwardly did pray For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away-Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride, Yet brought him to the meekness of a child: Alas! when passion is both meek and wild! So once more he had waked and anguished A dreary night of love and misery, If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed To every symbol on his forehead high; She saw it waxing very pale and dead, And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly, "Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid quest, But in her tone and look he read the rest, "O Isabella! I can half perceive That I may speak my grief into thine ear; If thou didst ever anything believe, Believe how I love thee, believe how near My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live Another night, and not my passion shrive. "Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold, Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime, And I must taste the blossoms that unfold In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time." So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold, And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme: Great bliss was with them, and great happiness Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,

Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart

The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

Only to meet again more close, and share

She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart; He with light steps went up a western hill, And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,

Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.

Ah! better had it been for ever so, Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be— Too many tears for lovers have been shed, Too many sighs give we to them in fee,

Too much of pity after they are dead, Too many doleful stories do we see,

Whose matter in bright gold were best be read; Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

But for the general award of love,

The little sweet doth kill much bitterness; Though Dido silent is in under-grove,

And Isabella's was a great distress,

Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt, Enrichèd from ancestral merchandise, And for them many a weary hand did swelt In torchèd mines and noisy factories,

And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt In blood from stinging whip; with hollow eyes Many all day in dazzling river stood,

To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath, And went all naked to the hungry shark; For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death

The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts

Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?

Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;

The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.
How was it these same ledger-men could spy

Fair Isabella in her downy nest?

How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye

A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest Into their vision covetous and sly!

How could these money-bags see east and west?—

Yet so they did—and every dealer fair Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!

Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,

And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow

Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune, For venturing syllables that ill beseem The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;

There is no other crime, no mad assail

To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet; But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—

To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet; To stead thee as a verse in English tongue, An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she loved him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,

Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad, When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they, And many times they bit their lips alone, Before they fix'd upon a surest way

To make the youngster for his crime atone;

And at the last, these men of cruel clay

Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;

For they resolved in some forest dim

To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,

"You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount To spur three leagues towards the Apennine; Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count His dewy rosary on the eglantine." Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont, Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine; And went in haste, to get in readiness, With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow

Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye!" said
she:

And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love. They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did
tease

Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur, Each richer by his being a murderer.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring, "Where? O
where?"

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long Its fiery vigil in her single breast; She fretted for the golden hour, and hung Upon the time with feverish unrest— Not long; for soon into her heart a throng Of higher occupants, a richer zest, Came tragic; passion not to be subdued. And sorrow for her love in travels rude. In the mid days of autumn, on their eves The breath of Winter comes from far away, And the sick west continually bereaves Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay Of death among the bushes and the leaves, To make all bare before he dares to stray From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel By gradual decay from beauty fell, Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale; And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud, To see their sister in her snowy shroud. And she had died in drowsy ignorance, But for a thing more deadly dark than all; It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance, Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall For some few gasping moments; like a lance, Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall With cruel pierce, and bringing him again Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain. It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom, The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears Had made a miry channel for his tears. Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake; For there was striving, in its piteous tongue, To speak as when on earth it was awake, And Isabella on its music hung: Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake, As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung; And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song, Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among. Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof From the poor girl by magic of their light,

The while it did unthread the horrid woof Of the late darken'd time—the murderous spite

Of pride and avarice—the dark pine roof

Where, without any words, from stabs he fell.

In the forest—and the sodden turfed dell,

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet! Red whortle-berries droop above my head, And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet; Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat Comes from beyond the river to my bed: Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom, And it shall comfort me within the tomb. "I am a shadow now, alas! alas! Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling Alone: I chant alone the holy mass, While little sounds of life are round me knelling, And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass, And many a chapel bell the hour is telling, Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me, And thou art distant in Humanity. "I know what was, I feel full well what is, And I should rage, if spirits could go mad; Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss, That paleness warms my grave, as though I had A seraph chosen from the bright abyss To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad: Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel A greater love through all my essence steal." The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!"—dissolved and left The atom darkness in a slow turmoil; As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft, Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil, We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft, And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil: It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache, And in the dawn she started up awake; "Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life, I thought the worst was simple misery; I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife Portion'd us-happy days, or else to die; But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife! Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy: I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes, And greet thee morn and even in the skies." When the full morning came, she had devised How she might secret to the forest hie; How she might find the clay, so dearly prized, And sing to it one latest lullaby; How her short absence might be unsurmised, While she the inmost of the dream would try. Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse, And went into that dismal forest-hearse. See, as they creep along the river side, How she doth whisper to that aged dame, And, after looking round the champaign wide, Shows her a knife.—" What feverish hectic flame Burns in thee, child ?—what good can thee betide

And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;

The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard, And let his spirit, like a demon mole, Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard, To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole; Pitying each form that hungry Death had marr'd, And filling it once more with human soul? Ah! this is holiday to what was felt When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt. She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though One glance did fully all its secrets tell; Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well; Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow, Like to a native lily of the dell: Then with her knife, all sudden she began To dig more fervently than misers can. Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies; She kiss'd ir with a lip more chill than stone, And put it in her bosom, where it dries And freezes utterly unto the bone Those dainties made to still an infant's cries: Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care, But to throw back at times her veiling hair. That old nurse stood beside her wondering, Until her heart felt pity to the core At sight of such a dismal labouring, And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar, And put her lean hands to the horrid thing: Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore; At last they felt the kernel of the grave, And Isabella did not stamp and rave. Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance? Why linger at the yawning tomb so long? O for the gentleness of old Romance, The simple plaining of a minstrel's song! Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance, For here, in truth, it doth not well belong To speak :- O turn thee to the very tale, And taste the music of that vision pale. With duller steel than the Perséan sword They cut away no formless monster's head, But one, whose gentleness did well accord With death, as life. The ancient harps have said, Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord: If Love impersonate was ever dead, Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd. 'Twas love; cold,-dead indeed, but not dethroned. In anxious secrecy they took it home, And then the prize was all for Isabel: She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb, And all around each eye's sepulchral cell Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam That thou shouldst smile again?"—The evening With tears, as chilly as a dripping well, She drench'd away: and still she comb'd and kept Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd and wept.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby, And divine liquids come with odorous ooze Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,— She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by, And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet. And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun, And she forgot the blue above the trees, And she forgot the dells where waters run, And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze; She had no knowledge when the day was done, And the new morn she saw not: but in peace Hung over her sweet Basil evermore, And moisten'd it with tears unto the core. And so she ever fed it with thin tears. Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew. So that it smelt more balmy than its peers Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew Nurture besides, and life, from human fears, From the fast mouldering head there shut from So that the jewel, safely casketed, Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread. O Melancholy, linger here awhile! O Music, Music, breathe despondingly! O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle, Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh! Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile; Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily, And make a pale light in your cypress glooms, Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs. Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe, From the deep throat of sad Melpomene! Through bronzèd lyre in tragic order go, And touch the strings into a mystery; Sound mournfully upon the winds and low; For simple Isabel is soon to be

Among the dead: She withers, like a palm Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm. O leave the palm to wither by itself; Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour !-It may not be-those Baalites of pelf,

Her brethren, noted the continual shower From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf, Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride. And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much

Why she sat drooping by the Basil green, And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;

Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean: They could not surely give belief, that such

A very nothing would have power to wean Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay, And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain; For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift, And seldom felt she any hunger-pain: And when she left, she hurried back, as swift As bird on wing to breast its eggs again: And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair. Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot, And to examine it in secret place: The thing was vile with green and livid spot, And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face: The guerdon of their murder they had got, And so left Florence in a moment's space, Never to turn again.—Away they went, With blood upon their heads, to banishment. O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away! O Music, Music, breathe despondingly! O Echo, Echo, on some other day,

From isles Lethean, sigh to us-O sigh! Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!" For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;

Will die a death too lone and incomplete, Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet. Piteous she looked on dead and senseless things, Asking for her lost Basil amorously:

And with melodious chuckle in the strings Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,

To ask him where her Basil was; and why 'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she, "To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn, Imploring for her Basil to the last.

No heart was there in Florence but did mourn In pity of her love, so overcast.

And a sad ditty of this story born

From mouth to mouth through all the country

Still is the burthen sung-" O cruelty, To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

St. Agnes' Eve-ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold; The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold: Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told His rosary, and while his frosted breath, Like pious incense from a censer old, Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,

Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees, And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan, Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze, Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails: Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries, He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft; And so it chanced, for many a door was wide, From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide: The level-chambers, ready with their pride, Were glowing to receive a thousand guests: The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed, Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,

With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes, Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short: The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell, All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel: For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes, Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords, Whose very dogs would execration howl Against his lineage; not one breast affords Him any mercy in that mansion foul, Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame, Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond The sound of merriment and chorus bland. He startled her; but soon she knew his face, And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand, Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;

They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;

brand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—" Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how "—" Good saints! not here, not

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face,
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than
wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro:
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:

"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was, All garlanded with carven imageries, Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, And diamonded with panes of quaint device, Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes, As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings; And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries, And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queen

A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done, Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees; Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one; Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees: Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees, In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed, But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay, Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away; Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day; Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain; Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray; Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced, Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced To wake into a slumberous tenderness; Which when he heard, that minute did he bless, And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept, Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept, And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !-how fast

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: O for some drowsy Morphean amulet! The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion, The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet, Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :-The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep, In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd, While he from forth the closet brought a heap Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd; With jellies soother than the creamy curd, And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon; Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand On golden dishes and in baskets bright Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand In the retired quiet of the night, Filling the chilly room with perfume light.-"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake! Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite: Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake, Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream By the dusk curtains :-- 'twas a midnight charm Impossible to melt as icèd stream: The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam; Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies: It seem'd he never, never could redeem From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes; So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,-Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be, He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute, In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy"; Close to her ear touching the melody;— Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan: He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:

Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld, Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep: There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd The blisses of her dream so pure and deep. At which fair Madeline began to weep, And moan forth witless words with many a sigh; While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep; Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye, Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear, Made tunable with every sweetest vow; And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear: How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro, Those looks immortal, those complainings dear! Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,

For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go." Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far At these voluptuous accents, he arose, Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star

Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose; Into her dream he melted, as the rose Blendeth its odour with the violet,-Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows

Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet. "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!" 'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat: "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine! Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.— Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring? I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine, Though thou forsakest a deceived thing; A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing." "My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed;—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

FROM "HYPERION," BOOK I

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day

Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass, But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest. A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more By reason of his fallen divinity, Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went, No further than to where his feet had stray'd, And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead, Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed; While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth, His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place; But there came one, who with a kindred hand Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low With reverence, though to one who knew it not. She was a Goddess of the infant world; By her in stature the tall Amazon Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en Achilles by the hair and bent his neck; Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel. Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx, Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court, When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore. But oh! how unlike marble was that face: How beautiful, if sorrow had not made Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self. There was a listening fear in her regard, As if calamity had but begun; As if the vanward clouds of evil days Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear Was with its stored thunder labouring up. One hand she press'd upon that aching spot Where beats the human heart, as if just there, Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain: The other upon Saturn's bended neck She laid, and to the level of his ear Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake In solemn tenour and deep organ tone: Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue Would come in these like accents; O how frail To that large utterance of the early Gods! "Saturn, look up !- though wherefore, poor old King ? I have no comfort for thee, no not one: I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?' For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God; And ocean too, with all its solemn noise, Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air Is emptied of thine hoary majesty. Thy thunder, conscious of the new command, Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house; And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands Scorches and burns our once serene domain. O aching time! O moments big as years! All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth, And press it so upon our weary griefs

That unbelief has not a space to breathe. Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude? Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes? Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a trancèd summer-night, Those green-robed senators of mighty woods, Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars, Dream, and so dream all night without a stir, Save from one gradual solitary gust Which comes upon the silence, and dies off, As if the ebbing air had but one wave: So came these words and went; the while in tears She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground, Just where her falling hair might be outspread A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet, One moon, with alteration slow, had shed Her silver seasons four upon the night, And still these two were postured motionless, Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern; The frozen God still couchant on the earth, And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet: Until at length old Saturn lifted up His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone, And all the gloom and sorrow of the place, And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard Shook horrid with such aspen-malady: "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion, Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face; Look up, and let me see our doom in it; Look up, and tell me, if this feeble shape Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow, Naked and bare of its great diadem, Peers like the front of Saturn? Who had power To make me desolate? whence came the strength? How was it nurtured to such bursting forth, While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp? But it is so; and I am smother'd up, And buried from all godlike exercise Of influence benign on planets pale, Of admonitions to the winds and seas, Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting, And all those acts which Deity supreme Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone Away from my own bosom: I have left My strong identity, my real self, Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search! Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light; Space region'd with life-air; and barren void; Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest A certain shape or shadow, making way With wings or chariot fierce to repossess A heaven he lost erewhile: it must-it must

Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be king!
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets
blown

Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival Upon the gold clouds metropolitan, Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be Beautiful things made new, for the surprise Of the sky-children; I will give command: Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

CALLANAN

GOUGAUNE BARRA

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow, As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning, It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning. And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning, And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep

rattle,

Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle; And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming, And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming; Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland, So meet for a bard as this lone little island? How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara, And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera, Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by

the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards when, assembling together
In the clefts of thy rocks or the depth of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.
High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains

The songs even Echo forgot on her mountains; And glean'd each grey legend that darkly was sleeping Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which, like thee, to our country have
bound me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,

Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally, And send her strong shout over mountain and valley, The star of the West might yet rise in its glory, And the land that was darkest be brightest in story. I too shall be gone; but my name shall be spoken When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken; Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming, When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming, And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion, Where calm Avon-Bwee seeks the kisses of ocean, Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

DARLEY

I'VE BEEN ROAMING

I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow-dew is sweet, And like a queen I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet. I've been roaming, I've been roaming O'er red rose and lily fair, And like a sylph I'm coming With their blossoms in my hair. I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the honeysuckle creeps, And like a bee I'm coming With its kisses on my lips. I've been roaming, I've been roaming Over hill and over plain, And like a bird I'm coming To my bower back again.

MADRIGAL The mountain winds are winnowing

The primrose banks along; From bush to brake the wild birds sing; The runnel-brook, sweet murmuring Thro' flowery meadows flush with Spring, Dances to his own song. The sun darts thro' the forest gloom, And gilds the mossy stems; The gray rocks buried in the broom Peep from their yellow-waving tomb, And hawthorn bud and heathy bloom Scatter the ground with gems. See in the sharp wind, blossom-bare, The glistening holly glows! The wild-rose stands with virgin air Blushing at her own beauty rare; And lily, still more fearful fair, Scarce her white bosom shows. Hark! in each honey-bed you pass, The burning hum of bees! The ant-hill swarms, a rustling mass! While in the brittle, singed grass Dan Sol doth break the cricket's glass And drinks the dewy lees!

To sorrel beds the conies stray,
The goats to upland sheen,
With mossy horns the wild deer play,
Twisting their heads in quiet fray,
The white lambs browse and bounce away,
The ox lies on the green.

O Ranger of the Sunny hills,
How blissful it must be,
Amid the steepy rocks and rills,
Where Joy his horn of amber fills,
Fresh as from heaven the dew distils—
To live awhile with thee!

THE SEA-RITUAL

Prayer unsaid, and mass unsung,
Deadman's dirge must still be rung:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound!
Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smoothe him fair, Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go! Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sands shall he
Feast for no foul gluttons be:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime!
Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave Shut the shark out from his grave: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll! Mermen dirgers ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him
All the dead shall rise before him!
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom;
Mermen lay him in his tomb!

THE FALLEN STAR

A STAR is gone! a star is gone! There is a blank in Heaven, One of the cherub choir has done His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there,
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were pass'd, With a cherubic sigh He vanish'd with his car at last, For even cherubs die.

Hear how his Angel-brothers mourn, The minstrels of the spheres, Each chiming sadly in his turn, And dropping splendid tears.

DARLEY. HARTLEY COLERIDGE. MOTHERWELL. HOOD

The planetary Sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep this hapless brother's fall,
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band The Lunar Spirit sings, And with a bass-according hand Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome Where sleepless Uriel lies His rude harmonic thunders come Mingled with mighty sighs,

The thousand car-borne cherubim, The wandering Eleven, All join to chant the dirge of him Who fell just now from Heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

SONG

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY FROM HER POOR KINSMAN

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
And lovely all;—methinks, thy scornful mood
And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannise
O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee;
For never, sure, was seen a royal bride
Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride—
My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee:
But when I see thee at thy father's side
Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee.

MOTHERWELL

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed, A sword of metal keen! All else to noble hearts is dross, All else on earth is mean. The neighing of the war-horse proud,
The rolling of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet loud,
Be sounds from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering press of knights
Whenas their war-cries swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants, all,
And don your helms amain:
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field again.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land!
Let piping swain, and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

HOOD

FAIR INES

O saw ye not fair Ines? She's gone into the West, To dazzle when the sun is down, And rob the world of rest: She took our daylight with her, The smiles that we love best, With morning blushes on her cheek, And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS ONE more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death! Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, One of Eve's family— Wipe those poor lips of hers Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! O, it was pitiful! Near a whole city full, Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light

HOOD. TAYLOR. BARNES

From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran,— Over the brink of it, Picture it—think of it, Dissolute Man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring Thro' muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,

Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour!

HENRY TAYLOR

ELENA'S SONG

QUOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade.

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife To tongue of neither wife nor maid, Thou wag'st, but I am worn with strife, And feel like flowers that fade.

BARNES

CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE

THERE'S noo pleace I do like so well,
As Elem Knap in Culver Dell,
Where timber trees, wi' lofty shouds,
Did rise avore the western clouds;
An' stan' agean, wi' veathery tops,
A-swayen up in North-Hill Copse.
An' on the east the mornen broke
Above a dewy grove o' woak;
An' noontide shed its burnen light
On ashes on the southern height;
An' I could vind zome teales to tell
O' former days in Culver Dell.

An' all the vo'k did love so well
The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,
That used to ramble droo the sheädes
O' timber, or the burnen gleädes,
An' come at evenen up the leäze
Wi' red-eär'd dogs bezide his knees;
An' hold his gun, a-hangen droo
His eärmpit, out above his tooe,
Wi' kindly words upon his tongue
Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young;
Vor he did know the poor so well
'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

An' while the woak wi' spreaden head Did sheade the foxes' verny bed; An' runnen heares, in zunny gleades, Did beat the grasses' quiv'ren bleades; An' speckled paetridges took flight In vields o' stubble, feaden white; Or he could zee the pheasant strut In sheady woods, wi' painted cwot; Or long-tongued dogs did love to run Among the leaves, bezide his gun; We didden want vor call to dwell At hwome in peace in Culver Dell.

But now I hope his kindly feäce
Is gone to vind a better pleäce;
But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind
He'll always be a-kept in mind,
Vor all his springy-vooted hounds
Ha' done o' trotten round his grounds,
An' we have all a-left the spot,
To teäke, a-scatter'd, each his lot;
An' even Faether, lik' the rest,
Ha' left our long-vorseäken nest;
An' we should vind it sad to dwell
Ageān at hwome in Culver Dell.

The airy mornens still mid smite
Our windors wi' their rwosy light,
An' high-zunn'd noons mid dry the dew
On growen groun' below our shoe;
The blushen evenen still mid dye
Wi' viry red the western sky;
The zunny spring-time's quicknen power
Mid come to open leaf an' flower;
An' days an' tides mid bring us on
Woone pleasure when another's gone.
But we must bid a long farewell
To days an' tides in Culver Dell.

WAŸFEÄREN

The sky wer clear, the zunsheen glow'd
On droopen flowers droo the day,
As I did beät the dowsty road
Vrom hinder hills, a-feäden gray;
Droo hollors up the hills,
Vrom knaps along by mills,
Vrom mills by churches' tow'rs, wi' bells
That twold the hours to woody dells.

An' when the winden road do guide
The thirsty vootman where mid flow
The water vrom a rock bezide
His vootsteps, in a sheenen bow;
The hand a-hollor'd up
Do beät a goolden cup
To catch an' drink it, bright an' cool,
A-vallen light 'ithin the pool.

Zoo when, at laest, I hung my head
Wi' thirsty lips a-burnen dry,
I come bezide a river-bed
Where water flowed so blue's the sky;
An' there I meäde me up
O' coltsvoot leaf a cup,
Where water from his lip o' gray
Wer sweet to sip thik burnen day.

But when our work is right, a jaÿ
Do come to bless us in its train,
An' hardships ha' zome good to paÿ
The thoughtvul soul vor all their pain:
The het do sweeten sheäde,
An' weäry lim's ha' meäde
A bed o' slumber, still an' sound,
By woody hill or grassy mound.

An' while I zot in sweet delaÿ
Below an elem on a hill,
Where boughs a-haefwaÿ up did swaÿ
In sheädes o' lim's above em still,
An' blue sky show'd between
The flutt'rèn leäves o' green;
I wouden gi'e that groom an' sheäde
Vor any room that weälth ha' meäde.

But oh! that vo'k that have the roads
Where weary-vooted souls do pass,
Would leäve bezide the stwone vor lwoads
A little strip vor zummer grass;
That when the stwones do bruise
An' burn an' gall our tooes,
We then mid cool our veet on beds
O' wild-thyme sweet, or deäsy-heads.

THE MILK-MAID O' THE FARM

O Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm! An' Poll's so happy out in groun' Wi' her white pail below her earm As if she wore a goolden crown.

An' Poll don't zit up half the night, Nor lie vor half the day a-bed: An' zoo her eyes be sparklen bright, An' zoo her cheäks be bloomen red.

In zummer mornens, when the lark
Do rouse the litty lad an' lass
To work, then she's the vu'st to mark
Her steps upon the dewy grass.

An' in the evenèn, when the zun
Do sheen upon the western brows
O' hills, where bubblèn brooks do run,
There she do zing bezide her cows.

An' ev'ry cow of hers do stand, An' never overzet her païl, Nor try to kick her nimble hand, Nor switch her wi' her heavy taïl.

Noo leädy wi' her muff an' vaīl Do walk wi' sich a steätely tread As she do, wi' her milkèn païl A-balanced on her comely head.

An' she at mornen an' at night
Do skim the yollow cream, an' mwold
An' wring her cheeses red an' white,
An' zee the butter vetch'd an' roll'd.

An' in the barken or the ground,
The chaps do always do their best
To milk the vu'st their own cows round,
An' then help her to milk the rest.

Zoo Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm! An' Poll's so happy out in groun' Wi' her white pail below her earm As if she wore a goolden crown.

THE WIFE A-LOST

Since I noo mwore do zee your feace, Up stears or down below, I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleace Where flat-bough'd beech do grow: Below the beeches' bough, my love, Where you did never come, An' I don't look to meet ye now, As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Droo trees a-drippèn wet:
Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
Your vaice do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword
A-vield upon the ground;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaïce an' feäce
In prayer at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad vaïce vor greäce
To goo where you do bide;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waïtèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

JENNY'S RIBBONS

JEAN ax'd what ribbon she should wear 'Ithin her bonnet to the feäir? She had woone white, a-gi'ed her when She stood at Meäry's chrissenèn; She had woone brown; she had woone red, A keepseäke vrom her brother dead, 'That she did like to wear, to goo To zee his greäve below the yew.

She had woone green among her stock, That I'd a-bought to match her frock; She had woone blue to match her eyes, The colour o' the zummer skies, An' thik, though I do like the rest, Is he that I do like the best, Because she had en in her heäir When yu'st I walk'd wi' her at feäir.

The brown, I zaid, would do to deck
Thy heäir; the white would match thy neck;
The red would meäke thy red cheäk wan
A-thinkèn o' the gi'er gone;
The green would show thee to be true;
But still I'd sooner zee the blue,
Because 'twer he that deck'd thy heäir
When vu'st I walk'd wi' thee at feäir.

Zoo, when she had en on, I took Her han' 'ithin my elbow's crook, An' off we went athirt the weir An' up the meäd toward the feäir; The while her mother, at the geäte, Call'd out an' bid her not staÿ leäte, An' she, a-smilèn wi' her bow O' blue, look'd roun', an' nodded, No.

THE WOLD WAGGON

THE gre't wold waggon uncle had, When I wer up a hardish lad, Did stand, a-screen'd vrom het an' wet, In zummer at the barken geäte, Below the elems' spreaden boughs, A-rubb'd by all the pigs an' cows. An' I've a-clom his head an' zides, A-riggèn up or jumpèn down A-playen, or in happy rides Along the leane or drough the groun'. An' many souls be in their greaves That rod' together on his reaves; An' he, an' all the hosses too, 'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo. Upon his head an' tail wer pinks, A-painted all in tangled links; His two long zides wer blue,-his bed Bent slightly upward at the head; His reaves rose zwellèn in a bow Above the slow hind-wheels below. Vour hosses wer a-kept to pull The gre't wold waggon when 'twer vull: The black meare Smiler, strong enough To pull a house down by herzuf, So big, as took my biggest strides To straddle halfway down her zides; An' champèn Vi'let, sprack an' light, That foam'd an' pull'd wi' all her might; An' Whitevoot, leazy in the treace, Wi' cunnen looks an' snow-white feace; Bezides a bay woone, short-tail Jack, That wer a treace-hoss or a hack. How many lwoads o' vuzz, to scald The milk, thik waggon have a-haul'd! An' wood vrom copse, an' poles vor raïls, An' bavens wi' their bushy tails; An' loose-ear'd barley, hangen down Outzide the wheels a'most to groun', An' lwoads o' haÿ so sweet an' dry, A-builded straight, an' long, an' high; An' hay-meäkers a-zittèn roun' The reaves, a-riden hwome vrom groun', When Jim gi'ed Jenny's lips a smack, An' jealous Dicky whipp'd his back; An' maidens scream'd to veel the thumps A-gi'ed by trenches an' by humps. But he, an' all his hosses too, 'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo.

MACAULAY

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain. For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away, And one dear hope, that was more prized than they. For him I languished in a foreign clime, Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime : Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees, And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees; Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep, Each morning started from the dream to weep; Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave The resting-place I asked, an early grave. O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone, From that proud country which was once mine own, By those white cliffs I never more must see, By that dear language which I spake like thee, Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

EMERSON

BRAHMA

IF the red slayer think he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain, They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again. Far or forgot to me is near; Shadow and sunlight are the same; The vanished gods to me appear; And one to me are shame and fame. They reckon ill who leave me out; When me they fly, I am the wings; I am the doubter and the doubt, And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. The strong gods pine for my abode, And pine in vain the sacred Seven; But thou, meek lover of the good! Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

BEDDOES

DREAM-PEDLARY

Ir there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?
A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die,

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.
Dreaming, a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue,
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

SONG

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.
How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are

In a silver chain

Of evening rain,
Unravelled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star :--So many times do I love again.

DIRGE

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,

BEDDOES. GRIFFIN. MANGAN

Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes The rim o' the sun to-morrow, In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

GRIFFIN

EILEEN AROON

When, like the early rose,

Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,

Eileen aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?

Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye?

Eileen aroon!

Is it the timid sigh?

Eileen aroon!

Is it the tender tone,

Soft as the stringed harp's moan?

Oh! it is truth alone,

Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,

Eileen aroon!

Love sends his early ray,

Eileen aroon!

What makes his dawning glow

Changeless through joy or woe?—

Only the constant know,

Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,

Eileen aroon!

I knew a cottage there,

Eileen aroon!

Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,

Eileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?

Eileen aroon!

Who in the dance so fleet?

Eileen aroon!

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,

Eileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,

Eileen aroon!

Beauty must fade away,

Eileen aroon!

Castles are sacked in war,

Chieftains are scattered far,

Truth is a fixed star,

Eileen aroon!

MANGAN

DARK ROSALEEN

From the Irish

On! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;

MANGAN. HORNE

'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! 'Tis you shall have the golden throne, Tis you shall reign, and reign alone, My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands, Will I fly for your weal: Your holy delicate white hands Shall girdle me with steel. At home in your emerald bowers, From morning's dawn till e'en, You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! You'll think of me through daylight's hours, My virgin flower, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air, I could plough the high hills, Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer, To heal your many ills! And one beamy smile from you Would float like light between My toils and me, my own, my true, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! Would give me life and soul anew, A second life, a soul anew, My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red With redundance of blood, The earth shall rock beneath our tread, And flames wrap hill and wood, And gun-peal and slogan-cry Wake many a glen serene, Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! The Judgement Hour must first be nigh, Ere you can fade, ere you can die, My dark Rosaleen!

SIBERIA

In Siberia's wastes The ice-wind's breath Woundeth like the toothed steel. Lost Siberia doth reveal Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone. No Summer shines. Night is interblent with day. In Siberia's wastes alway The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes No tears are shed, For they freeze within the brain. Nought is felt but dullest pain, Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream. When years go by Funeral-paced, yet fugitive-When man lives and doth not live, Doth not live-nor die.

In Siberia's wastes Are sands and rocks. Nothing blooms of green or soft, But the snow-peaks rise aloft And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there Is one with those; They are part, and he is part, For the sands are in his heart, And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes None curse the Czar; Each man's tongue is cloven by The North Blast, who heweth nigh With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees, Till, hunger-gnawn And cold-slain, he at length sinks there, Yet scarce more a corpse than ere His last breath was drawn.

HORNE

PELTERS OF PYRAMIDS

" Nought loves another as itself, Nor venerates another so; Nor is it possible to thought A greater than itself to know."

BLAKE.

A shoat of idlers, from a merchant craft Anchor'd off Alexandria, went ashore, And mounting asses in their headlong glee, Round Pompey's Pillar rode with hoots and taunts,— As men oft say, "What art thou more than we?" Next in a boat they floated up the Nile, Singing and drinking, swearing senseless oaths, Shouting, and laughing most derisively At all majestic scenes. A bank they reach'd, And clambering up, play'd gambols among tombs; And in portentous ruins (through whose depths-The mighty twilight of departed Gods-Both sun and moon glanced furtive, as in awe) They hid, and whoop'd, and spat on sacred things. At length, beneath the blazing sun they lounged

Near a great Pyramid. Awhile they stood With stupid stare, until resentment grew, In the recoil of meanness from the vast:

And gathering stones, they with coarse oaths and jibes,

(As they would say, "What art thou more than we?") | E. B. BROWNING Pelted the Pyramid! But soon those men, Hot and exhausted, sat them down to drink-Wrangled, smoked, spat, and laugh'd, and drowsily Cursed the bald Pyramid, and fell asleep. Night came :- a little sand went drifting by-And morn again was in the soft blue heavens. The broad slopes of the shining Pyramid Look'd down in their austere simplicity Upon the glistening silence of the sands Whereon no trace of mortal dust was seen.

HAWKER

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand! A merry heart and true! King James's men shall understand What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ? And shall Trelawny die? Here's twenty thousand Cornish men Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold, A merry wight was he: "If London Tower were Michael's hold,

We'll set Trelawny free! "We'll cross the Tamar, land to land, The Severn is no stay,

With 'one and all,' and hand in hand, And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall, A pleasant sight to view, Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all, Here's men as good as you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold, Trelawny he may die: But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold, Will know the reason why!"

EDWARD WALSH

KITTY BHAN

From the Irish

Before the sun rose at yester-dawn I met a fair maid adown the lawn; The berry and snow to her cheek gave its glow, And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan. Then, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won Than Orpheus' lyre of old hath done; Her ripe eyes of blue were crystals of dew, On the grass of the lawn before the sun. And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

SONNETS

T

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years, Who each one in a gracious hand appears To bear a gift for mortals, old or young: And, as I mused it in his antique tongue, I saw, in gradual vision through my tears, The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, Those of my own life, who by turns had flung A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware, So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair, And a voice said in mastery while I strove,— "Guess now who holds thee?"-"Death," I said. But, there, The silver answer rang,—" Not Death, but Love."

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart! Unlike our uses and our destinies. Our ministering two angels look surprise On one another, as they strike athwart Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art A guest for queens to social pageantries, With gages from a hundred brighter eyes Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part Of chief musician. What hast thou to do With looking from the lattice-lights at me, A poor, tired, wandering singer,—singing through The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree? The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,— And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore Alone upon the threshold of my door Of individual life, I shall command The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand Serenely in the sunshine as before, Without the sense of that which I forbore,-Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine With pulses that beat double. What I do And what I dream include thee, as the wine Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue God for myself, He hears that name of thine, And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile—her look—her way Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought

That falls in well with mine, and certes brought A sense of pleasant ease on such a day "—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought, May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby! But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XVIII

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified,—
Take it, thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

XXXVIII

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,—
Slow to world-greetings—quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

XI.III

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight. I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise, I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION

With stammering lips and insufficient sound I strive and struggle to deliver right That music of my nature, day and night With dream and thought and feeling interwound, And inly answering all the senses round With octaves of a mystic depth and height Which step out grandly to the infinite From the dark edges of the sensual ground! This song of soul I struggle to outbear Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole, And utter all myself into the air. But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there, Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

IRREPARABLENESS

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day
And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself as a bird or bee
When such do field-work on a morn of May.
But now I look upon my flowers, decay
Has met them in my hands more fatally
Because more warmly clasped,—and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields, and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it,—but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat
And breaking the golden lilies afloat

With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,

Ere he brought it out of the river. High on the shore sate the great god Pan, While turbidly flowed the river;

While turbidly flowed the river; And hacked and hewed as a great god can, With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed, Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed

To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,

(How tall it stood in the river!)

Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,

Steadily from the outside ring,

And notched the poor dry empty thing

In holes, as he sate by the river.

E. B. BROWNING. FREDERICK TENNYSON

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan (Laughed while he sate by the river), "The only way, since gods began

To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,

He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, o Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY

Awake! the crimson dawn is glowing;
The blissful breath of morn
From golden seas is earthward flowing
Thro' mountain peaks forlorn;
'Twixt the tall roses and the jasmine near,
That darkly hover in the twilight air,
I see the glory streaming, and I hear

The sweet wind whispering like a messenger.

'Tis time to sing! the spirits of Spring
Go softly by mine ear,

And out of Fairyland they bring Glad tidings to me here;

"Tis time to sing! Now is the pride of youth Pluming the woods, and the first rose appears, And summer from the chambers of the south

Is coming up to wipe away all tears!

They bring glad tidings from afar Of her that cometh after To fill the earth, to light the air With music and with laughter:

Ev'n now she leaneth forward, as she stands,
And her fire-wingèd horses shod with gold
Stream, like a sunrise, from before her hands,
And thro' the Eastern gates her wheels are rolled!

'Tis time to sing! the woodlands ring New carols day by day; The wild birds of the islands sing

Whence they have flown away:

'Tis time to sing—the nightingale is come;
Amid the laurels chants he all night long,
And bids the leaves be still, the winds be dumb;
How like the starlight flashes forth his song!

Immortal beauty from above, Like sunlight breathed on cloud, Touches the weary soul with love,
And hath unwound the shroud
Of buried Nature, till she looks again
Fresh in infantine smiles and childish tears,
And o'er the rugged hearts of aged men
Sheds the pure dew of youth's delicious years.

The heart of the awakened earth
Breathes odorous ecstasy;
Let ours beat time unto her mirth,
And hymn her jubilee!
The glory of the universal soul
Ascends from mountain tops and lowly flowers;
The mighty pulses throbbing through the whole
Call unto us for answering life in ours.

Arise, young Queen of forests green!
A path was strewn for thee
With hyacinth, and gold bells between,
And red anemone:
Arise, young Queen of beauty and delight!
Lift up in this fair land thy happy eyes;
For valleys yearn, and gardens, for thy sight,
But chief this heart that prays for thee with sighs.

I looked up wistfully,
In hope to see thee wafted thro'
Bright rifts of stormy sky:
Many grey morns and nights and weary days,
Without thy golden smile my heart was dying;
Oh! in the valleys let me see thy face,
And thy loose locks adown the woodwalks flying!

How oft into the opening blue

Come with thy flowers and silver showers,
Thy rainbows and thy light;
Fold in thy robe the naked hours,
And fill them with thy might:
Tho' less I seek thee for the loveliness
Thou laughest from thee over land and sea,
Than for the hues wherein gay fancies dress
My drooping spirit at the sight of thee.

Come with thy voice of tears and joys,
Thy leaves and fluttering wings!
Come with the breezes, and the noise
Of rivulets and of springs:
Tho' less I seek thee for thine harmonies
Of winds and waters, and thy songs divine,
Than for that Angel that within me lies,
And makes glad music echoing unto thine.

O gardens blossoming anew!
O rivers and fresh rills!
O mountains in your mantles blue!

O dales of daffodils!

O dates of damodits!

What ye can do no mortal spirit can;
Ye have a strength within we cannot borrow:

Blessèd are ye beyond the heart of man, Your joy, your love, your life beyond all sorrow!

R. C. TRENCH

ALMA

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,

Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea:

Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known—

Now thou art 2 voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,

And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame. Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine;

Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,

Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—

When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—

"He has passed from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died

By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hillside."

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are calm

Who beneath thy vines and willows on their herobeds repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,

Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,

By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.

O thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free-

Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

WHITTIER

MY PSALM

I mouse no more my vanished years: Beneath a tender rain, An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low, I hear the glad streams run; The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun. No longer forward nor behind I look in hope or fear; But, grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here. I plough no more a desert land, To harvest weed and tare: The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care. I break my pilgrim staff, I lay Aside the toiling oar: The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door. The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn; Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look Through fringèd lids to heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given ;— The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south-wind softly sigh, And sweet calm days in golden haze Melt down the amber sky. Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that wreathe the sword Make not the blade less strong. But smiting hands shall learn to heal,-To build as to destroy; Nor less my heart for others feel That I the more enjoy. All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told! Enough that blessings undeserved Have marked my erring track; That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved, His chastening turned me back; That more and more a Providence Of love is understood, Making the springs of time and sense Sweet with eternal good;— That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight; That care and trial seem at last, Through Memory's sunset air, Like mountain-ranges overpast, In purple distance fair; That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm,

And all the angles of its strife

Slow rounding into calm.

WHITTIER. LONGFELLOW

And so the shadows fall apart, And so the west-winds play; And all the windows of my heart I open to the day

LONGFELLOW

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five; Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year. He said to his friend, "If the British march By land or sea from the town to-night, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch Of the North Church tower as a signal light,-One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and farm, For the country folk to be up and to arm." Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where swinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-war; A phantom ship, with each mast and spar Across the moon like a prison bar, And a huge black hulk, that was magnified By its own reflection in the tide. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the grenadiers, Marching down to their boats on the shore. Then he climb'd the tower of the Old North Church, By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, To the belfry-chamber overhead, And startled the pigeons from their perch On the sombre rafters, that round him made Masses and moving shapes of shade,-By the trembling ladder, steep and tall, To the highest window in the wall, Where he paused to listen and look down A moment on the roofs of the town, And the moonlight flowing over all. Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, In their night-encampment on the hill, Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, The watchful night-wind, as it went Creeping along from tent to tent, And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread Of the lonely belfry and the dead; For suddenly all his thoughts are bent On a shadowy something far away, Where the river widens to meet the bay,-A line of black that bends and floats On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth, And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth; But mostly he watch'd with eager search The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely and spectral and sombre and still. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street, A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark, And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet: That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the

light, The fate of a nation was riding that night; And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep, And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep, Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides; And under the alders, that skirt its edge, Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog, And felt the damp of the river fog, That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock, When he gallop'd into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd, And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, Gaze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock, When he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock,

LONGFELLOW. LADY DUFFERIN. TENNYSON-TURNER

And the twitter of birds among the trees, And felt the breath of the morning breeze Blowing over the meadows brown. And one was safe and asleep in his bed Who at the bridge would be first to fall, Who that day would be lying dead, Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read, How the British Regulars fired and fled,— How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farmyard wall, Chasing the red-coats down the lane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere; And so through the night went his cry of alarm To every Middlesex village and farm,-A cry of defiance and not of fear, A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, And a word that shall echo for evermore! For, borne on a night-wind of the Past, Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness and peril and need, The people will waken and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LADY DUFFERIN

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side On a bright May mornin' long ago, When first you were my bride; The corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high-And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, The day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list'ning for the words You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near, The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here. But the graveyard lies between, Mary, And my step might break your rest-For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep, With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends. But, O, they love the better still, The few our Father sends! And you were all I had, Mary, My blessin' and my pride: There's nothin' left to care for now, Since my poor Mary died. Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, That still kept hoping on, When the trust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was gone: There was comfort ever on your lip, And the kind look on your brow-I bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you cannot hear me now. I thank you for the patient smile When your heart was fit to break, When the hunger pain was gnawin' there, And you hid it, for my sake! I bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore-O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, Where grief can't reach you more! I'm biddin' you a long farewell, My Mary-kind and true! But I'll not forget you, darling! In the land I'm goin' to; They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there-But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times as fair! And often in those grand old woods I'll sit, and shut my eyes, And my heart will travel back again To the place where Mary lies; And I'll think I see the little stile Where we sat side by side: And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn, When first you were my bride

C. TENNYSON-TURNER

THE FOREST GLADE As one dark morn I trod a forest glade, A sunbeam enter'd at the further end, And ran to meet me thro' the yielding shade-As one who in the distance sees a friend, And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes, Bewilder'd by the change from dark to bright, Received the greeting with a quick surprise At first, and then with tears of pure delight; For sad my thoughts had been—the tempest's wrath Had gloom'd the night, and made the morrow gray; That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath, Had turn'd my feet into that forest-way, Just when His morning light came down the path Among the lonely woods at early day.

LETTY'S GLOBE

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year, And her young, artless words began to flow, One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know, By tint and outline, all its sea and land. She patted all the world; old empires peep'd Between her baby fingers; her soft hand Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd, And laugh'd, and prattled in her world-wide bliss; But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry, "Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!" And, while she hid all England with a kiss, Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

TENNYSON

MARIANA

"Mariana in the moated grange."—Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,

Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;

And up and down the people go, Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below, The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Thro' the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd, Slide the heavy barges trail'd By slow horses; and unhail'd The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early In among the bearded barley, Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day A magic web with colours gay. She has heard a whisper say, A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot. She knows not what the curse may be, And so she weaveth steadily, And little other care hath she, The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot.
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes thro' the mirror blue The knights come riding two and two: She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott,

But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights, For often thro' the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights,

And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves, He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, And flamed upon the brazen greaves Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott,

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot. From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror, "Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; "The curse is come upon me," cried The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complaining, Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left affoat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse— Like some bold seër in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance— With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;

The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right— The leaves upon her falling light— Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high,

Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, "She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott."

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land, "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon." In the afternoon they came unto a land In which it seemed always afternoon, All round the coast the languid air did swoon, Breathing like one that hath a weary dream. Full-faced above the valley stood the moon; And like a downward smoke, the slender stream Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem. A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go: And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke, Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below. They saw the gleaming river seaward flow From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops, Three silent pinnacles of aged snow, Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops, Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse. The charmed sunset linger'd low adown In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale Was seen far inland, and the yellow down Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale And meadow, set with slender galingale; A land where all things always seem'd the same! And round about the keel with faces pale, Dark faces pale against that rosy flame, The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came. Branches they bore of that enchanted stem, Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave To each, but whoso did receive of them, And taste, to him the gushing of the wave Far far away did seem to mourn and rave On alien shores; and if his fellow spake, His voice was thin, as voices from the grave; And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, And music in his ears his beating heart did make. They sat them down upon the yellow sand, Between the sun and moon upon the shore; And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland, Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar, Weary the wandering fields of barren foam. Then some one said, "We will return no more;" And all at once they sang, "Our island home Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG

There is sweet music here that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass, Or night-dews on still waters between walls Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,

Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream, With half-shut eyes ever to seem Falling asleep in a half-dream! To dream and dream, like yonder amber light, Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height; To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives, And dear the last embraces of our wives And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change; For surely now our household hearths are cold: Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange: And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy. Or else the island princes over-bold Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings Before them of the ten years' war in Troy, And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things. Is there confusion in the little isle? Let what is broken so remain. The Gods are hard to reconcile: 'Tis hard to settle order once again. There is confusion worse than death, Trouble on trouble, pain on pain, Long labour unto aged breath, Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotosdust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind, In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are | Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall | Dislodging pinnacle and parapet

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands, Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,

and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of

wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong; Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil.

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil, Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil; Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell, Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the

shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar:

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade, "The Legend of Good Women," long ago Sung by the morning star of song, who made His music heard below:

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath Preluded those melodious bursts that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales;

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land I saw, wherever light illumineth,

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs:
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs

Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates, Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes, Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,

And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,

Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought

Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew,
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest
green,

New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
"Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,

Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call, Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there; A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,

And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,

Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:

No one can be more wise than destiny.

Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,"
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,

To her full height her stately stature draws;

"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse:

This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place, Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears: My father held his hand upon his face;

I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,

Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow:

"I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here,
That I ma J look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
"I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. "Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood According to my humour ebb and flow. I have no men to govern in this wood:

That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye That dull cold-blooded Caesar. Prythee, friend, Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God:

The Nilus would have risen before his time And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,

The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms, My Hercules, my Roman Antony,

My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms, Contented there to die!

"And there he died: and when I heard my name Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear

Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame. What else was left? look here!"

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half The polish'd argent of her breast to sight Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh, Showing the aspick's bite.)

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,

A name for ever !—lying robed and crown'd, Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts

Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird,
That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's yow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes

With that wild oath." She render'd answer high:
"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath, Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father—these did move Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy Shall smile away my maiden blame among The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy, Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,

Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,

The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow

Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him for He spake and grief became

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,

As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me: "Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,

If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!

O me, that I should ever see the light!

Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor

Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:

To whom the Egyptian: "O, you tamely died!
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,

Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark, Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc, A light of ancient France;

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death, Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath, Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike Into that wondrous track of dreams again!

But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows -Are sparkling to the moon: My breath to heaven like vapour goes; May my soul follow soon! The shadows of the convent-towers Slant down the snowy sward, Still creeping with the creeping hours That lead me to my Lord: Make Thou my spirit pure and clear As are the frosty skies, Or this first snowdrop of the year That in my bosom lies. As these white robes are soil'd and dark, To yonder shining ground; As this pale taper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb, My spirit before Thee; So in mine earthly house I am, To that I hope to be. Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far, Thro' all yon starlight keen, Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, In raiment white and clean, He lifts me to the golden doors;

The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—

MORTE D'ARTHUR

The Bridegroom with his bride!

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd Among the mountains by the winter sea; Until King Arthur's table, man by man, Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their Lord, King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep, The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights, And bore him to a chapel nigh the field, A broken chancel with a broken cross, That stood on a dark strait of barren land. On one side lay the Ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was full. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all The goodliest fellowship of famous knights Whereof this world holds record, Such a sleep They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we Shall never more, at any future time, Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds, Walking about the gardens and the halls Of Camelot, as in the days that were. I perish by this people which I made,-Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again To rule once more—but let what will be, be, I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm That without help I cannot last till morn. Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur, Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how In those old days, one summer noon, an arm Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, Holding the sword—and how I row'd across And took it, and have worn it, like a king: And, wheresoever I am sung or told In aftertime, this also shall be known: But now delay not: take Excalibur, And fling him far into the middle mere: Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur, And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon, Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks, Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood, This way and that dividing the swift mind, In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd There in the many-knotted waterflags, That whistled stiff and dry about the marge. So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale: "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name, Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight: For surer sign had follow'd, either hand, Or voice, or else a motion of the mere. This is a shameful thing for men to lie. Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere, Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought; But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, How curiously and strangely chased, he smote His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away, Surely a precious thing, one worthy note, Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, Which might have pleased the eyes of many men. What good should follow this, if this were done? What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey, Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey then, if a king demand An act unprofitable, against himself? The King is sick, and knows not what he does. What record, or what relic of my lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept, Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings, Some one might show it at a joust of arms, Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur, Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake. Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps Upon the hidden bases of the hills.' So might some old man speak in the aftertime To all the people, winning reverence. But now much honour and much fame were lost." So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag, And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either for lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, I will arise and slay thee with my hands." Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran, And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword. And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon, And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch, Shot like a streamer of the northern morn, Seen where the moving isles of winter shock By night, with noises of the northern sea. So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur: But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath: "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done. Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And lightly went the other to the King.

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard: "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone. Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight, And bear me to the margin; yet I fear My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose, Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm, And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, And would have spoken, but he found not words, Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee, O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands, And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard, Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King, Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick! I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge, Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd, Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves And barren chasms, and all to left and right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."

And to the barge they came. There those three

Oueens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept. But she, that rose the tallest of them all And fairest, laid his head upon her lap, And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands, And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, And dropping bitter tears against his brow Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white And colourless, and like the wither'd moon Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east; And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—That made his forehead like a rising sun High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust; Or, clotted into points and hanging loose, Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his

So like a shatter'd column lay the King; Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest, From spur to plume a star of tournament, Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, And God fulfils Himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me? I have lived my life, and that which I have done May He within Himself make pure! but thou, If thou shouldst never see my face again, Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. But now farewell. I am going a long way With these thou seest-if indeed I go-(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) To the island-valley of Avilion; Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea, Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere Revolving many memories, till the hull Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn, And on the mere the wailing died away.

ULVSSES

IT little profits that an idle king, By this still hearth, among these barren crags, Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole Unequal laws unto a savage race, That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. I cannot rest from travel: I will drink Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades Vext the dim sea: I am become a name; For always roaming with a hungry heart Much have I seen and known; cities of men And manners, climates, councils, governments, Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; And drunk delight of battle with my peers, Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy. I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch wherethro' Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades For ever and for ever when I move. How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use! As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every hour is saved From that eternal silence, something more, A bringer of new things; and vile it were For some three suns to store and hoard myself, And this grey spirit yearning in desire To follow knowledge, like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail: There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with

me-

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend On whom their favours fall! For them I battle till the end, To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above, My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:

I never felt the kiss of love, Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,

Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair three? faith and prover

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows, I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,

The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;

I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light! Three angels bear the holy Grail: With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the ploty slides.

As down dark tides the glory slides, And star-like mingles with the stars. When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads, And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads, And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height; No branchy thicket shelter yields; But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given Such hope, I know not fear; I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven That often meet me here. I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE A Fragment

LIEE souls that balance joy and pain, With tears and smiles from heaven again The maiden Spring upon the plain Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between, And, far in forest-deeps unseen, The topmost elm-tree gather'd green From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song: Sometimes the throstle whistled strong: Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along, Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:

By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year, Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere Rode thro' the coverts of the deer, With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains

Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.
As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips,

A FAREWELL

FLow down, cold rivulet, to the sea, Thy tribute wave deliver: No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever. Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet then a river: No where by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever. But here will sigh thine alder tree, And here thine aspen shiver: And here by thee will hum the bee, For ever and for ever. A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

Will never come back to me.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

CRADLE SONG

Sweer and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn-fields, And thinking of the days that are no more. Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail, That brings our friends up from the underworld, Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL, NOW THE WHITE

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white; Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk; Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font; The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost, And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars, And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up, And slips into the bosom of the lake: So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip Into my bosom and be lost in me.

COME DOWN, O MAID, FROM YONDER MOUNTAIN HEIGHT

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height: What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang) In height and cold, the splendour of the hills? But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine, To sit a star upon the sparkling spire; And come, for Love is of the valley, come, For Love is of the valley, come thou down And find him; by the happy threshold, he,

Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, Or red with spirted purple of the vats, Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk With Death and Morning on the silver horns, Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine, Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice, That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls To roll the torrent out of dusky doors: But follow; let the torrent dance thee down To find him in the valley; let the wild Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke, That like a broken purpose waste in air: So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth Arise to thee; the children call, and I Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound, Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet; Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn, The moan of doves in immemorial elms, And murmuring of innumerable bees,

FROM "IN MEMORIAM A. H. H."

XIX

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills,

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XIIX

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,

To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

T.TV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LV

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:

Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw

With ravine, shriek'd against his creed— Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills, Who battled for the True, the Just, Be blown about the desert dust, Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream, A discord. Dragons of the prime, That tare each other in their slime, Were mellow music match'd with him,

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!

What hope of answer, or redress? Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, And howlest, issuing out of night, With blasts that blow the poplar white And lash with storm the streaming pane? Day, when my crown'd estate begun To pine in that reverse of doom, Which sicken'd every living bloom, And blurr'd the splendour of the sun; Who usherest in the dolorous hour With thy quick tears that make the rose Pull sideways, and the daisy close Her crimson fringes to the shower; Who might'st have heaved a windless flame Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd A chequer-work of beam and shade Along the hills, yet look'd the same,

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;

Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,

When the dark hand struck down thro' time,

And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day; Touch thy dull goal of joyless grey, And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXXXV

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

XCIV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,

For underfoot the herb was dry;

And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies, And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
His living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Aeonian music measuring out

The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame In matter-moulded forms of speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach Thro' memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd

The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCIX

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;
No grey old grange, or lonely fold,

Or low morass and whispering reed, Or simple stile from mead to mead, Or sheepwalk up the windy wold; Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet trickling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye, And each reflects a kindlier day; And, leaving these, to pass away, I think once more he seems to die,

C

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,

The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;
As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CVI

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To you hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass

To darken on the rolling brine

That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,

Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CXIII

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire; She sets her forward countenance And leaps into the future chance, Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain— She cannot fight the fear of death. What is she, cut from love and faith, But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild, If all be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXIV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drown'd in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song. Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;
Where now the seamew pipes, or dives

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXV

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXXII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!

There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIII

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

Come into the garden, Maud,

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,

I heard a voice "believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."
No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;
And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands:

And what I am beheld again

What is, and no man understands;

And out of darkness came the hands

That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.
Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,
And hear at times a sentinel

Who moves about from place to place, And whispers to the worlds of space, In the deep night, that all is well.

BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL-GARDEN

From "Maud"
BIRDS in the high Hall-garden

When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood; And I, who else, was with her, Gathering woodland lilies,

Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,

Maud is here, here, here In among the lilies. . . .

I know the way she went

Home with her maiden posy,

For her feet have touch'd the meadows

And left the daisies rosy.

IN THE GARDEN

From " Maud"

Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown,

I am here at the gate alone; And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the musk of the rose is blown. For a breeze of morning moves, And the planet of Love is on high, Beginning to faint in the light that she loves On a bed of daffodil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint in his light, and to die. All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon; All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd To the dancers dancing in tune; Till a silence fell with the waking bird, And a hush with the setting moon. I said to the lily, "There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone? She is weary of dance and play." Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day; Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away. I said to the rose, "The brief night goes In babble and revel and wine. O young lord-lover, what sighs are those, For one that will never be thine? But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose, "For ever and ever, mine." And the soul of the rose went into my blood, As the music clash'd in the hall; And long by the garden lake I stood, For I heard your rivulet fall From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood, Our wood, that is dearer than all; From the meadow your walks have left so sweet That whenever a March-wind sighs He sets the jewel-print of your feet In violets blue as your eyes, To the woody hollows in which we meet And the valleys of Paradise. The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree; The white lake-blossom fell into the lake As the pimpernel dozed on the lea; But the rose was awake all night for your sake, Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake, They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither, the dances are done, In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one; Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate. She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate; The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;" And the white rose weeps, "She is late;" The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;" And the lily whispers, "I wait." She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthy bed; My dust would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.

O THAT TWERE POSSIBLE From " Maud"

O THAT 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love · Round me once again! . . . 'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And a dewy splendour falls On the little flower that clings To the turrets and the walls; 'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And the light and shadow fleet; She is walking in the meadow, And the woodland echo rings; In a moment we shall meet; She is singing in the meadow, And the rivulet at her feet Ripples on in light and shadow To the ballad that she sings. . . . Alas for her that met me, That heard me softly call, Came glimmering thro' the laurels At the quiet evenfall, In the garden by the turrets Of the old manorial hall.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley. By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town,

Till last by Philip's farm I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go,

And half a hundred bridges.

But I go on for ever,

I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers: I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance Among my skimming swallows; I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses; I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

WILL

O WELL for him whose will is strong! He suffers, but he will nor suffer long; He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong: For him nor moves the loud world's random mock Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound, Who seems a promontory of rock, That, compass'd round with turbulent sound, In middle ocean meets the surging shock, Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time, Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will, And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,

Or seeming-genial venial fault, Recurring and suggesting still! He seems as one whose footsteps halt, Toiling in immeasurable sand, And o'er a weary sultry land, Far beneath a blazing vault, Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill, The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man-So glorious in his beauty and thy choice, Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd To his great heart none other than a God! I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality." Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile, Like wealthy men who care not how they give. But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills, And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me, And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd To dwell in presence of immortal youth, Immortal age beside immortal youth, And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love, Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now, Close over us, the silver star, thy guide, Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift: Why should a man desire in any way To vary from the kindly race of men, Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful In silence, then before thine answer given Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek. Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears, And make me tremble lest a saying learnt, In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true? "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän ? Noorse ? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:

Says that I moant 'a naw moor yaale: but I beant a

Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooin' to breäk my

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways

Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.

I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,

An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a-sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
"The amoighty's a-taäkin' o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,

An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;

I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to [Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o'

But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn. Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur dead.

An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock 1 ower my yead,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saay,

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaay.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to meä. Mowt 'a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä. 'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun under-

I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

stond:

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it easy an' freeä.

"The amoighty's a-taäkin' o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.

I weant saay men be loiars, thof summun said it in

But a reads wonn sarmin a weeak, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waaste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen; Moäst loike a butter-bump,2 for I 'eerd un aboot an'

But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raaved an' rembled un oot.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun un theer a-laaid on 'is faace

Doon i' the woild 'enemies afoor I comed to the plaäce.

Noaks or Thimbleby-toner 'ed shot un as dead as a

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize-but git ma my

Dubbut looak at the waaste: theer warn't not fead for a cow:

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an looak at it now-Warnt worth nowt a haacre, an' now theer's lots o'

Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in sead. Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it

Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it

If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloan, Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oan.

¹ Cockchafer. ³ Bittern. ³ Anemones.

I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä; An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!

And I'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o' sense, Or a mowt 'a taaken Robins-2 niver mended a fence:

But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now Wi 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to

Looak 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a-passin'

Says to thessén naw doot "what a mon a beä sewer-ly!"

For they knaws what I bean to Squoire sin' fust a comed to the 'All;

I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all. Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to

For who's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;

Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weant niver give it to Joanes,

Noither a moant to Robins—a niver rembles the

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steam

Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's

Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is

But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the

Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taale; I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;

Git ma my yaale I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white, Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night, All along the valley, where thy waters flow, I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago. All along the valley while I walk'd to-day, The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls

away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead, And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree, The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

433

REQUIESCAT

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where you broad water sweetly slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die!

Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.

Her peaceful being slowly passes by

To some more perfect peace.

FITZGERALD

OLD SONG

'Trs a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
Oh, drearily sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth, Like a cricket, sit I, Reading of summer And chivalry— Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Or to get merry,
We sing some old rhyme
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we to smoking, Silent and snug: Naught passes between us, Save a brown jug— Sometimes! And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part, Swallows soaring between; The spring is alive, And the meadows are green!

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

WAKE! For the Sun behind yon Eastern height Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night; And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died, Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried, "When all the Temple is prepared within, Why lags the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before The Tavern shouted—" Open then the door! You know how little while we have to stay, And, once departed, may return no more."

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose, And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows; But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,

And many a Garden by the Water blows.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine High-piping Péhlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine! Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose That sallow cheek of her's to incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling: The Bird of Time has but a little way To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

FITZGERALD

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon, Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run, The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop, The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Morning a thousand Roses brings, you say; Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday? And this first Summer month that brings the Rose Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú? Let Rustum cry "To Battle!" as he likes, Or Hátim Tai "To Supper!"—heed not you.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!

Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough, A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou Beside me singing in the Wilderness— Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come; Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go, Nor heed the music of a distant Drum!

Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win—
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo, Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow: At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw,"

For those who husbanded the Golden grain, And those who flung it to the winds like Rain, Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face, Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day, How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest, Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before, And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled; That every Hyacinth the Garden wears Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose living Green Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean— Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie, Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

Another Voice, when I am sleeping, cries,
"The Flower should open with the Morning skies."
And a retreating Whisper, as I wake—
"The Flower that once has blown for ever dies."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument About it and about: but evermore Came out by the same door as in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and Wby not knowing, Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing: And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine
To drug the memory of that insolence!

FITZGERALD

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate,

There was the Door to which I found no Key:
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and There
There was—and then no more of There and Me.

Earth could not answer: nor the Seas that mourn In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn; Nor Heaven, with those eternal Signs reveal'd

And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind The Veil of Universe I cried to find

A Lamp to guide me through the darkness; and Something then said—" an Understanding blind,"

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive Articulation answer'd, once did live, And drink; and that impassive Lip I kiss'd, How many Kisses might it take—and give!

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—" Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

For has not such a Story from of Old Down Man's successive generations roll'd Of such a clod of saturated Earth Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw On the parcht herbage but may steal below To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her wonted sup Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up, Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

Do you, within your little hour of Grace, The waving Cypress in your Arms enlace, Before the Mother back into her arms Fold, and dissolve you in a last embrace.

And if the Cup you drink, the Lip you press, End in what All begins and ends in—Yes; Imagine then you are what heretofore You were—hereafter you shall not be less.

So when at last the Angel of the drink
Of Darkness finds you by the river-brink,
And, proffering his Cup, invites your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff it—do not shrink.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, should lose, or know the type no more;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Draws to the Dawn of Nothing—Oh make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend! A Hair, they say, divides the False and True—

And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

A Hair, they say, divides the False and True; Yes; and a single Alif were the clue, Could you but find it, to the Treasure-house, And peradventure to The Master too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins Running, Quicksilver-like eludes your pains:
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and They change and perish all—but He remains;

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd Which, for the Pastime of Eternity, He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-day, while You are You—how then
To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?

Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine, To-morrow's tangle to itself resign, And lose your fingers in the tresses of The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit Of This and That endeavour and dispute; Better be merry with the fruitful Grape Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, how bravely in my House For a new Marriage I did make Carouse: Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed, And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line, And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define, Of all that one should care to fathom, I Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Have squared the Year to human compass, eh?
If so, by striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape, Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord, That all the misbelieving and black Horde Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?

And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must, Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust, Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink, When the frail Cup is crumbled into Dust!

If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand, Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This Life flies:
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once is blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through Not one returns to tell us of the Road, Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd, Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside, And naked on the Air of Heaven ride, Is't not a shame—is't not a shame for him So long in this Clay suburb to abide!

But that is but a Tent wherein may rest A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest; The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible, Some letter of that After-life to spell: And after many days my Soul return'd And said, "Behold, Myself am Heav'n and Hell":

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire, And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire, Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves, So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire. We are no other than a moving row
Of visionary Shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

Impotent Pieces of the Game he plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays;
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes, But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes; And He that toss'd you down into the Field, He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

For let Philosopher and Doctor preach
Of what they will, and what they will not—each
Is but one Link in an eternal Chain
That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky, Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die, Lift not your hands to It for help—for It

As impotently rolls as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead, And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed: And the first Morning of Creation wrote

And the first Morning of Creation wrote What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare:
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor
why:

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal, Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung, In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know: whether the one True Light Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite, One Flash of It within the Tavern caught Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke A conscious Something to resent the yoke Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd— Sue for a Debt we never did contract, And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade! Nay, but, for terror of his wrathful Face, I swear I will not call Injustice Grace; Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but Would kick so poor a Coward from the place. Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin Beset the Road I was to wander in,

Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round Emmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin? Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make, And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:

For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man Is black with—Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.
And once again there gather'd a scarce heard
Whisper among them; as it were, the stirr'd
Ashes of some all but extinguisht Tongue,
Which mine ear kindled into living Word.

Said one among them—" Surely not in vain,
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape

Should stamp me back to shapeless Earth again?"
Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Cup from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that of his own free Fancy made

The Vessel, in an after-rage destroy!"

None answer'd this; but after silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;

"They sneer at me for leaning all awry; What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?" Thus with the Dead as with the Living, What? And Why? so ready, but the Wherefor not,

One on a sudden peevishly exclaim'd, "Which is the Potter, pray, and which the Pot?" Said one—"Folks of a surly Master tell,

And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some sharp Trial of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well,"
"Well," said another, "Whoso will, let try,

My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!"
So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,

One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!

Brother! Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide, And wash my Body whence the Life has died, And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf, By some not unfrequented Garden-side. Whither resorting from the vernal Heat
Shall Old Acquaintance Old Acquaintance greet,
Under the Branch that leans above the Wall
To shed his Blossom over head and feet.

Then ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air, As not a True-believer passing by

But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long Have done my credit in Men's eye much wrong: Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,

And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand

My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the ware they sell.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd, Toward which the fainting Traveller might

spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Oh if the World were but to re-create, That we might catch ere closed the Book of Fate, And make The Writer on a fairer leaf Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate!

Better, oh better, cancel from the Scroll Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,

Than drop by drop enlarge the Flood that rolls Hoarser with Anguish as the Ages roll.

Ah Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

But see! The rising Moon of Heav'n again Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through the quivering Plane:

How oft hereafter rising will she look Among those leaves—for one of us in vain!

And when Yourself with silver Foot shall pass Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass, And in your joyous errand reach the spot Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass! POE

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me Like those Nicean barks of yore, That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary, wayworn wanderer bore To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy Naiad airs have brought me home To the glory that was Greece, And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche How statue-like I see thee stand, The agate lamp within thy hand! Ah, Psyche, from the regions which Are Holy Land!

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries, "On! on!"—but o'er the Past (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen,

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.

(Ah, let us mourn !—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven

20

Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago, In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven, Went envying her and me—

Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night, Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love Of those who were older than we— Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above, Nor the demons down under the sea, Can ever dissever my soul from the soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling,—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

O. W. HOLMES

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, Sails the unshadowed main,— The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral-reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl; Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell, Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell, As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed,—

Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil That spread his lustrous coil; Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new, Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee, Child of the wandering sea, Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn! While on mine ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND

From the Irish

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer, Uileacán dubh O! 1

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;

Uileacán dubh O!

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,

And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd,

There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee, *Uileacán dubh O!*

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea Uileacán dubh O!

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,

Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,

And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground, *Uileacán dubh O!*

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;

Uileacán dubb O!

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at

And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,

And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

1 i.e. O black lamentation!

FERGUSON. BELL SCOTT

CEAN DUBH DEELISH 1

From the Irish

Pur your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining, Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free, For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows; But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

THE LAPFUL OF NUTS

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls;
When up through Cratla woods I went
Nutting with thee,
And we pluck'd the glossy clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat,
Thou, love, and I,
And the gather'd nuts lay in thy lap,
Beneath thy downcast eye;
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou;
For our hearts were full, and we dared not own
The love that's spoken now.

Oh, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie!
And I'll come back, ere long, again
With knightly fame and fee:
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat with thy white lap full of nuts,
Beneath the hazel tree.

W. BELL SCOTT

THE WITCH'S BALLAD

O, I HAE come from far away,
From a warm land far away,
A southern land across the sea,
With sailor-lads about the masts,
Merry and canny, and kind to me.

And I hae been to yon town,
To try my luck in yon town;
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.
Right braw we were to pass the gate,
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.

1 i.e. Dear black head.

Mysic smiled wi' miminy mouth,
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth;
Elspie wore her scarlet gown,
Nort's grey eyes were unco gleg.
My Castile comb was like a crown.
We walked abreast all up the street

We walked abreast all up the street, Into the market up the street; Our hair with marygolds was wound, Our bodices with love-knots laced, Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks, Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks; Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,— For a wee groat or a pound; We lost nae time wi'gives and takes.

Lost nae time, for well we knew,
In our sleeves full well we knew,
When the gloaming came that night,
Duck nor drake nor hen nor cock
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done, All was paid for, sold and done, We drew a glove on ilka hand, We sweetly curtsied each to each, And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lassies looked and laughed,
Left their gear and looked and laughed;
They made as they would join the game,
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,
With whack and screech they stopped the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,
The flytin' and the skirlin' grew,
At all the windows in the place,
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they thronged anon, Gentle, semple, thronged anon; Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan, The ancient widow young again, Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will, Doited, dazed, against their will, The market lassie and her mither, The farmer and his husbandman, Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon, Still increasing wild and fast, Hoods and mantles, hats and hose Blindly doffed and cast away, Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,
Dainty limb from dainty limb;
But never one of them could win
Across the line that I had drawn
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son, Jeff the provost's only son; There was Father Auld himsel', The Lombard frae the hostelry, And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,
Waled them well, and singled out,
And drew them by the left hand in;
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle,
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,
Three times round with kisses seven,
Warped and woven there spun we,
Arms and legs and flaming hair,
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea, Over and in and on the sea, Good sooth it was a mad delight; And every man of all the four Shut his eyes and laughed outright.

Laughed as long as they had breath,
Laughed while they had sense or breath;
And close about us coiled a mist
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,
Into the mist and off my feet;
And, dancing on each chimney-top,
I saw a thousand darling imps
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,
The Blackamoor first to master me
I saw,—I saw that winsome smile,
The mouth that did my heart beguile,
And spoke the great Word over me,
In the land beyond the sea.

I called his name, I called aloud,
Alas! I called on him aloud;
And then he filled his hand with stour,
And threw it towards me in the air;
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r!

My lusty strength, my power were gone;
Power was gone, and all was gone.
He will not let me love him more!
Of bell and whip and horse's tail
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce!

I am as proud as he is fierce;
I'll turn about and backward go,
If I meet again that Blackamoor,
And he'll help us then, for he shall know
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town, Wi' better luck to yon town; We'll walk in silk and cramoisie, And I shall wed the provost's son, My-lady of the town I'll be!

For I was born a crowned king's child, Born and nursed a king's child, King o' a land ayont the sea, Where the Blackamoor kissed me first, And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,
Fed on madwort and agramie,—
Wear amber beads between her breasts,
And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man, Elspie's gowden husband-man; Nort shall take the lawyer's hand; The priest shall swear another vow: We'll dance again the saraband!

BROWNING

FROM "PARACELSUS"

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung To their first fault, and withered in their pride. Over the sea our galleys went,

With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament:

Each bark built out of a forest-tree,
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game:
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,

But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar-pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor star-shine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,

Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too:

So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past, And at morn we started beside the mast, And still each ship was sailing fast!

Now, one morn, land appeared!—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky:

"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check

The shout, restrain the eager eye!"
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,

And a statue bright was on every deck! We shouted, every man of us, And steered right into the harbour thus, With pomp and paean glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused we till in the westering sun

We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done.
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders!

"Our isles are just at hand," they cried,
"Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping;
Our temple-gates are opened wide,

Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping For these majestic forms "—they cried. Oh, then we awoke with sudden start From our deep dream, and knew, too late, How bare the rock, how desolate, Which had received our precious freight:

Yet we called out—" Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide.
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work,"—we cried.

FROM "PARACELSUS"

Thus the Mayne glideth

Thus the Mayne glideth
Where my Love abideth.
Sleep's no softer: it proceeds
On through lawns, on through meads,
On and on, whate'er befall,
Meandering and musical,
Though the niggard pasturage
Bears not on its shaven ledge
Aught but weeds and waving grasses
To view the river as it passes,

Save here and there a scanty patch Of primroses, too faint to catch A weary bee.

And scarce it pushes Its gentle way through strangling rushes, Where the glossy kingfisher Flutters when noon-heats are near, Glad the shelving banks to shun, Red and steaming in the sun, Where the shrew-mouse with pale throat Burrows, and the speckled stoat; Where the quick sandpipers flit In and out the marl and grit That seems to breed them, brown as they: Nought disturbs its quiet way, Save some lazy stork that springs, Trailing it with legs and wings, Whom the shy fox from the hill Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

You'LL LOVE ME YET

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfull now: some seed
At least is sure to strike,
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like!

You'll look at least on love's remains, A grave's one violet:

Your look?—that pays a thousand pains. What's death!—You'll love me yet!

THE LOST MISTRESS

ALL's over, then: does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes?
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter

About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly, I noticed that, to-day;

One day more bursts them open fully

—You know the red turns grey.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?

May I take your hand in mine?

Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest Keep much that I'll resign:

For each glance of that eye so bright and black, Though I keep with heart's endeavour,— Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,

Though it stay in my soul for ever !— Yet I will but say what mere friends say,

Or only a thought stronger; I will hold your hand but as long as all may, Or so very little longer!

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE grey sea and the long black land; And the yellow half-moon large and low; And the startled little waves that leap In fiery ringlets from their sleep, As I gain the cove with pushing prow, And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach; Three fields to cross till a farm appears; A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch And blue spurt of a lighted match, And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears, Than the two hearts beating each to each!

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea, And the sun looked over the mountain's rim: And straight was a path of gold for him, And the need of a world of men for me.

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass;

Little has yet been changed, I think:

The shutters are shut, no light may pass

Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will, When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say, In the lower earth, in the years long still, That body and soul so pure and gay? Why your hair was amber, I shall divine, And your mouth of your own geranium's red-And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead. I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes: Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope, Either I missed or itself missed me: And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope! What is the issue? let us see! I loved you, Evelyn, all the while! My heart seemed full as it could hold-There was place and to spare for the frank young

And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.

So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, recking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar

lay

BROWNING

In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;

"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

IN A YEAR

NEVER any more While I live,

Need I hope to see his face

As before.

Once his love grown chill,

Mine may strive— Bitterly we re-embrace,

Single still.

Was it something said,

Something done,

Vexed him? was it touch of hand, Turn of head?

Strange! that very way
Love begun:

I as little understand Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,

I recall

How he looked as if I sung,
—Sweetly too.

If I spoke a word, First of all

Up his cheek the colour sprung, Then he heard.

Sitting by my side, At my feet,

So he breathed the air I breathed, Satisfied!

I, too, at love's brim Touched the sweet:

I would die if death bequeathed Sweet to him.

"Speak, I love thee best!"
He exclaimed.

"Let thy love my own foretell,"
I confessed:

"Clasp my heart on thine Now unblamed,

Since upon thy soul as well Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own, Being truth?

Why should all the giving prove

His alone?

I had wealth and ease, Beauty, youth—

Since my love me love,
I gave these,

That was all I meant,

—To be just,

And the passion I had raised, To content.

Since he chose to change Gold for dust,

If I gave him what he praised Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet, On and on,

While I found some way undreamed —Paid my debt!

Gave more life and more, Till, all gone,

He should smile "She never seemed Mine before.

"What—she felt the while, Must I think?

Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.

"Dying for my sake— White and pink!

Can't we touch these bubbles then But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief, Do thy part,

Have thy pleasure. How perplext Grows belief!

Well, this cold clay clod Was man's heart.

Crumble it—and what comes next?

Is it God?

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I same—Then, Dearest, since 'tis so, Since now at length my fate I know, Since nothing all my love avails, Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,

Since this was written and needs must be— My whole heart rises up to bless Your name in pride and thankfulness! Take back the hope you gave,—I claim Only a memory of the same,

—And this beside, if you will not blame, Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers; Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs When pity would be softening through, Fixed me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance: right! The blood replenished me again; My last thought was at least not vain: I and my mistress, side by side Shall be together, breathe and ride, So one day more am I deified—

Who knows but the world may end to-night.

Hush! if you saw some western cloud All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed By many benedictions—sun's And moon's and evening-stars at once-

And so, you, looking and loving best, Conscious grew, your passion drew Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too, Down on you, near and yet more near, Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !-Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear! Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Thus we began to ride. My soul Smoothed itself out—a long-cramped scroll Freshening and fluttering in the wind. Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry? Had I said that, had I done this, So might I gain, so might I miss. Might she have loved me? just as well She might have hated,—who can tell? Where had I been now if the worst befell? And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds? Why, all men strive and who succeeds? We rode; it seemed my spirit flew, Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side. I thought,—All labour, yet no less Bear up beneath their unsuccess. Look at the end of work, contrast The petty Done, the Undone vast, This Present of theirs with the hopeful Past! I hoped she would love me: here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired? What heart alike conceived and dared? What act proved all its thought had been ? What will but felt the fleshly screen?

We ride and I see her bosom heave. There's many a crown for who can reach. Ten lines, a statesman's life in each! The flag stuck on a heap of bones, A soldier's doing! what atones? They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones. My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? well, Your brains beat into rhythm-you tell What we felt only; you expressed You hold things beautiful the best,

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side. 'Tis something, nay 'tis much-but then, Have you yourself what's best for men? Are you-poor, sick, old ere your time-Nearer one whit your own sublime Than we who never have turned a rhyme?

Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor-so, you gave A score of years to Art, her slave, And that's your Venus-whence we turn To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine? What, man of music, you, grown grey With notes and nothing else to say, Is this your sole praise from a friend, "Greatly his opera's strains intend. But in music we know how fashions end!"

I gave my youth—but we ride, in fine. Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate Proposed bliss here should sublimate My being; had I signed the bond-Still one must lead some life beyond,

-Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried. This foot once planted on the goal, This glory garland round my soul, Could I descry such? Try and test! I sink back shuddering from the quest-Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?

Now, Heaven and she are beyond this ride. And yet—she has not spoke so long! What if Heaven be that, fair and strong At life's best, with our eyes upturned Whither life's flower is first discerned.

We, fixed so, ever should so abide? What if we still ride on, we two, With life for ever old yet new, Changed not in kind but in degree, The instant made eternity,-And Heaven just prove that I and she Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

AN EPISTLE

Containing the strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs, The not-incurious in God's handiwork (This man's-flesh He hath admirably made, Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste, To coop up and keep down on earth a space That puff of vapour from His mouth, man's soul) -To Abib, all-sagacious in our art, Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast, Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks Befall the flesh through too much stress and strain, Whereby the wily vapour fain would slip Back and rejoin its source before the term,-And aptest in contrivance, under God, To baffle it by deftly stopping such: The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame with peace)

Three samples of true snake-stone-rarer still, One of the other sort, the melon-shaped, (But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs) And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho: Thus I resume. Who studious in our art Shall count a little labour unrepaid? I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone On many a flinty furlong of this land. Also, the country-side is all on fire With rumours of a marching hitherward: Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son. A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear; Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls: I cried and threw my staff and he was gone. Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten me, And once a town declared me for a spy, But at the end, I reach Jerusalem, Since this poor covert where I pass the night, This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence A man with plague-sores at the third degree Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laughest here! 'Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and safe, To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip And share with thee whatever Jewry yields. A viscid choler is observable In tertians, I was nearly bold to say, And falling-sickness hath a happier cure Than our school wots of: there's a spider here Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs, Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back; Take five and drop them . . . but who knows his mind, The Syrian run-a-gate I trust this to? His service payeth me a sublimate Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye. Best wait: I reach Jerusalem at morn, There set in order my experiences, Gather what most deserves, and give thee all-Or I might add, Judaea's gum-tragacanth Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-grained, Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry, In fine exceeds our produce. Scalp-disease Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy— Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at Zoar-But zeal outruns discretion. Here I end.

Yet stay: my Syrian blinketh gratefully, Protesteth his devotion is my price-Suppose I write what harms not, though he steal? I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush, What set me off a-writing first of all. An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang For, be it this town's barrenness—or else The Man had something in the look of him-His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth, So, pardon if—(lest presently I lose In the great press of novelty at hand The care and pains this somehow stole from me) I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind, Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the truth? The very man is gone from me but now, Whose ailment is the subject of discourse. Thus then, and let thy better wit help all.

'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced By epilepsy, at the turning-point Of trance prolonged unduly some three days, When, by the exhibition of some drug Or spell, exorcization, stroke of art Unknown to me and which 'twere well to know, The evil thing out-breaking all at once Left the man whole and sound of body indeed,— But, flinging, so to speak, life's gates too wide, Making a clear house of it too suddenly, The first conceit that entered might inscribe Whatever it was minded on the wall So plainly at that vantage, as it were, (First come, first served) that nothing subsequent Attaineth to erase those fancy-scrawls The just-returned and new-established soul Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart That henceforth she will read or these or none. And first—the man's own firm conviction rests That he was dead (in fact they buried him) —That he was dead and then restored to life By a Nazarene physician of his tribe: -'Sayeth, the same bade "Rise," and he did rise. "Such cases are diurnal," thou wilt cry. Not so this figment !- not, that such a fume, Instead of giving way to time and health, Should eat itself into the life of life, As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones and all! For see, how he takes up the after-life, The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew, Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age, The body's habit wholly laudable, As much, indeed, beyond the common health As he were made and put aside to show. Think, could we penetrate by any drug And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh, And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep! Whence has the man the balm that brightens all? This grown man eyes the world now like a child. Some elders of his tribe, I should premise, Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep, To bear my inquisition. While they spoke, Now sharply, now with sorrow,-told the case,-He listened not except I spoke to him, But folded his two hands and let them talk, Watching the flies that buzzed: and yet no fool. And that's a sample how his years must go. Look if a beggar, in fixed middle life, Should find a treasure, can he use the same With straitened habits and with tastes starved small, And take at once to his impoverished brain The sudden element that changes things That sets the undreamed-of rapture at his hand, And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust? Is he not such an one as moves to mirth— Warily parsimonious, when no need, Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times? All prudent counsel as to what befits

The golden mean, is lost on such an one. The man's fantastic will is the man's law. So here—we'll call the treasure knowledge, say, Increased beyond the fleshly faculty-Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth, Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing Heaven. The man is witless of the size, the sum, The value in proportion of all things, Or whether it be little or be much. Discourse to him of prodigious armaments Assembled to besiege his city now, And of the passing of a mule with gourds-'Tis one! Then take it on the other side, Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt With stupor at its very littleness, (Far as I see)—as if in that indeed He caught prodigious import, whole results: And so will turn to us the bystanders In ever the same stupor (note this point) That we too see not with his opened eyes. Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play, Preposterously, at cross purposes. Should his child sicken unto death,—why, look For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness, Or pretermission of his daily craft— While a word, gesture, glance, from that same child At play or in the school or laid asleep, Will startle him to an agony of fear, Exasperation, just as like! demand The reason why-" 'tis but a word," object-"A gesture "-he regards thee as our lord Who lived there in the pyramid alone. Looked at us, dost thou mind?—when being young We both would unadvisedly recite Some charm's beginning, from that book of his, Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst All into stars, as suns grown old are wont. Thou and the child have each a veil alike Thrown o'er your heads, from under which ye both Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know! He holds on firmly to some thread of life-(It is the life to lead perforcedly) Which runs across some vast distracting orb Of glory on either side that meagre thread, Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet-The spiritual life around the earthly life! The law of that is known to him as this-His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here. So is the man perplext with impulses Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on, Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across, And not along, this black thread through the blaze-"It should be "balked by "here it cannot be" And oft the man's soul springs into his face As if he saw again and heard again His sage that bade him "Rise" and he did rise, Something, a word, a tick of the blood within

Admonishes—then back he sinks at once To ashes, that was very fire before, In sedulous recurrence to his trade Whereby he earneth him the daily bread: And studiously the humbler for that pride, Professedly the faultier that he knows God's secret, while he holds the thread of life. Indeed the especial marking of the man Is prone submission to the Heavenly will-Seeing it, what it is, and why it is. 'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last For that same death which must restore his being To equilibrium, body loosening soul Divorced even now by premature full growth: He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live So long as God please, and just how God please. He even seeketh not to please God more (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please. Hence I perceive not he affects to preach The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be, Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do: How can he give his neighbour the real ground, His own conviction? ardent as he is-Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old "Be it as God please" reassureth him. I probed the sore as thy disciple should-"How, beast," said I, "this stolid carelessness Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march To stamp out like a little spark thy town, Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once?" He merely looked with his large eyes on me. The man is apathetic, you deduce? Contrariwise he loves both old and young. Able and weak-affects the very brutes And birds—how say I? flowers of the field— As a wise workman recognises tools In a master's workshop, loving what they make. Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb: Only impatient, let him do his best, At ignorance and carelessness and sin-An indignation which is promptly curbed: As when in certain travels I have feigned To be an ignoramus in our art According to some preconceived design, And happed to hear the land's practitioners Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance, Prattle fantastically on disease, Its cause and cure—and I must hold my peace! Thou wilt object—why have I not ere this Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source, Conferring with the frankness that befits? Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech Perished in a tumult many years ago,

Accused,—our learning's fate,—of wizardry,

His death which happened when the earthquake fell

And creed prodigious as described to me.

Rebellion, to the setting up a rule

448

(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss
To occult learning in our lord the sage
Who lived there in the pyramid alone)
Was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont—
On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—
How could he stop the earthquake? That's their
way!

The other imputations must be lies: But take one—though I loathe to give it thee, In mere respect to any good man's fame! (And after all, our patient Lazarus Is stark mad; should we count on what he says? Perhaps not: though in writing to a leech Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.) This man so cured regards the curer then, As-God forgive me-who but God himself, Creator and Sustainer of the world, That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile ! - 'Sayeth that such an One was born and lived, Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house, Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know, And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat, And must have so avouched himself, in fact, In hearing of this very Lazarus Who saith-but why all this of what he saith? Why write of trivial matters, things of price Calling at every moment for remark? I noticed on the margin of a pool Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort, Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange!

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case, Which, now that I review it, needs must seem Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth ! Nor I myself discern in what is writ Good cause for the peculiar interest And awe indeed this man has touched me with. Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus: I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills Like an old lion's cheek-teeth. Out there came A moon made like a face with certain spots Multiform, manifold and menacing: Then a wind rose behind me. So we met In this old sleepy town at unaware, The man and I. I send thee what is writ. Regard it as a chance, a matter risked To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose, Or steal, or give it thee with equal good. Jerusalem's repose shall make amends For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine; Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell!

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think? So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—So, through the thunder comes a human voice Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here! Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.

Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine, But love I gave thee, with Myself to love, And thou must love Me who have died for thee!" The madman saith He said so: it is strange.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

(Called "The Faultless Painter")

Bur do not let us quarrel any more, No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once: Sit down and all shall happen as you wish. You turn your face, but does it bring your heart? I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear, Treat his own subject after his own way, Fix his own time, accept too his own price, And shut the money into this small hand When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly? Oh, I'll content him,-but to-morrow, Love! I often am much wearier than you think, This evening more than usual, and it seems As if-forgive now-should you let me sit Here by the window with your hand in mine And look a half hour forth on Fiesole, Both of one mind, as married people use, Quietly, quietly, the evening through, I might get up to-morrow to my work Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try. To-morrow how you shall be glad for this! Your soft hand is a woman of itself, And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside. Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve For each of the five pictures we require-It saves a model. So! keep looking so-My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds ! -How could you ever prick those perfect ears, Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet-My face, my moon, my everybody's moon, Which everybody looks on and calls his, And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn, While she looks-no one's: very dear, no less! You smile? why, there's my picture ready made. There's what we painters call our harmony! A common greyness silvers everything,-All in a twilight, you and I alike -You, at the point of your first pride in me (That's gone you know), -but I, at every point; My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole. There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top; That length of convent wall across the way Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside; The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease And autumn grows, autumn in everything. Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape As if I saw alike my work and self And all that I was born to be and do, A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand. How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead!

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are! I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie! This chamber for example—turn your head— All that's behind us! you don't understand Nor care to understand about my art, But you can hear at least when people speak; And that cartoon, the second from the door -It is the thing, Love! so such things should be-Behold Madonna, I am bold to say, I can do with my pencil what I know, What I see, what at bottom of my heart I wish for, if I ever wish so deep-Do easily, too-when I say perfectly I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge Who listened to the Legate's talk last week, And just as much they used to say in France. At any rate 'tis easy, all of it, No sketches first, no studies, that's long past-I do what many dream of all their lives -Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do, And fail in doing. I could count twenty such On twice your fingers, and not leave this town, Who strive—you don't know how the others strive To paint a little thing like that you smeared Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,-Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says, (I know his name, no matter) so much less! Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged. There burns a truer light of God in them, In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain, Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine. Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know, Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me, Enter and take their place there sure enough, Though they come back and cannot tell the world. My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here, The sudden blood of these men! at a word-Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too. I, painting from myself and to myself, Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame Or their praise either. Somebody remarks Morello's outline there is wrongly traced, His hue mistaken—what of that? or else, Rightly traced and well ordered-what of that? Speak as they please, what does the mountain care? Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a Heaven for ? all is silver-grey Placid and perfect with my art—the worse! I know both what I want and what might gain-And yet how profitless to know, to sigh "Had I been two, another and myself, Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth The Urbinate who died five years ago. ('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.) Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see. Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him, Above and through his art-for it gives way; That arm is wrongly put-and there again-A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines, Its body, so to speak: its soul is right, He means right—that, a child may understand. Still, what an arm! and I could alter it. But all the play, the insight and the stretch-Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out? Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul, We might have risen to Rafael, I and you. Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think-More than I merit, yes, by many times. But had you-oh, with the same perfect brow, And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth, And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare-Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind! Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged "God and the glory! never care for gain. The Present by the Future, what is that? Live for fame, side by side with Angelo-Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!" I might have done it for you. So it seems-Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules. Beside, incentives come from the soul's self; The rest avail not. Why do I need you? What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo? In this world, who can do a thing, will not-And who would do it, cannot, I perceive: Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power— And thus we half-men struggle. At the end, God, I conclude, compensates, punishes. 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict, That I am something underrated here, Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth. I dared not, do you know, leave home all day, For fear of chancing on the Paris lords. The best is when they pass and look aside; But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all. Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time, And that long festal year at Fontainebleau! I surely then could sometimes leave the ground, Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear, In that humane great monarch's golden look,— One finger in his beard or twisted curl Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile, One arm about my shoulder, round my neck, The jingle of his gold chain in my ear, I painting proudly with his breath on me, All his court round him, seeing with his eyes, Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,— And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond, This in the background, waiting on my work, To crown the issue with a last reward! A good time, was it not, my kingly days?

And had you not grown restless-but I know-'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said; Too live the life grew, golden and not grey, And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt Out of the grange whose four walls make his world. How could it end in any other way? You called me, and I came home to your heart. The triumph was, to have ended there; then if I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost? Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold, You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine! "Rafael did this, Andrea painted that-The Roman's is the better when you pray, But still the other's Virgin was his wife-" Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows My better fortune, I resolve to think. For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives, Said one day Angelo, his very self, To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . . . (When the young man was flaming out his thoughts Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see, Too lifted up in heart because of it) "Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how, Who, were he set to plan and execute As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings, Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!" To Rafael's !- And indeed the arm is wrong. I hardly dare-yet, only you to see, Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go! Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out! Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth, (What he? why, who but Michael Angelo? Do you forget already words like those ?) If really there was such a chance, so lost,-Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased. Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed! This hour has been an hour! Another smile? If you would sit thus by me every night I should work better, do you comprehend? I mean that I should earn more, give you more. See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star; Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall, The cue-owls speak the name we call them by. Come from the window, Love,—come in, at last, Inside the melancholy little house We built to be so gay with. God is just. King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights When I look up from painting, eyes tired out, The walls become illumined, brick from brick Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold, That gold of his I did cement them with! Let us but love each other. Must you go? That Cousin here again? he waits outside? Must see you-you, and not with me? Those loans? More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that? Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?

While hand and eye and something of a heart Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth? I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit The grey remainder of the evening out, Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly How I could paint, were I but back in France. One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face, Not yours this time! I want you at my side To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo-Judge all I do and tell you of its worth. Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend. I take the subjects for his corridor, Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there, And throw him in another thing or two If he demurs; the whole should prove enough To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside, What's better and what's all I care about, Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff. Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he, The Cousin! what does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.

I regret little, I would change still less.

Since there my past life lies, why alter it?

The very wrong to Francis!—it is true

I took his coin, was tempted and complied,

And built this house and sinned, and all is said.

My father and my mother died of want.

Well, had I riches of my own? you see

How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.

They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:

And I have laboured somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

ABT VOGLER

(After he has been extemporising upon the musical instrument of his invention)

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music
I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their

work

Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when

Solomon willed

Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,

Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, helldeep removed,—

Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,

And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine.

This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.

Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,

Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest: For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,

When a great illumination surprises a festal night— Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)

Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I; And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,

For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,

Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow, Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;

And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;

It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,

Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,

Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;

It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:

Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;

And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared; Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;

For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared.

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind

As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?

To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind

To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay,

what was shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that 'Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound; What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,

nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard; Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days? Have we withered
or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal

and woe:

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the

deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my restingplace is found,

The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,

Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt Low kinds exist without,

Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed, Were man but formed to feed

On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:

Such feasting ended, then As sure an end to men;

Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt the mawcrammed beast ?

Rejoice we are allied

To That which doth provide

And not partake, effect and not receive!

A spark disturbs our clod; Nearer we hold of God

Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough, Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain; Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the

throe!

For thence,—a paradox

Which comforts while it mocks,—

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:

What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me:

A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the "scale.

What is he but a brute

Whose flesh hath soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?

To man, propose this test— Thy body at its best,

How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:

I own the Past profuse

Of power each side, perfection every turn:

Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole;

Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn ?"

BROWNING

Not once beat "Praise be Thine! I see the whole design, I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too: Perfect I call Thy plan: Thanks that I was a man! Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt do ! " For pleasant is this flesh; Our soul in its rose-mesh Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest: Would we some prize might hold To match those manifold Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best! Let us not always say "Spite of this flesh to-day I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!" As the bird wings and sings, Let us cry "All good things Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!" Therefore I summon age To grant youth's heritage, Life's struggle having so far reached its term: Thence shall I pass, approved A man, for ay removed From the developed brute; a God though in the germ. And I shall thereupon Take rest, ere I be gone Once more on my adventure brave and new: Fearless and unperplexed, When I wage battle next, What weapons to select, what armour to indue. Youth ended, I shall try My gain or loss thereby; Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold: And I shall weigh the same, Give life its praise or blame: Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. For note, when evening shuts, A certain moment cuts The deed off, calls the glory from the grey: A whisper from the west Shoots—" Add this to the rest, Take it and try its worth: here dies another day." So, still within this life, Though lifted o'er its strife, Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last, "This rage was right i' the main, That acquiescence vain: The Future I may face now I have proved the Past." For more is not reserved To man, with soul just nerved

To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:

Here, work enough to watch

The Master work, and catch

As it was better, youth Should strive, through acts uncouth, Toward making, than repose on aught found made; So, better, age, exempt From strife, should know, than tempt Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid! Enough now, if the Right And Good and Infinite Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own, With knowledge absolute, Subject to no dispute From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone. Be there, for once and all, Severed great minds from small, Announced to each his station in the Past! Was I, the world arraigned, Were they, my soul disdained, Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last! Now, who shall arbitrate? Ten men love what I hate, Shun what I follow, slight what I receive: Ten, who in ears and eyes Match me: we all surmise, They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe ? Not on the vulgar mass Called "work," must sentence pass, Things done, that took the eye and had the price; O'er which, from level stand, The low world laid its hand, Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice: But all, the world's coarse thumb And finger failed to plumb, So passed in making up the main account; All instincts immature, All purposes unsure, That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount: Thoughts hardly to be packed Into a narrow act, Fancies that broke through language and escaped; All I could never be, All, men ignored in me, This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped. Ay, note that Potter's wheel, That metaphor! and feel Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,-Thou, to whom fools propound, When the wine makes its round, "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play. seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.
He fixed thee mid this dance

Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.
What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?
Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou
with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:
So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

AUBREY DE VERE

THE SUN GOD

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An Archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quiver'd load;
Spurn'd by his steeds the eastern mountain glow'd;
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent; and, while both hands that arch embow'd,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
No wings profaned that godlike form: around
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that the ethereal dome
Thrill'd as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

SORROW

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

HUMAN LIFE

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were rich in sowing,
But tares, self sown, have overtopp'd the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet:
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies
them.

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS

A GIRL'S BABBLE

I go to knit two clans together;
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore:
Our clan fears nought! but I go, O whither?
This day I go from my Mother's door.

Thou redbreast sing'st the old song over
Though many a time thou hast sung it before;
They never sent thee to some strange new lover:

I sing a new song by my Mother's door.

I stepp'd from my little room down by the ladder, The ladder that never so shook before; I was sad last night: to-day I am sadder

Because I go from my Mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble;
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor;
Shake not, thou leaf! it is I must tremble
Because I go from my Mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me,
I trail'd a rose-bush our grey bawn o'er;
The creed and the letters our old bard taught me;
My days were sweet by my Mother's door.

DE VERE. EMILY BRONTË

My little white goat, that with raised feet huggest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivy frore;
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou

tuggest !-

I never would move from my Mother's door.

Oh, weep no longer, my nurse and Mother; My foster-sister, weep not so sore! You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—Alone I go from my Mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,

As he caught me and far through the thickets bore:

My heiter Alb in the green vale leving.

My heifer, Alb, in the green vale lowing, My cygnet's nest upon Lorna's shore!

He has kill'd ten Chiefs, this Chief that plights me, His hand is like that of the giant Balor; But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,

And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry;
They should sing old songs; they should dance at
my door.

They should grind at the quern, no need to marry!

Oh, when shall this marriage day be o'er?

EMILY BRONTE

REMEMBRANCE

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,

Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave! Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee, Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover Over the mountains, on that northern shore, Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,

From those brown hills, have melted into spring: Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; Other desires and other hopes beset me, Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shone for me; All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished, And even Despair was powerless to destroy; Then did I learn how existence could be cherished, Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion— Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine; Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten Down to that tomb already more than mine. And, even yet, I dare not let it languish, Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain; Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish, How could I seek the empty world again?

STANZAS

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things that cannot be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region; Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear; And visions rising, legion after legion, Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?

More glory and more grief than I can tell:

The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling

Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,

And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone, And suns and universes ceased to be, And Thou wert left alone, Every existence would exist in Thee.

EMILY BRONTE. KINGSLEY, CLOUGH, LOWELL, WHITMAN

There is no room for Death,

Nor atom that his might could render void:

Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,

And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

KINGSLEY

YOUNG AND OLD

WHEN all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen; Then hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown; And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there, The spent and maimed among; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young.

AIRLY BEACON

AIRLY BEACON, Airly Beacon;
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon
While my love climbed up to me!
Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer's day!
Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

CLOUGH

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth, The labour and the wounds are vain, The enemy faints not, nor faileth, And as things have been, they remain. If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars; It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers, And, but for you, possess the field. For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain, Far back, through creeks and inlets making, Comes silent, flooding in, the main. And not by eastern windows only, When daylight comes, comes in the light; In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, But westward, look, the land is bright.

AWAY, HAUNT THOU NOT ME

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

LOWELL

THE PETITION

OH, tell me less or tell me more, Soft eyes with mystery at the core, That always seem to meet my own Frankly as pansies fully grown, Yet waver still 'tween no and yes!

So swift to cavil and deny,
Then parley with concessions shy,
Dear eyes, that make their youth be mine
And through my inmost shadows shine,
Oh, tell me more or tell me less!

WHITMAN

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red!

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

WHITMAN. PATON. ARNOLD

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells! But I, with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

J. NOEL PATON

SONG

THERE is a wail in the wind to-night, A dirge in the plashing rain, That brings old yearnings round my heart, Old dreams into my brain, As I gaze into the wintry dark Through the blurred and blackened pane: Far memories of golden hours That will not come again,-Alas! That never will come again.

Wild woodland odours wander by-Warm breath of new-mown hay-I hear the broad, brown river flow, Half-hid in bowering may; While eyes of love look through my soul, As on that last sweet day; But a chilly Shadow floats between That will not pass away-Ah, no! That never will pass away.

ARNOLD

TO MARGUERITE

YES! in the sea of life enisled. With echoing straits between us thrown, Dotting the shoreless watery wild, We mortal millions live alone. The islands feel the enclasping flow, And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights, And they are swept by balms of spring, And in their glens, on starry nights, The nightingales divinely sing; And lovely notes, from shore to shore, Across the sounds and channels pour-

Oh! then a longing like despair Is to their farthest caverns sent: For surely once, they feel, we were Parts of a single continent! Now round us spreads the watery plain-Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd? Who renders vain their deep desire?— A God, a God their severance ruled! And bade betwixt their shores to be The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM AN EPISODE

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east, And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream. But all the Tartar camp along the stream Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep: Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed; But when the grey dawn stole into his tent, He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword, And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent, And went abroad into the cold wet fog, Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which

Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere: Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand, And to a hillock came, a little back From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat, Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land. The men of former times had crown'd the top With a clay fort: but that was fall'n; and now The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent, A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread. And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent, And found the old man sleeping on his bed Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms. And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's sleep; And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn. Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?" But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said: "Thou knowest me, Peran-Wisa: it is I. The sun is not yet risen, and the foe Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee. For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son, In Samarcand, before the army march'd; And I will tell thee what my heart desires. Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first I came among the Tartars, and bore arms, I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown, At my boy's years, the courage of a man. This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world. And beat the Persians back on every field, I seek one man, one man, and one alone-Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet, Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field, His not unworthy, not inglorious son. So I long hoped, but him I never find. Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask. Let the two armies rest to-day: but I Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords To meet me, man to man: if I prevail, Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall-Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin. Dim is the rumour of a common fight, Where host meets host, and many names are sunk: But of a single combat Fame speaks clear." He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand

Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said: "O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs, And share the battle's common chance with us Who love thee, but must press for ever first, In single fight incurring single risk, To find a father thou hast never seen? That were far best, my son, to stay with us Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war, And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns. But if this one desire indeed rules all, To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight: Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms, O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son! But far hence seek him, for he is not here. For now it is not as when I was young, When Rustum was in front of every fray: But now he keeps apart, and sits at home, In Seistan, with Zal, his father old. Whether that his own mighty strength at last Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age; Or in some quarrel with the Persian King. There go !- Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes Danger or death awaits thee on this field. Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace To seek thy father, nor seek single fights In vain :- but who can keep the lion's cub From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son? Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay, And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet, And threw a white cloak round him, and he took In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword; And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap, Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul: And raised the curtain of his tent, and call'd His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands: And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed Into the open plain; so Haman bade; Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled The host, and still was in his lusty prime. From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd: As when, some grey November morn, the files, In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes, Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries, Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound For the warm Persian sea-board; so they stream'd. The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard, First with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears; Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares. Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south, The Tukas, and the lances of Salore, And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands; Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink The acrid milk of camels, and their wells. And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came From far, and a more doubtful service own'd; The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste, Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes, Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere. These all filed out from camp into the plain. And on the other side the Persians form'd: First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd, The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind, The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot, Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel. But Peran-Wisa with his herald came Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front, And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks. And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back, He took his spear, and to the front he came, And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood. And the old Tartar came upon the sand Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear! Let there be truce between the hosts to-day. But choose a champion from the Persian lords To fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June, When the dew glistens on the pearled ears, A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said, A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool, Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus, That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow; Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow, Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries— In single file they move, and stop their breath, For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows— So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother Chiefs came up To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came, And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host Second, and was the uncle of the King:

These came and counsell'd; and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man,"

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode Back through the opening squadrons to his tent. But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran, And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd, Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents. Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay, Just pitch'd: the high pavilion in the midst Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd around. And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still The table stood beside him, charged with food; A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread, And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood Before him; and he look'd, and saw him stand; And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird, And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said :-"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.

What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—

"Not now: a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day: to-day has other needs.

The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze:
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.

Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."

He spoke: but Rustum answer'd with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I

And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,

Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.

Am older: if the young are weak, the King Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai Khosroo, Himself is young, and honours younger men, And lets the aged moulder to their graves. Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young-The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I. For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame? For would that I myself had such a son, And not that one slight helpless girl I have, A son so famed, so brave, to send to war, And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal, My father, whom the robber Afghans vex, And clip his borders short, and drive his herds, And he has none to guard his weak old age. There would I go, and hang my armour up, And with my great name fence that weak old man, And spend the goodly treasures I have got, And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame, And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings, And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed, that men should say,
Like some old miser, Rustum boards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frown'd; and Gudurz turn'd and ran Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy, Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came. But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd His followers in, and bade them bring his arms, And clad himself in steel: the arms he chose Were plain, and on his shield was no device, Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold, And from the fluted spine atop a plume Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume. So arm'd he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse, Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at heel, Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth, The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once Did in Bokhara by the river find A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home, And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty crest; Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd

All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know: So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd. And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was. And dear as the wet diver to the eyes Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore, By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night, Having made up his tale of precious pearls, Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced, And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came. And as afield the reapers cut a swathe Down through the middle of a rich man's corn, And on each side are squares of standing corn, And in the midst a stubble, short and bare; So on each side were squares of men, with spears Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand. And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn, Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire— At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn, When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes— And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth All the most valiant chiefs: long he perused His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was. For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd; Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight, Which in a queen's secluded garden throws Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf, By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound-So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd. And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul As he beheld him coming; and he stood, And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said :-

"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft, And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold. Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave. Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron, And tried; and I have stood on many a field Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe: Never was that field lost, or that foe saved. O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death? Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and come To Iran, and be as my son to me, And fight beneath my banner: ill I die.

There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,

Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs: hope filled his soul;
And he ran forwards and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own and said:—
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!

Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own soul:

"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean. False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys. For if I now confess this thing he asks, And hide it not, but say—Rustum is here— He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes, But he will find some pretext not to fight, And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts, A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way. And on a feast day in Afrasiab's hall, In Samarcand, he will arise and cry-'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords To cope with me in single fight; but they Shrank; only Rustum dared: then he and I Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.' So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud. Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud:—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this:
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke: and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet: "Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so. I am no girl to be made pale by words. Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand Here on this field, there were no fighting then. But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here. Begin: thou art more vast, more dread than I, And thou art proved, I know, and I am young-But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven. And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know. For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate, Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall. And whether it will heave us up to land, Or whether it will roll us out to sea,

Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death, We know not, and no search will make us know: Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurled His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came, As on some partridge in the corn a hawk That long has tower'd in the airy clouds Drops like a plummet: Sohrab saw it come, And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand, Which it sent flying wide :- then Sohrab threw In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang, The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear, And Rustum seized his club, which none but he Could wield: an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge, Still rough; like those which men in treeless plains To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers, Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time Has made in Himalayan forests wrack, And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand. And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand: And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword, And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand: But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword, But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said :-"Thou strik'st too hard: that club of thine will float

Upon the summer floods, and not my bones. But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I: No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul. Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so. Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul? Boy as I am, I have seen battles too; Have waded foremost in their bloody waves, And heard their hollow roar of dying men; But never was my heart thus touch'd before. Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart? O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven! Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears, And make a truce, and sit upon this sand, And pledge each other in red wine, like friends, And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds. There are enough foes in the Persian host Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang; Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou Mayst fight; fight them, when they confront thy spear. But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased: but while he spake, Rustum had risen, And stood erect, trembling with rage: his club He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear, Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn Star, The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soil'd His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms. His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his voice Was choked with rage: at last these words broke way:—

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands! Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words! Fight; let me hear thy hateful voice no more! Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance; But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance Of battle, and with me, who make no play Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand. Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine! Remember all thy valour: try thy feints And cunning: all the pity I had is gone: Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts, And he too drew his sword: at once they rush'd Together, as two eagles on one prey Come rushing down together from the clouds, One from the east, one from the west: their shields Dash'd with a clang together, and a din Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters Make often in the forest's heart at morn, Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows Rustum and Sohrab at each other hail'd. And you would say that sun and stars took part In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun Over the fighter's heads; and a wind rose Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain, And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair. In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone; For both the on-looking hosts on either hand Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure, And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream. But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-spiked spear Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin, And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan. Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm, Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume, Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust; And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom Grew blacker; thunder rumbled in the air, And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse, Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry: No horse's cry was that, most like the roar Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side, And comes at night to die upon the sand :-The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear, And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream. But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,

And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd His head: but this time all the blade, like glass, Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm, And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone. Then Rustum raised his head: his dreadful eyes Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear, And shouted, Rustum! Sohrab heard that shout, And shrank amazed: back he recoil'd one step, And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropp'd His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side. He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground. And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell, And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair; Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:-"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain. Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man! No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart. For were I match'd with ten such men as thou, And I were he who till to-day I was, They should be lying here, I standing there. But that beloved name unnerved my arm-That name, and something, I confess, in thee, Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe. And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate. But hear thou this, fierce Man, tremble to hear! The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death! My father, whom I seek through all the world, He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:

As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:— "Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I. Surely the news will one day reach his ear, Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long, Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here; And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee. Fierce Man, bethink thee, for an only son! What will that grief, what will that vengeance be ! Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen! Yet him I pity not so much, but her, My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells With that old King, her father, who grows grey With age, and rules over the valiant Koords. Her most I pity, who no more will see Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp, With spoils and honour, when the war is done. But a dark rumour will be bruited up, From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear; And then will that defenceless woman learn That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more; But that in battle with a nameless foe, By the far distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud, Thinking of her he left, and his own death. He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought. Nor did he yet believe it was his son Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew; For he had had sure tidings that the babe, Which was in Ader-baijan born to him, Had been a puny girl, no boy at all: So that sad mother sent him word, for fear Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms; And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took, By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son; Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame. So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plunged in thought; And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore At the full moon: tears gather'd in his eyes; For he remember'd his own early youth, And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn, The Shepherd from his mountain lodge descries A far bright City, smitten by the sun, Through many rolling clouds; -so Rustum saw His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom; And that old King, her father, who loved well

His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child With joy; and all the pleasant life they led, They three, in that long-distant summer-time—The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt And hound, and morn on those delightful hills In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth, Of age and looks to be his own dear son, Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand, Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed, And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom, On the mown, dying grass;—so Sohrab lay, Lovely in death, upon the common sand. And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:—

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved! Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men Have told thee false;—thou art not Rustum's son. For Rustum had no son: one child he had—But one—a girl: who with her mother now Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce, And he desired to draw forth the steel, And let the blood flow free, and so to die; But first he would convince his stubborn foe—And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:—

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words? Truth sits upon the lips of dying men, And Falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine. I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear That seal which Rustum to my mother gave, That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks; And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand, That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud: And to his heart he press'd the other hand, And in a hollow voice, he spake, and said:—

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie. If thou shew this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm, And shew'd a sign in faint vermilion points Prick'd: as a cunning workman, in Pekin, Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase, An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints, And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:—So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal. It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal, Rustum's great father, whom they left to die, A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks. Him that kind Creature found, and rear'd, and loved—Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.

And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm, And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes, And then he touch'd it with his hand and said:—

"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry— O Boy—thy Father!—and his voice choked there. And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes, And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth. But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips, And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks, Trying to call him back to life: and life Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes, And they stood wide with horror; and he seized In both his hands the dust which lay around, And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair, His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms: And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast, And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword, To draw it, and for ever let life out. But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands, And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said :-

"Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day The doom that at my birth was written down In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand. Surely my heart cried out that it was thou, When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too, I know it: but Fate trod those promptings down Under its iron heel: Fate, Fate engaged The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear. But let us speak no more of this: I find My father; let me feel that I have found. Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks, And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My Son!' Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life, And swift; for like the lightning to this field I came, and like the wind I go away-Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.

But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he: and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if enquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate

The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand. But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:

"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, oh Ruksh, thy feet Should then have rotted on their nimble joints, When first they bore thy Master to this field."

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said :-"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days, My mother told me of thee, thou brave Steed! My terrible father's terrible horse; and said, That I should one day find thy lord and thee. Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane. O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I; For thou hast gone where I shall never go, And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home. And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan, And seen the river of Helmund, and the Lake Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food, Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine, And said—'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!'-but I Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face, Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan, Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream: But lodged among my father's foes, and seen Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste, And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend, Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep, The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream-The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:—
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :-"Desire not that, my father; thou must live. For some are born to do great deeds, and live, As some are born to be obscured, and die. Do thou the deeds I die too young to do, And reap a second glory in thine age. Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine. But come: thou seest this great host of men Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these: Let me entreat for them: what have they done? They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star. Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace. But me thou must bear hence, not send with them. But carry me with thee to Seistan, And place me on a bed, and mourn for me, Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends. And thou must lay me in that lovely earth, And heap a stately mound above my bones, And plant a far-seen pillar over all: That so the passing horseman on the waste May see my tomb a great way off, and say-Sobrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there, Whom his great father did in ignorance kill-And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:—
"Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me.

And carry thee away to Seistan, And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee, With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends. And I will lay thee in that lovely earth, And heap a stately mound above thy bones, And plant a far-seen pillar over all: And men shall not forget thee in thy grave. And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go: Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace. What should I do with slaying any more? For would that all whom I have ever slain Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes, And they who were call'd champions in their time, And through whose death I won that fame I have; And I were nothing but a common man, A poor, mean soldier, and without renown; So thou mightest live too, my Son, my Son! Or rather would that I, even I myself, Might now be lying on this bloody sand, Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine, Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou; And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan; And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine; And say-O son, I weep thee not too sore, For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end .-But now in blood and battles was my youth, And full of blood and battles is my age; And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful Man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now;
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted Ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear Master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said:—
"Soon be that day, my Son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood Came welling from the open gash, and life Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd, Like the soil'd tissue of white violets Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank, By romping children, whom their nurses call From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low, His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay-White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps, Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame, Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them, And fix'd them feebly on his father's face: Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs Unwillingly the spirit fled away, Regretting the warm mansion which it left, And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead. And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son. As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd By Jemshid, in Persepolis, to bear His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps, Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal:
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on, Out of the mist and hum of that low land, Into the frosty starlight, and there moved, Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste, Under the solitary moon: he flow'd Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjé, Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin To hem his watery march, and dam his streams, And split his currents; that for many a league The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles-Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had In his high mountain cradle in Pamere, A foil'd circuitous wanderer :- till at last The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide His luminous home of waters opens, bright And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed

THE NECKAN

In summer, on the headlands, The Baltic Sea along, Sits Neckan with his harp of gold, And sings his plaintive song.

Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

Green rolls beneath the headlands, Green rolls the Baltic Sea, And there, below the Neckan's feet, His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale.
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings;
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands, And sings a mournful stave Of all he saw and felt on earth, Far from the green sea wave. Sings how, a knight, he wander'd By castle, field, and town.— But earthly knights have harder hearts Than the Sea Children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal—
Priests, knights, and ladies gay.

"And who art thou," the priest began,

"Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"—

"I am no knight," he answer'd;
"From the sea waves I come."—
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel He vanish'd with his bride, And bore her down to the sea halls, Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
"False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps;
"No Christian mate have I."

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan—
Tears fill'd his cold blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassock'd priest rode by.

"Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan, And play'st thy harp of gold? Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves, Than thou shalt Heaven behold."—

The cassock'd priest rode onwards, And vanish'd with his mule. And Neckan in the twilight grey Wept by the river pool.

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes:
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,

And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd

Come, shepherd, and again renew the quest.

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use;
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my our from valued for away.

While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd, will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep:
And air-swept lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers:

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again,
The story of that Oxford scholar poor
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer morn forsook

His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country lanes,
Two scholars whom at college erst he knew
Met him, and of his way of life enquired.
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains;
And they can hind them to what thoughts the

And they can bind them to what thoughts they will:

"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart:
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more
But rumours hung about the country side
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring:
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering.

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly:
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
Or in my boat I lie

Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground.

Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round:

And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood
bowers,

And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.

Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee
roam,

Or cross a stile into the public way.

Oft thou hast given them store

Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone—

Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer

And purple orchises with spotted leaves— But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering
Thames,

To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass, Have often pass'd thee near Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:

Mark'd thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare, Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air; But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone.

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,

Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and
shine.

Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley wood,

Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way Pitch their 'smoked tents, and every bush you see

With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey, Above the forest ground call'd Thessaly-

The blackbird picking food

Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all; So often has he known thee past him stray Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray, And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go, Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge

Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow, Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge? And thou hast climb'd the hill

And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range, Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes

The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall-Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,

And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy tribe: And thou from earth art gone

Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid; Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave— Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

-No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours. For what wears out the life of mortal men? 'Tis that from change to change their being rolls:

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again, Exhaust the energy of strongest souls

And numb the elastic powers. Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen, And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit, To the just-pausing Genius we remit

Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been. Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so? Thou hadst one aim, one business, one desire:

Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead-

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire. The generations of thy peers are fled, And we ourselves shall go;

But thou possessest an immortal lot, And we imagine thee exempt from age And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page, Because thou hadst-what we, alas, have not!

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers Fresh, undiverted to the world without, Firm to their mark, not spent on other things; Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt, Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.

O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope, Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he

And each half lives a hundred different lives; Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we, Light half-believers of our casual creeds,

Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd, Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds, Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;

For whom each year we see Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new; Who hesitate and falter life away,

And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day-Ah, do not we, wanderer, await it too?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,

And then we suffer; and amongst us one, Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly

His seat upon the intellectual throne; And all his store of sad experience he Lays bare of wretched days;

Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs, And how the dying spark of hope was fed, And how the breast was sooth'd, and how the head.

And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest: and we others pine, And wish the long unhappy dream would end, And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,

Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair: But none has hope like thine.

Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,

Roaming the countryside, a truant boy, Nursing thy project in unclouded joy, And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear, And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames; Before this strange disease of modern life, With its sick hurry, its divided aims,

Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was

Fly hence, our contact fear!

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood! Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,

Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope, Still clutching the inviolable shade, With a free onward impulse brushing through, By night, the silver'd branches of the glade— Far on the forest skirts, where none pursue, On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales, Freshen thy flowers, as in former years, With dew, or listen with enchanted ears, From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!

For strong the infection of our mental strife,

Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;

And we should win thee from thy own fair life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest. Soon, soon thy cheer would die,

Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers, And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made: And then thy glad perennial youth would fade, Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!

—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow

Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing brow

Among the Aegean isles:

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine;
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves;
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily
To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets
of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come; And on the beach undid his corded bales.

THYRSIS

A Monody

To commemorate the Author's friend, ARTHUR HUGH

CLOUGH, who died at Florence, 1861

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;

The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,

And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,

And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks.

Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days;
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?

The Signal-Elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone wears, the youthful
Thames ?——

This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers;
And that sweet City with her dreaming spires
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!

Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power

Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.

Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour,

Now seldom come I, since I came with him.

That single elm-tree bright

Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Scholar-Gipsy, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!

But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick,
And with the country-folk acquaintance made

By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday.

Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,

For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,

Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

Some life of men unblest

He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound Of storms that rage outside our happy ground; He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar, And open, jasmine-muffled lattices, And groups under the dreaming garden-trees, And the full moon, and the white evening star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,

And scent of hay new-mown.

But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;

See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!

But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,

Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,

And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,

And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair Are flowers, first open'd on Sicilian air; And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.

But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!

Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;

And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields;
And what sedged brooks are Thamee's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?— But many a dingle on the loved hill-side, With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd

Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far descried, High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises, Hath since our day put by

The coronals of that forgotten time;

Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside gleam Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime. Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff, when, through the Wytham
flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among, And darting swallows, and light water-gnats, We track'd the shy Thames shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the Night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with

grey;

I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare.
Unbreachable the fort

Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet; —Look! adown the dusk hill-side
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride.
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they

Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon further field!—'Tis done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.

I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-night, Yet, happy omen, hail!

Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep The morningless and unawakening sleep Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—
Ah vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,

That lone, sky-pointing Tree, are not for him. To a boon southern country he is fled,

And now in happier air,

Wandering with the great Mother's train divine (And purer or more subtle soul than thee, I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!) Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old. Putting his sickle to the perilous grain, In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king, For thee the Lityerses song again

Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;

Sings his Sicilian fold,

His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes; And how a call celestial round him rang, And heavenward from the fountain-brink he

And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here, Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair. Despair I will not, while I yet descry 'Neath the soft canopy of English air That lonely Tree against the Western sky. Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear, Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee! Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay, Woods with anemones in flower till May,

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks, Shy to illumine; and I seek it too. This does not come with houses or with gold, With place, with honour, and a flattering crew; 'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold. But the smooth-slipping weeks

Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired. Out of the heed of mortals he is gone, He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone; Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound, Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour. Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest, If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power, If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest. And this rude Cumner ground,

Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields, Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time, Here was thine height of strength, thy golden

And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute Kept not for long its happy, country tone; Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note Of men contention-tost, of men who groan, Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat-It fail'd, and thou wert mute.

Yet hadst thou always visions of our light, And long with men of care thou could'st not stay, And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way, Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore, Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home. Then through the great town's harsh, heart-weary-

ing roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often come, To chase fatigue and fear:

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!

Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died. Roam on; the light we sought is shining still. Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the bill, Our Scholar travels yet the loved bill-side.

CORY

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife, Pure truth, and perfect change of will; But sweet, sweet is this human life, So sweet, I fain would breathe it still; Your chilly stars I can forgo, This warm kind world is all I know. You say there is no substance here, One great reality above: Back from that void I shrink in fear, And child-like hide myself in love: Show me what angels feel. Till then, I cling, a mere weak man, to men. You bid me lift my mean desires From faltering lips and fitful veins To sexless souls, ideal quires, Unwearied voices, wordless strains: My mind with fonder welcome owns One dear dead friend's remembered tones. Forsooth the present we must give To that which cannot pass away; All beauteous things for which we live By laws of time and space decay. But oh, the very reason why

AMATURUS

I clasp them, is because they die.

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun, These quivering heart-strings prove it, Somewhere there must be one Made for this soul, to move it; Some one that hides her sweetness From neighbours whom she slights, Nor can attain completeness, Nor give her heart its rights; Some one whom I could court With no great change of manner, Still holding reason's fort, Though waving fancy's banner;

A lady, not so queenly As to disdain my hand, Yet born to smile serenely Like those that rule the land; Noble, but not too proud; With soft hair simply folded, And bright face crescent-browed, And throat by Muses moulded; And eyelids lightly falling On little glistening seas, Deep-calm, when gales are brawling, Though stirred by every breeze: Swift voice, like flight of dove Through minster arches floating, With sudden turns, when love Gets overnear to doting; Keen lips, that shape soft sayings Like crystals of the snow, With pretty half-betrayings Of things one may not know; Fair hand, whose touches thrill, Like golden rod of wonder, Which Hermes wields at will Spirit and flesh to sunder; Light foot, to press the stirrup In fearlessness and glee, Or dance, till finches chirrup, And stars sink to the sea. Forth, Love, and find this maid, Wherever she be hidden: Speak, Love, be not afraid, But plead as thou art bidden; And say, that he who taught thee His yearning want and pain, Too dearly, dearly bought thee To part with thee in vain.

PATMORE

THE REVELATION

From " The Angel in the House"

An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

THE SPIRIT'S EPOCHS

From "The Angel in the House"

Nor in the crises of events,

Of compass'd hopes, or fears fulfill'd,

Or acts of gravest, consequence,
Are life's delight and depth reveal'd.
The day of days was not the day;
That went before, or was postponed;
The night Death took our lamp away
Was not the night on which we groan'd.
I drew my bride, beneath the moon,
Across my threshold; happy hour!
But, ah, the walk that afternoon
We saw the water-flags in flower!

LOVE'S PERVERSITY

From "The Angel in the House"

How strange a thing a lover seems To animals that do not love! Lo, where he walks and talks in dreams, And flouts us with his Lady's glove; How foreign is the garb he wears; And how his great devotion mocks Our poor propriety, and scares The undevout with paradox! His soul, through scorn of worldly care, And great extremes of sweet and gall, And musing much on all that's fair, Grows witty and fantastical; He sobs his joy and sings his grief, And evermore finds such delight In simply picturing his relief, That 'plaining seems to cure his plight; He makes his sorrow, when there's none; His fancy blows both cold and hot; Next to the wish that she'll be won. His first hope is that she may not; He sues, yet deprecates consent; Would she be captured she must fly; She looks too happy and content, For whose least pleasure he would die; Oh, cruelty, she cannot care For one to whom she's always kind! He says he's nought, but, oh, despair, If he's not Jove to her fond mind! He's jealous if she pets a dove, She must be his with all her soul; Yet 'tis a postulate in love That part is greater than the whole; And all his apprehension's stress, When he's with her, regards her hair, Her hand, a ribbon of her dress, As if his life were only there; Because she's constant, he will change, And kindest glances coldly meet, And, all the time he seems so strange, His soul is fawning at her feet; Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired, He wickedly provokes her tears, And when she weeps, as he desired, Falls slain with ecstasies of fears;

PATMORE

He blames her, though she has no fault,
Except the folly to be his;
He worships her, the more to exalt
The profanation of a kiss;
Health's his disease; he's never well
But when his paleness shames her rose;
His faith's a rock-built citadel,
Its sign a flag that each way blows;
His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes;
And Love, in him, is fierce, like Hate,
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes
Against the bars of time and fate.

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise, Having my law the seventh time disobey'd, I struck him, and dismiss'd With hard words and unkiss'd, His Mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed, But found him slumbering deep, With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet From his late sobbing wet. And I, with moan, Kissing away his tears, left others of my own; For, on a table drawn beside his head, He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach, And six or seven shells, A bottle with bluebells, And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art. To comfort his sad heart.

To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

AMELIA

WHENE'ER mine eyes do my Amelia greet
It is with such emotion
As when, in childhood, turning a dim street,
I first beheld the ocean.
There, where the little, bright, surf-breathing town,
That shew'd me first her beauty and the sea,

Gathers its skirts against the gorse-lit down

And scatters gardens o'er the southern lea,

Abides this Maid Within a kind, yet sombre Mother's shade, Who of her daughter's graces seems almost afraid, Viewing them ofttimes with a scared forecast, Caught, haply, from obscure love-peril past. Howe'er that be, She scants me of my right, Is cunning careful evermore to balk Sweet separate talk, And fevers my delight By frets, if, on Amelia's cheek of peach, I touch the notes which music cannot reach, Bidding "Good-night!" Wherefore it came that, till to-day's dear date, I curs'd the weary months which yet I have to wait Ere I find heaven, one-nested with my mate. To-day, the Mother gave, To urgent pleas and promise to behave As she were there, her long-besought consent To trust Amelia with me to the grave Where lay my once-betrothed, Millicent: "For," said she, hiding ill a moistening eye, "Though, Sir, the word sounds hard, God makes as if He least knew how to guard The treasure He loves best, simplicity.' And there Amelia stood, for fairness shewn Like a young apple-tree, in flush'd array Of white and ruddy flow'r, auroral, gay, With chilly blue the maiden branch between; And yet to look on her moved less the mind To say "How beauteous!" than "How good and kind!" And so we went alone By walls o'er which the lilac's numerous plume Shook down perfume; Trim plots close blown With daisies, in conspicuous myriads seen, Engross'd each one With single ardour for her spouse, the sun; Garths in their glad array Of white and ruddy branch, auroral, gay, With azure chill the maiden flow'r between; Meadows of fervid green, With sometime sudden prospect of untold Cowslips, like chance-found gold; And broadcast buttercups at joyful gaze, Rending the air with praise, Like the six-hundred-thousand-voiced shout Of Jacob camp'd in Midian put to rout; Then through the Park, Where Spring to livelier gloom Quicken'd the cedars dark, And, 'gainst the clear sky cold, Which shone afar Crowded with sunny alps oracular, Great chestnuts raised themselves abroad like cliffs of bloom;

And everywhere,

PATMORE

Amid the ceaseless rapture of the lark, With wonder new We caught the solemn voice of single air, " Cuckoo!"

And when Amelia, 'bolden'd, saw and heard How bravely sang the bird, And all things in God's bounty did rejoice, She who, her Mother by, spake seldom word, Did her charm'd silence doff, And, to my happy marvel, her dear voice Went as a clock does, when the pendulum's off. Ill Monarch of man's heart the Maiden who Does not aspire to be High-Pontiff too! So she repeated soft her Poet's line, " By grace divine, Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine!" And I, up the bright steep she led me, trod, And the like thought pursued With, "What is gladness without gratitude, And where is gratitude without a God?" And of delight, the guerdon of His laws, She spake, in learned mood;

Nor were we shy, For souls in heaven that be May talk of heaven without hypocrisy.

Her sweetly, as Occasion of all good.

And I, of Him loved reverently, as Cause,

And now, when we drew near The low, gray Church, in its sequester'd dell, A shade upon me fell. Dead Millicent indeed had been most sweet, But I how little meet To call such graces in a Maiden mine!

A boy's proud passion free affection blunts; His well-meant flatteries oft are blind affronts; And many a tear

Was Millicent's before I, manlier, knew

That maidens shine As diamonds do,

Which, though most clear, Are not to be seen through;

And, if she put her virgin self aside And sate her, crownless, at my conquering feet, It should have bred in me humility, not pride.

Amelia had more luck than Millicent:

Secure she smiled and warm from all mischance

Or from my knowledge or my ignorance, And glow'd content

With my-some might have thought too muchsuperior age,

Which seem'd the gage

Of steady kindness all on her intent. Thus nought forbade us to be fully blent.

While, therefore, now Her pensive footstep stirr'd The darnell'd garden of unheedful death, She ask'd what Millicent was like, and heard Of eyes like hers, and honeysuckle breath,

And of a wiser than a woman's brow, Yet fill'd with only woman's love, and how An incidental greatness character'd Her unconsider'd ways.

But all my praise

Amelia thought too slight for Millicent, And on my lovelier-freighted arm she leant,

For more attent; And the tea-rose I gave,

To deck her breast, she dropp'd upon the grave. "And this was hers," said I, decoring with a band Of mildest pearls Amelia's milder hand.

"Nay, I will wear it for ber sake," she said: For dear to maidens are their rivals dead.

And so.

She seated on the black yew's tortured root, I on the carpet of sere shreds below, And nigh the little mound where lay that other, I kiss'd her lips three times without dispute, And, with bold worship suddenly aglow, I lifted to my lips a sandall'd foot,

And kiss'd it three times thrice without dispute. Upon my head her fingers fell like snow, Her lamb-like hands about my neck she wreathed. Her arms like slumber o'er my shoulders crept,

And with her bosom, whence the azalea breathed, She did my face full favourably smother,

To hide the heaving secret that she wept! Now would I keep my promise to her Mother; Now I arose, and raised her to her feet,

My best Amelia, fresh-born from a kiss, Moth-like, full-blown in birth-dew shuddering sweet,

With great, kind eyes, in whose brown shade Bright Venus and her Baby play'd!

At inmost heart well pleased with one another, What time the slant sun low

Through the plough'd field does each clod sharply shew,

And softly fills

With shade the dimples of our homeward hills,

With little said,

We left the 'wilder'd garden of the dead, And gain'd the gorse-lit shoulder of the down That keeps the north-wind from the nestling town, And caught, once more, the vision of the wave,

Where, on the horizon's dip,

A many-sailed ship

Pursued alone her distant purpose grave;

And, by steep steps rock-hewn to the dim street

I led her sacred feet;

And so the Daughter gave, Soft, moth-like, sweet,

Showy as damask-rose and shy as musk, Back to her Mother, anxious in the dusk,

And now "Good-night!"

Me shall the phantom months no more affright; For heaven's gates to open well waits he

Who keeps himself the key.

DOBELL

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

THE murmur of the mourning ghost That keeps the shadowy kine: "Oh, Keith of Ravelston,

The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston, The merry path that leads

Down the golden morning hill And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,

The stile beneath the tree,

The maid that kept her mother's kine, The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine, She sat beneath the thorn,

When Andrew Keith of Ravelston Rode through the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring, His belted jewels shine;

Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came, Comes evening down the glade;

And still there sits a moonshine ghost Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair, She keeps the shadowy kine;—

Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile, The stile is lone and cold:

The burnie that goes babbling by Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year, She keeps her shadowy kine;-

Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps where Andrew stood— Why blanch thy cheeks for fear!

The ancient stile is not alone, 'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan, She keeps her shadowy kine;—

Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

ALLINGHAM

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE; OR, THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON

A LOCAL BALLAD

ADIEU to Belashanny! where I was bred and born; Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and mornThe kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my

There's not a house or window, there's not a field or

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them

I leave my warm heart with you, tho' my back I'm forced to turn-

So adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,

When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the

The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps.

Cast off! cast off! she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps;

Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clew,

Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and "yarn "_

Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide, When all the green-hill'd harbour is full from side to

From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the Abbey

From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sand-hills gray; While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a

The Leitrim mountains clothed in blue gaze calmly over all,

And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at

Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull

A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point to Mullaghmore;

From Killybegs to bold Slieve-League, that oceanmountain steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullen strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew stand:

Head out to sea when on your lea the breakers you

Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne!

Farewell, Coolmore! Bundoran! and your summer crowds that run

From inland homes to see with joy the Atlanticsetting sun;

To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves;

To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy

To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish;

Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish;

The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—

And I must quit my native shore and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,

And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;

The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,

The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below:

The Lough, that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green;

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—

For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay;

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;

Along the riverside they go, where I have often been— Oh! never shall I see again the days that I have seen! A thousand chances are to one I never may return— Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne! Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbours meet,

And the fiddle says to boys and girls: "Get up and shake your feet!"

To "shanachus" and wise old talk of Erin's days gone

Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief; with tales of fairy

And tender dittiessweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.
The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—
Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of
Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea. My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly

To think of Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to

My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were pass'd;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather gray,

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside;

It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return

To my native Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne.

THE FAIRIES

A CHILD'S SONG

Ur the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

ALLINGHAM. ROSSETTI

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

D. G. ROSSETTI

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed Damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water, even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem, No wrought flowers did adorn, But a white rose of Mary's gift On the neck meetly worn; And her hair, lying down her back, Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one it is ten years of years:
... Yet now, here in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me,—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the Autumn-fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the terrace of God's house
That she was standing on,—
By God built over the sheer depth
In which Space is begun;
So high, that looking downward thence,
She could scarce see the sun,

It lies from Heaven across the flood Of ether, as a bridge. Beneath, the tides of day and night With flame and blackness ridge The void, as low as where this earth Spins like a fretful midge.

But in those tracts, with her, it was
The peace of utter light
And silence. For no breeze may stir
Along the steady flight
Of seraphim; no echo there,
Beyond all depth or height.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends,
Playing at holy games,
Spake, gentle-mouth'd, among themselves,
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls, mounting up to God.

And the souls, mounting up to God, Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself, and stoop'd
Into the vast waste calm;
Till her bosom's pressure must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixt lull of Heaven, she saw
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove,
In that steep gulf, to pierce
The swarm; and then she spake, as when

The swarm; and then she spake, as when The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,

For he will come," she said.

"Have I not pray'd in solemn Heaven?
On earth, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand, and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
And we will step down as to a stream
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine, Occult, withheld, untrod. Whose lamps tremble continually With prayer sent up to God; And where each need, reveal'd, expects

Its patient period. "We two will lie i' the shadow of

That living mystic tree Within whose secret growth the Dove Sometimes is felt to be,

While every leaf that His plumes touch Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,-I myself, lying so,-The songs I sing here; which his mouth Shall pause in, hush'd and slow, Finding some knowledge at each pause,

And some new thing to know."

(Alas! to her wise simple mind These things were all but known Before: they trembled on her sense,— Her voice had caught their tone. Alas for lonely Heaven! Alas For life wrung out alone!

Alas, and though the end were reach'd? . . . Was thy part understood Or borne in trust? And for her sake

Shall this too be found good?—

May the close lips that knew not prayer Praise ever, though they would?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves Where the lady Mary is,

With her five handmaidens, whose names Are five sweet symphonies:

Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circle-wise sit they, with bound locks And bosoms covered;

Into the fine cloth, white like flame, Weaving the golden thread.

To fashion the birth-robes for them Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb. Then I will lay my cheek

To his, and tell about our love, Not once abash'd or weak:

And the dear Mother will approve My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand, To Him round whom all souls Kneel—the unnumber'd solemn heads Bow'd with their aureoles:

And Angels, meeting us, shall sing To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord Thus much for him and me:-To have more blessing than on earth In nowise; but to be As then we were,—being as then At peace. Yea, verily.

"Yea, verily; when he is come We will do thus and thus: Till this my vigil seem quite strange And almost fabulous: We two will live at once, one life; And peace shall be with us."

She gazed, and listen'd, and then said, Less sad of speech than mild,— "All this is when he comes." She ceased: The light thrill'd past her, fill'd With Angels, in strong level lapse. Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their flight Was vague 'mid the poised spheres. And then she cast her arms along The golden barriers, And laid her face between her hands, And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE PORTRAIT

This is her picture as she was: It seems a thing to wonder on, As though mine image in the glass Should tarry when myself am gone. I gaze until she seems to stir,-Until mine eyes almost aver That now, even now, the sweet lips part To breathe the words of the sweet heart :-And yet the earth is over her.

Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray That makes the prison-depths more rude,-The drip of water night and day Giving a tongue to solitude. Yet this, of all love's perfect prize, Remains; save what in mournful guise Takes counsel with my soul alone,— Save what is secret and unknown, Below the earth, above the skies.

In painting her I shrined her face Mid mystic trees, where light falls in Hardly at all; a covert place Where you might think to find a din Of doubtful talk, and a live flame Wandering, and many a shape whose name Not itself knoweth, and old dew, And your own footsteps meeting you, And all things going as they came,

ROSSETTI

A deep dim wood; and there she stands
As in that wood that day: for so
Was the still movement of her hands
And such the pure line's gracious flow.
And passing fair the type must seem,
Unknown the presence and the dream.
'Tis she: though of herself, alas!
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.'

That day we met there, I and she,
One with the other all alone;
And we were blithe; yet memory
Saddens those hours, as when the moon
Looks upon daylight. And with her
I stoop'd to drink the spring-water,
Athirst where other waters sprang;
And where the echo is, she sang,—
My soul another echo there.

But when that hour my soul won strength
For words whose silence wastes and kills,
Dull raindrops smote us, and at length
Thunder'd the heat within the hills.
That eve I spoke those words again
Beside the pelted window-pane;
And there she hearken'd what I said,
With under-glances that survey'd
The empty pastures blind with rain.

Next day the memories of these things,
Like leaves through which a bird has flown,
Still vibrated with Love's warm wings;
Till I must make them all my own
And paint this picture. So, 'twixt ease
Of talk and sweet long silences,
She stood among the plants in bloom
At windows of a summer room,
To feign the shadow of the trees,"

And as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
It seem'd each sun-thrill'd blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves?

For now doth daylight disavow
Those days,—nought left to see or hear.
Only in solemn whispers now
At night-time these things reach mine ear,
When the leaf-shadows at a breath
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,
Forest and water, far and wide,
In limpid starlight glorified,
Lie like the mystery of death.

Last night at last I could have slept,
And yet delay'd my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept:
For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walk'd with me:
And as I stood there suddenly,
All wan with traversing the night,
Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearn'd loud the iron-bosom'd sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears
The beating heart of Love's own breast,—
Where round the secret of all spheres
All angels lay their wings to rest,—
How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
Throughout the music of the suns,
It enters in her soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?

When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close kiss'd and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

SUPREME SURRENDER

To all the spirits of love that wander by
Along the love-sown fallowfield of sleep
My lady lies apparent; and the deep
Calls to the deep; and no man sees but I.
The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,
Rests there attain'd. Methinks proud Love must
weep

When Fate's control doth from his harvest reap The sacred hour for which the years did sigh. First touch'd, the hand now warm around my neck Taught memory long to mock desire: and lo! Across my breast the abandon'd hair doth flow, Where one shorn tress long stirr'd the longing ache; And next the heart that trembled for its sake Lies the queen-heart in sovereign overthrow.

LOVE'S LOVERS

Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone
And gold-tipp'd darts he hath for painless play
In idle scornful hours he flings away;
And some that listen to his lute's soft tone
Do love to vaunt the silver praise their own;
Some prize his blindfold sight; and there be they
Who kiss'd his wings which brought him yesterday
And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.
My lady only loves the heart of Love:
Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee
His bower of unimagined flower and tree:
There kneels he now, and all-anhunger'd of
Thine eyes grey-lit in shadowing hair above,

PASSION AND WORSHIP

Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

ONE flame-wing'd brought a white-wing'd harpplayer

Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: "Behold, this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my strains are to Love's dear ones dear."

Then said I: "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone

Unto my lady still this harp makes moan, And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."

Then said my lady: "Thou art Passion of Love,
And this Love's Worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

A DAY OF LOVE

Those envied places which do know her well,
And are so scornful of this lonely place,
Even now for once are emptied of her grace:
Nowhere but here she is: and while Love's spell
From his predominant presence doth compel
All alien hours, an outworn populace,
The hours of Love fill full the echoing space
With sweet confederate music favourable,

Now many memories make solicitous

The delicate love-lines of her mouth, till, lit
With quivering fire, the words take wing from it;
As here between our kisses we sit thus
Speaking of things remember'd, and so sit
Speechless while things forgotten call to us.

LOST DAYS

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squander'd and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murder'd self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

"RETRO ME, SATHANA"

GET thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curl'd,
Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
Is snatch'd from out his chariot by the hair,
So shall Time be; and as the void car, hurl'd
Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world:
Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
It shall be sought and not found anywhere.
Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurl'd,
Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
Much mightiness of men to win thee praise.
Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered path,
Mayst wait the turning of the phials of wrath

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA

For certain years, for certain months and days.

For a Picture.

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee—which can draw,
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.
This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

SUDDEN LIGHT

I HAVE been here before,

But when or how I cannot tell:

I know the grass beyond the door,

The sweet keen smell,

The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

ROSSETTI. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turn'd so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Then, now,—perchance again!...
O round mine eyes your tresses shake!
Shall we not lie as we have lain

Thus for Love's sake,

And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain ?

A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me
Who have not drawn the veil to see
If still our heaven be lit above.
Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone;
And I have heard the night-wind cry
And deem'd its speech mine own.

A little while a little love
The scattering autumn hoards for us
Whose bower is not yet ruinous
Nor quite unleaved our songless grove.
Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea,
And deep in both our hearts they rouse
One wail for thee and me.

A little while a little love
May yet be ours who have not said
The word it makes our eyes afraid
To know that each is thinking of.
Not yet the end: be our lips dumb
In smiles a little season yet:
I'll tell thee, when the end is come,
How we may best forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSET'TI

GOBLIN MARKET

Morning and evening Maids heard the goblins cry. "Come buy our orchard fruits, Come buy, come buy: Apples and quinces, Lemons and oranges, Plump unpecked cherries, Melons and raspberries, Bloom-down-cheeked peaches, Swart-headed mulberries, Wild free-born cranberries. Crab-apples, dewberries, Pine-apples, blackberries, Apricots, strawberries;-All ripe together In summer weather. Morns that pass by,

Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye:
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening Among the brookside rushes, Laura bowed her head to hear, Lizzie veiled her blushes: Crouching close together In the cooling weather, With clasping arms and cautioning lips, With tingling cheeks and finger tips. "Lie close," Laura said, Pricking up her golden head: "We must not look at goblin men, We must not buy their fruits: Who knows upon what soil they fed Their hungry, thirsty roots?" "Come buy," call the goblins Hobbling down the glen. "Oh!" cried Lizzie; "Laura, Laura, You should not peep at goblin men." Lizzie covered up her eyes, Covered close lest they should look; Laura reared her glossy head, And whispered like the restless brook: "Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie, Down the glen tramp little men. One hauls a basket, One bears a plate, One lugs a golden dish Of many pounds weight. How fair the vine must grow Whose grapes are so luscious: How warm the wind must blow Through those fruit bushes." "No," said Lizzie, "No, no, no; Their offers should not charm us, Their evil gifts would harm us." She thrust a dimpled finger In each ear, shut eyes and ran: Curious Laura chose to linger Wondering at each merchant man. One had a cat's face, One whisked a tail, One tramped at a rat's pace, One crawled like a snail,

481

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One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry, One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry. She heard a voice like voice of doves Cooing all together: They sounded kind and full of loves In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck Like a rush-embedded swan, Like a lily from the beck, Like a moonlit poplar branch, Like a vessel at the launch When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen Turned and trooped the goblin men, With their shrill repeated cry, "Come buy, come buy." When they reached where Laura was They stood stock still upon the moss, Leering at each other, Brother with queer brother; Signalling each other, Brother with sly brother. One set his basket down, One reared his plate; One began to weave a crown Of tendrils, leaves and rough nuts brown (Men sell not such in any town); One heaved the golden weight Of dish and fruit to offer her: "Come buy, come buy," was still their cry. Laura stared but did not stir, Longed but had no money: The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste In tones as smooth as honey, The cat-faced purr'd, The rat-paced spoke a word Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard; One parrot-voiced and jolly Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"-One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste: "Good folk, I have no coin; To take were to purloin: I have no copper in my purse, I have no silver either, And all my gold is on the furze That shakes in windy weather Above the rusty heather." "You have much gold upon your head," They answered all together: "Buy from us with a golden curl." She clipped a precious golden lock, She dropped a tear more rare than pearl, Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red: Sweeter than honey from the rock, Stronger than man-rejoicing wine, Clearer than water flowed that juice;

She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate Full of wise upbraidings: "Dear, you should not stay so late, Twilight is not good for maidens; Should not loiter in the glen In the haunts of goblin men. Do you not remember Jeanie, How she met them in the moonlight, Took their gifts both choice and many, Ate their fruit and wore their flowers Plucked from bowers Where summer ripens at all hours? But ever in the moonlight She pined and pined away; Sought them by night and day, Found them no more but dwindled and grew grey; Then fell with the first snow, While to this day no grass will grow Where she lies low: I planted daisies there a year ago That never blow. You should not loiter so." "Nay, hush;" said Laura: "Nay, hush, my sister: I ate and ate my fill, Yet my mouth waters still: To-morrow night I will Buy more; " and kissed her: "Have done with sorrow; I'll bring you plums to-morrow Fresh on their mother twigs, Cherries worth getting; You cannot think what figs My teeth have met in, What melons icy-cold Piled on a dish of gold Too huge for me to hold, What peaches with a velvet nap, Pellucid grapes without one seed: Odorous indeed must be the mead Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink, With lilies at the brink, And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head, Like two pigeons in one nest Folded in each other's wings, They lay down in their curtained bed: Like two blossoms on one stem,

Like two flakes of new fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning When the first cock crowed his warning, Neat like bees, as sweet and busy, Laura rose with Lizzie: Fetched in honey, milked the cows, Aired and set to rights the house, Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat, Cakes for dainty mouths to eat, Next churned butter, whipped up cream, Fed their poultry, sat and sewed; Talked as modest maidens should: Lizzie with an open heart, Laura in an absent dream, One content, one sick in part; One warbling for the mere bright day's delight, One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came: They went with pitchers to the reedy brook; Lizzie most placid in her look, Laura most like a leaping flame. They drew the gurgling water from its deep; Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags, Then, turning homewards said: "The sunset flushes Those furthest loftiest crags; Come, Laura, not another maiden lags, No wilful squirrel wags, The beasts and birds are fast asleep." But Laura loitered still among the rushes And said the bank was steep. And said the hour was early still, The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill: Listening ever, but not catching The customary cry, "Come buy, come buy," With its iterated jingle Of sugar-baited words: Not for all her watching Once discerning even one goblin Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling; Let alone the herds That used to tramp along the glen,

Till Lizzie urged, "Oh, Laura, come; I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look: You should not loiter longer at this brook: Come with me home.

In groups or single,

Of brisk fruit merchant-men.

The stars rise, the moon bends her arc. Each glow-worm winks her spark, Let us get home before the night grows dark: For clouds may gather Though this is summer weather, Put out the lights and drench us through: Then if we lost our way, what should we do?" Laura turned cold as stone To find her sister heard that cry alone, That goblin cry, "Come buy our fruits, come buy." Must she then buy no more such dainty fruits? Must she no more such succous pasture find, Gone deaf and blind? Her tree of life drooped from the root: She said not one word in her heart's sore ache; But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning, Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way; So crept to bed, and lay Silent till Lizzie slept; Then sat up in a passionate yearning, And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the moon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house, Tended the fowls or cows, Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat, Brought water from the brook: But sat down listless in the chimney-nook: And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear To watch her sister's cankerous care Yet not to share.

She night and morning Caught the goblins' cry: "Come buy our orchard fruits, Come buy, come buy: "-Beside the brook, along the glen, She heard the tramp of goblin men. The voice and stir Poor Laura could not hear; Longed to buy fruit to comfort her, But feared to pay too dear. She thought of Jeanie in her grave, Who should have been a bride; But who for joys brides hope to have Fell sick and died In her gay prime, In earliest Winter time, With the first glazing rime, With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time,

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin When they spied her peeping: Came towards her hobbling, Flying, running, leaping, Puffing and blowing, Chuckling, clapping, crowing, Clucking and gobbling, Mopping and mowing, Full of airs and graces, Pulling wry faces, Demure grimaces, Cat-like and rat-like, Ratel- and wombat-like, Snail-paced in a hurry, Parrot-voiced and whistler, Helter skelter, hurry skurry, Chattering like magpies, Fluttering like pigeons, Gliding like fishes,— Hugged her and kissed her, Squeezed and caressed her: Stretched up their dishes, Panniers, and plates: "Look at our apples Russet and dun, Bob at our cherries, Bite at our peaches, Citrons and dates, Grapes for the asking, Pears red with basking

Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."—

"Good folk," said Lizzie, Mindful of Jeanie: "Give me much and many:" Held out her apron, Tossed them her penny. "Nay, take a seat with us, Honour and eat with us," They answered grinning: "Our feast is but beginning. Night yet is early, Warm and dew-pearly, Wakeful and starry: Such fruits as these No man can carry; Half their bloom would fly, Half their dew would dry, Half their flavour would pass by. Sit down and feast with us, Be welcome guest with us, Cheer you and rest with us."-"Thank you," said Lizzie; "But one waits At home alone for me: So without further parleying, If you will not sell me any Of your fruits though much and many, Give me back my silver penny I tossed you for a fee."-They began to scratch their pates, No longer wagging, purring, But visibly demurring, Grunting and snarling. One called her proud, Cross-grained, uncivil; Their tones waxed loud, Their looks were evil. Lashing their tails They trod and hustled her, Elbowed and jostled her, Clawed with their nails, Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking, Tore her gown and soiled her stocking, Twitched her hair out by the roots, Stamped upon her tender feet, Held her hands and squeezed their fruits Against her mouth to make her eat,

White and golden Lizzie stood, Like a lily in a flood,— Like a rock of blue-veined stone Lashed by tides obstreperously,— Like a beacon left alone In a hoary roaring sea, Sending up a golden fire,— Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree

White with blossoms honey-sweet Sore beset by wasp and bee,— Like a royal virgin town Topped with gilded dome and spire Close beleaguered by a fleet Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water, Twenty cannot make him drink. Though the goblins cuffed and caught her, Coaxed and fought her, Bullied and besought her, Scratched her, pinched her black as ink, Kicked and knocked her, Mauled and mocked her, Lizzie uttered not a word: Would not open lip from lip Lest they should cram a mouthful in: But laughed in heart to feel the drip Of juice that syruped all her face, And lodged in dimples of her chin, And streaked her neck which quaked like curd. At last the evil people Worn out by her resistance Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit Along whichever road they took, Not leaving root or stone or shoot; Some writhed into the ground, Some dived into the brook With ring and ripple, Some scudded on the gale without a sound, Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle, Lizzie went her way; Knew not was it night or day; Sprang up the bank, tore through the furze, Threaded copse and dingle, And heard her penny jingle Bouncing in her purse,— Its bounce was music to her ear. She ran and ran As if she feared some goblin man Dogged her with gibe or curse Or something worse: But not one goblin skurried after, Nor was she pricked by fear; The kind heart made her windy-paced That urged her home quite out of breath with haste And inward laughter.

She cried, "Laura," up the garden, "Did you miss me? Come and kiss me.

Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices,
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;

Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair, Flung her arms up in the air, Clutched her hair: "Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted For my sake the fruit forbidden? Must your light like mine be hidden, Your young life like mine be wasted, Undone in mine undoing And ruined in my ruin, Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"-She clung about her sister, Kissed and kissed and kissed her: Tears once again Refreshed her shrunken eyes, Dropping like rain After long sultry drouth; Shaking with aguish fear, and pain, She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth,

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at her heart,

Met the fire smouldering there And overbore its lesser flame; She gorged on bitterness without a name: Ah! fool, to choose such part Of soul-consuming care! Sense failed in the mortal strife: Like the watch-tower of a town Which an earthquake shatters down, Like a lightning-stricken mast, Like a wind-uprooted tree Spun about, Like a foam-topped waterspout Cast down headlong in the sea, She fell at last; Pleasure past and anguish past, Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death. That night long Lizzie watched by her, Counted her pulse's flagging stir,

Felt for her breath, Held water to her lips, and cooled her face With tears and fanning leaves: But when the first birds chirped about their eaves, And early reapers plodded to the place Of golden sheaves, And dew-wet grass Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass, And new buds with new day Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream, Laura awoke as from a dream, Laughed in the innocent old way. Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice; Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of Her breath was sweet as May And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years Afterwards, when both were wives With children of their own; Their mother-hearts beset with fears, Their lives bound up in tender lives; Laura would call the little ones And tell them of her early prime, Those pleasant days long gone Of not-returning time: Would talk about the haunted glen, The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men, Their fruits like honey to the throat But poison in the blood; (Men sell not such in any town:) Would tell them how her sister stood In deadly peril to do her good, And win the fiery antidote: Then joining hands to little hands Would bid them cling together, " For there is no friend like a sister In calm or stormy weather; To cheer one on the tedious way, To fetch one if one goes astray, To lift one if one totters down, To strengthen whilst one stands."

SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet: And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER me when I am gone away, Gone far away into the silent land; When you can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay. Remember me when no more day by day You tell me of our future that you planned: Only remember me; you understand It will be late to counsel then or pray. Yet if you should forget me for a while And afterwards remember, do not grieve: For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had, Better by far you should forget and smile Than that you should remember and be sad.

ECHO

Come in the speaking silence of a dream;

COME to me in the silence of the night;

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright As sunlight on a stream: Come back in tears, O memory, hope, love of finished years. O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet, Whose wakening should have been in Paradise, Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet; Where thirsting longing eyes Watch the slow door That opening, letting in, lets out no more. Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live My very life again though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams, that I may give Pulse for pulse, breath for breath: Speak low, lean low, As long ago, my love, how long ago!

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird Whose nest is in a watered shoot: My heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a halcyon sea; My heart is gladder than all these Because my love is come to me. Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys; Because the birthday of my life Is come, my love is come to me.

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day? From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

THE KNELL OF THE YEAR

Passing away, saith the World, passing away: Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day: Thy life never continueth in one stay. Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to

That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.

Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play,
Hearken what the past doth witness and say:
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain day
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay;
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after the long delay:
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.

Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and

Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day, My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear Me say. Then I answered: Yea.

AMOR MUNDI

"Он, where are you going with your love-locks flowing, On the west wind blowing along this valley track?" "The downhill path is easy, come with me an it please

We shall escape the uphill by never turning back."

So they two went together in glowing August weather, The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;

And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to float on

The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

"Oh, what is that in Heaven where grey cloud-flakes are seven,

Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?"

"Oh, that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,

An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt."

"Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,

Their scent comes rich and sickly?" "A scaled and hooded worm,"

"Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"

"Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

"Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest:

This way whereof thou weetest I fear is hell's own track."

"Nay, too steep for hill-mounting,—nay, too late for cost-counting:

This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

THE PRINCE WHO ARRIVED TOO LATE

From The Prince's Progress.

Too late for love, too late for joy,

You loitered on the road too long, You trifled at the gate:

The enchanted dove upon her branch Died without a mate;

The enchanted princess in her tower Slept, died, behind the grate;

Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,

· One year ago,

Even then you had arrived in time, Though somewhat slow;

Then you had known her living face Which now you cannot know:

The frozen fountain would have leaped, The buds gone on to blow,

The warm south wind would have awaked To melt the snow.

Is she fair now as she lies?
Once she was fair;

Meet queen for any kingly king, With gold-dust on her hair.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. BROWN. CALVERLEY

Now these are poppies in her locks, White poppies she must wear; Must wear a veil to shroud her face And the want graven there: Or is the hunger fed at length, Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile Or with a frown: Her bed seemed never soft to her,

Though tossed of down; She little heeded what she wore,

Kirtle, or wreath, or gown; We think her white brows often ached Beneath her crown,

Till silvery hairs showed in her locks That used to be so brown,

We never heard her speak in haste; Her tones were sweet,

And modulated just so much As it was meet:

Her heart sat silent through the noise And concourse of the street. There was no hurry in her hands,

No hurry in her feet;

There was no bliss drew nigh to her, That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday, Wasting upon her bed:

But wherefore should you weep to-day That she is dead?

Lo, we who love weep not to-day,

But crown her royal head. Let be these poppies that we strew. Your roses are too red:

Let be these poppies, not for you Cut down and spread.

T. E. BROWN

"NOT WILLING TO STAY"

I saw a fisher bold yestreen At his cottage by the bay, And I asked how he and his had been, While I was far away. But when I asked him of the child With whom I used to play, The sunniest thing that ever smiled Upon a summer's day-Then said that fisher bold to me-And turned his face away:--

"She was not willing to stay with us-She was not willing to stay."

"But, Evan, she was brave and strong, And blithesome as the May;

And who would do her any wrong, Our darling of the bay?"

His head was low, his breath was short, He seemed as he would pray,

Nor answer made in any sort That might his grief betray; Save once again that fisher bold Turned, and to me did say:-" She was not willing to stay with us, She was not willing to stay."

Then I looked upon his pretty cot, So neat in its array, And I looked upon his garden-plot With its flowers so trim and gay; And I said :- " He hath no need of me To help him up the brae; God worketh in his heart, and He Will soon let in the day." So I left him there, and sought you rock Where leaps the salt sea-spray; For ah! how many have lost their loves

That were "not willing to stay" with them,

That were not willing to stay!

JESSIE

WHEN Jessie comes with her soft breast, And yields the golden keys, Then is it as if God caressed Twin babes upon His knees-Twin babes that, each to other pressed, Just feel the Father's arms, wherewith they both are blessed.

But when I think if we must part, And all this personal dream be fled— O, then my heart! O, then my useless heart! Would God that thou wert dead-A clod insensible to joys or ills-A stone remote in some bleak gully of the hills!

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot! Rose plot, Fringed pool, Ferned grot-The veriest school Of peace; and yet the fool Contends that God is not-Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool? Nay, but I have a sign; Tis very sure God walks in mine.

CALVERLEY

THE DEAD OX

From Virgil, Georg. III.

Lo! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox Falls, from his lip foam gushing crimson-stained, And sobs his life out. Sad of face the ploughman Moves, disentangling from his comrade's corpse The lone survivor: and its work half-done, Abandoned in the furrow stands the plough.

Not shadiest forest-depths, not softest lawns,
May move him now: not river amber-pure,
That tumbles o'er the cragstones to the plain.
Powerless the broad sides, glazed the rayless eye,
And low and lower sinks the ponderous neck.
What thank hath he for all the toil he toiled,
The heavy-clodded land in man's behoof
Upturning? Yet the grape of Italy,
The stored-up feast hath wrought no harm to him:
Green leaf and taintless grass are all their fare;
The clear rill or the travel-freshened stream
Their cup: nor one care mars their honest sleep.

WATTS-DUNTON

FROM "THE COMING OF LOVE"

NATURE'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH A morning swim off Guernsey with a Friend As if the spring's fresh groves should change and shake To dark green woods of Orient terebinth, Then break to bloom of England's hyacinth, So 'neath us change the waves, rising to take Each kiss of colour from each cloud and flake Round many a rocky hall and labyrinth, Where sea-wrought column, arch, and granite plinth, Show how the sea's fine rage dares make and break. Young with the youth the sea's embrace can lend, Our glowing limbs, with sun and brine empearl'd, Seem born anew, and in your eyes, dear friend, Rare pictures shine, like fairy flags unfurl'd, Of child-land, where the roofs of rainbows bend Over the magic wonders of the world.

RHONA'S FIRST KISS

(Percy alone in Rington Furze: RHONA has just left him)
If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?
Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
And miles of furze shine yellow down the West?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
Her bosom beats: I see the bright eyes beam.
I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd.
Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
I seem to know them, though this body of mine
Pass'd into spirit at the touch of hers!

NATURA MALIGNA

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold Follow'd my feet with azure eyes of prey; By glacier brink she stood—by cataract-spray—When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes roll'd. At night she glimmer'd in the death-wind cold, And if a footprint shone at break of day, My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say: "Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold."

I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright, Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse, When lo, she stood!... God made her let me pass, Then fell'd the bridge!... Oh, there in sallow light, There down the chasm, I saw her, cruel, white, And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

NATURA BENIGNA

What power is this? what witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most
sweet—

What answering pulse that all the senses know, Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet? Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well: That throb I know and all it prophesies, O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies! Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

A DEAD POET

[Rossetti]

Thou knewest that island, far away and lone, Whose shores are as a harp, where billows break In spray of music and the breezes shake O'er spicy seas a woof of colour and tone, While that sweet music echoes like a moan In the island's heart, and sighs around the lake, Where, watching fearfully a watchful snake, A damsel weeps upon her emerald throne. Life's ocean, breaking round thy senses' shore, Struck golden song, as from the strand of Day: For us the joy, for thee the fell foe lay—Pain's blinking snake around the fair isle's core, Turning to sighs the enchanted sounds that play Around thy lovely island evermore.

R. W. DIXON

THE HUMAN DESTINY

As run the rivers on through shade and sun,
As flow the hours of time through day and night,
As through her swelling year the earth rolls on,
Each part in alternation dark and light:
So rolls and flows with more prodigious change
The human destiny; in gloom profound
And horror of great darkness, or made strange
By sudden light that shines from heaven around:

Now in it works a fate inopportune,
Deadly, malicious; now the mortal scene
Smiles comforted with some eternal boon,

And blood is turned to dew of roseate sheen: But whether weal or woe, life onward flows: Whither, oh, whither? Not an angel knows. SONG

The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.
The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

NATURE AND MAN

BLUE in the mists all day
The hills slept far away,
Skiddaw, Blencathra, all:
But now that eve 'gins fall,
They all seem drawing near
In giant shapes of fear:
While o'er the winding walks
The mighty darkness stalks,
Quenching the rich gorse-gold
On purple-deepened wold,
The coloured pines their plumes
More blackly wave: then comes
The night, the rising wind.

Oh, Nature, art thou kind From fair to fair to range In never ceasing change Beyond our power to feel? For still dost thou unseal Thy glories numberless In changeful recklessness, But givest us no power To take the varied hour. O'erweighed by all, we lose Thy glories, or confuse. E'en now this changeful sight Of slow-advancing night, The sleeping fields, the sweep Of redness on the steep, And o'er the hills and meads The darkness which succeeds, E'en now this change is lost, Or by dull urgents crossed.

So, on the smooth sea-sand
Spread by the ebb's last hand,
And warmed by sunset's fire,
Walking to me desire
Has come to bear away
Each precious grain that lay
Ere the cold wave again
Should mix and drown the plain:
So have I felt desire
Insatiably expire.

To mock us thus with change, From fair to fair to range, Dissolving thy most fair Into a change as rare, Leaving our hearts behind, Oh, Nature, art thou kind? Thou walkest by our side, Looking with eyes full wide With laughter at our woe, Because we would keep so What is most fair to us.-That bud how tremulous, Which hangeth on the bough! Ah, would'st thou but allow That it should hang there still! Not so; with wanton will Thou clappest to thy hands, And the burst bud expands Into a flower as sweet. With laughter thou dost greet The human sigh and groan That mourns the thing that's gone. Thou laughest, for thy store Holds beauty evermore: Nor loss to thee the pain Of our heart-dizzied brain. Then thou thyself dost tire Of the unfilled desire With which we thee pursue: Therefore, with sudden view Thou shewest us a glass To see ourselves-Alas, Grey we are grown, and old: Our fancied heat is cold, Our shaking limbs are dry: We see ourselves, and die.

RODEN NOEL

A MILK-WHITE BLOOMED ACACIA TREE

From A Little Child's Monument

A MILK-WHITE bloomed acacia tree,
A flowery fair lawn,
Lark-song upsoaring from the lea,
In a rosy dawn;
A little child who, while he sings,
Gives light and joy to all, and song, and sunny
wings!

The green acacia still blooms,
And all the fairy flowers,
Song thrills the chorister's light plumes
In blue celestial bowers;
Darkling I wander in the wild,
Looking for my little child;
I cannot hear his happy voice,
Bidding all the world be lovely, and rejoice.

JAMES THOMSON

FROM "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

XIII

OF all things human which are strange and wild This is perchance the wildest and most strange, And showeth man most utterly beguiled,

To those who haunt that sunless City's range;
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,

How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him and the days;
The burden of the months he scarce can bear;

And often in his secret soul he prays

To sleep through barren periods unaware,
Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvellous fancy he must make

Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us;

This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,

Wounded and slow and very venomous;
Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth and ocean.

Distilling poison at each painful motion, And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright The little time here given him in trust, But wasteth it in weary undelight

Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust, He naturally claimeth to inherit The everlasting Future, that his merit

May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,

O nights that are as zeons of slow pain, O Time, too ample for our vital powers,

O Life, whose woeful vanities remain Immutable for all of all our legions Through all the centuries and in all the regions, Not of your speed and variance we complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;

We do not claim renewed and endless life
When this which is our torment here shall close,

An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

FROM "SUNDAY UP THE RIVER"

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth:
Thank God for Life!

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss:
Thank God for Love!

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through:
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you!

WILLIAM MORRIS

ATALANTA'S RACE

ARGUMENT

Atalanta, daughter of King Schoeneus, not willing to lose her virgin's estate, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her should die unrevenged; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion, the son of Amphidamas, who, outrunning her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin and wedded her.

THROUGH thick Arcadian woods a hunter went, Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day; But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent, Now at the noontide nought had happed to slay, Within a vale he called his hounds away, Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling About the cliffs and through the beech-trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood, And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear, And all the day-long noises of the wood, And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear, And heavy breathing from their heads low hung, To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place,
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sun-burnt face;
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had caught;
For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Scheeneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side The folk were busy on the teeming land, And man and maid from the brown furrows cried, Or midst the newly-blossomed vines did stand, And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear, Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds, The spring flowers bloomed along the firm dry road, The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-horned herds Now for the barefoot milking-maidens lowed; While from the freshness of his blue abode, Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget, The broad sun blazed, nor scattered plagues as yet. Through such fair things unto the gates he came, And found them open, as though peace were there; Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race or name, He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare, Which at the first of folk were well-nigh bare; But pressing on, and going more hastily, Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still pressed on, Until an open space he came unto, Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost and won, For feats of strength folk there were wont to do. And now our hunter looked for something new, Because the whole wide space was bare, and stilled The high seats were, with eager people filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
Whence he beheld a broidered canopy,
'Neath which in fair array King Schoeneus sat
Upon his throne with councillors thereby;
And underneath his well-wrought seat and high,
He saw a golden image of the sun,
A silver image of the Fleet-foot One.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet Whereon a thin flame flickered in the wind; Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet Made ready even now his horn to wind, By whom a huge man held a sword, entwined With yellow flowers; these stood a little space From off the altar, nigh the starting place.

And there two runners did the sign abide,
Foot set to foot,—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend? A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide grey eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmoved, as though no soul were near,
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush therebroke the trumpet's clang Just as the setting sun made eventide.

Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang, And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran, When halfway to the starting-point they were, A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near Unto the very end of all his fear; And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel, And bliss unhoped for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard His flushed and eager face he turned around, And even then he felt her past him bound Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child Amid some warlike clamour laid asleep, For no victorious joy her red lips smiled, Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep; No glance lit up her clear grey eyes and deep, Though some divine thought softened all her face As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course, One moment gazed upon her piteously, Then with a groan his lingering feet did force To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see; And, changed like one who knows his time must be But short and bitter, without any word He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade, Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place Was silence now, and midst of it the maid Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace, And he to hers upturned his sad white face; Nor did his eyes behold another sight Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

So was the pageant ended, and all folk Talking of this and that familiar thing In little groups from that sad concourse broke, For now the shrill bats were upon the wing, And soon dark night would slay the evening, And in dark gardens sang the nightingale Her little-heeded, oft-repeated tale.

And with the last of all the hunter went, Who, wondering at the strange sight he had seen Prayed an old man to tell him what it meant, Both why the vanquished man so slain had been, And if the maiden were an earthly queen, Or rather what much more she seemed to be, No sharer in the world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon may die Whose lovely youth has slain so many an one! King Schoeneus' daughter is she verily, Who when her eyes first looked upon the sun Was fain to end her life but new begun, For he had vowed to leave but men alone Sprung from his loins when he from earth was gone. "Therefore he bade one leave her in the wood, And let wild things deal with her as they might, But this being done, some cruel god thought good To save her beauty in the world's despite: Folk say that her, so delicate and white As now she is, a rough root-grubbing bear Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew her nurse, And to their rude abode the youngling brought, And reared her up to be a kingdom's curse, Who, grown a woman, of no kingdom thought, But armed and swift 'mid beasts destruction wrought, Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to slay To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came
Whom known by signs, whereof I cannot tell,
King Schoeneus for his child at last did claim,
Nor otherwhere since that day doth she dwell,
Sending too many a noble soul to hell—
What! thine eyes glisten! what then, thinkest thou
Her shining head unto the yoke to bow?

"Listen, my son, and love some other maid,
For she the saffron gown will never wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid,
Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's ear:
Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lovest him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou com'st to die,

"Like him that on this day thou sawest lie dead; For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one, The maid has vowed e'en such a man to wed As in the course her swift feet can outrun, But whoso fails herein, his days are done: He came the nighest that was slain to-day, Although with him I deem she did but play.

"Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there lives
Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words shall bless,
When in some garden, knee set close to knee,
Thou sing'st the song that love may teach to thee."

So to the hunter spake that ancient man, And left him for his own home presently: But he turned round, and through the moonlight wan Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt tree and tree Distraught he passed the long night feverishly, 'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn arose To wage hot war against his speechless foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft to grow, As panting down the broad green glades he flew, There by his horn the Dryads well might know His thrust against the bear's heart had been true, And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew, But still in vain through rough and smooth he went, For none the more his restlessness was spent.

So wandering, he to Argive cities came, And in the lists with valiant men he stood, And by great deeds he won him praise and fame, And heaps of wealth for little-valued blood; But none of all these things, or life, seemed good Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied A ravenous longing warred with fear and pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month had gone Since he had left King Schæneus' city old, In hunting-gear again, again alone The forest-bordered meads did he behold, Where still 'mid thoughts of August's quivering gold Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the vine in trust Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful gate,
While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That owning not victorious love and fate,
Said, half aloud, "And here too must I try,
To win of alien men the mastery,
And gather for my head fresh meed of fame
And cast new glory on my father's name."

In spite of that, how beat his heart, when first Folk said to him, "And art thou come to see That which still makes our city's name accurst Among all mothers for its cruelty? Then know indeed that fate is good to thee Because to-morrow a new luckless one Against the whitefoot maid is pledged to run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes
As once he did, that piteous sight he saw,
Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
As towards the goal the conquering maid 'gan draw,
Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe,
Too full the pain of longing filled his heart
For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But O, how long the night was ere it went! How long it was before the dawn begun Showed to the wakening birds the sun's intent That not in darkness should the world be done! And then, and then, how long before the sun Bade silently the toilers of the earth Get forth to fruitless cares or empty mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-place He stood and saw the chaffering folk go by, Ere from the ivory throne King Scheeneus' face Looked down upon the murmur royally, But then came trembling that the time was nigh When he midst pitying looks his love must claim, And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the throne, His alien face distraught and anxious told What hopeless errand he was bound upon, And, each to each, folk whispered to behold His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman old As he went by must pluck him by the sleeve And pray him yet that wretched love to leave.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live twice, Fair son? canst thou have joyful youth again, That thus thou goest to the sacrifice, Thyself the victim? nay then, all in vain Thy mother bore her longing and her pain, And one more maiden on the earth must dwell Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and hell.

"O, fool, thou knowest not the compact then That with the threeformed goddess she has made To keep her from the loving lips of men, And in no saffron gown to be arrayed, And therewithal with glory to be paid, And love of her the moonlit river sees White 'gainst the shadow of the formless trees.

"Come back, and I myself will pray for thee Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
To give thee her who on the earth may be
The fairest stirrer up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous nights
The flame that doth thy youthful heart consume:
Come back, nor give thy beauty to the tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest speech? Words, such as he not once or twice had said Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could reach The firm abode of that sad hardihead—He turned about, and through the marketstead Swiftly he passed, until before the throne In the cleared space he stood at last alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what dost thou here? Have any of my folk done ill to thee? Or art thou of the forest men in fear? Or art thou of the sad fraternity Who still will strive my daughter's mates to be, Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said, "thou sayest the word indeed; Nor will I quit the strife till I have won My sweet delight, or death to end my need. And know that I am called Milanion, Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son: So fear not that to thy old name, O King, Much loss or shame my victory will bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schoeneus, "welcome to this land Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try Thy strength 'gainst some one mighty of his hand; Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery. But now, why wilt thou come to me to die, And at my door lay down thy luckless head, Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,

"Whose curses even now my heart doth fear?
Lo, I am old, and know what life can be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O Son! be wise, and hearken unto me,
And if no other can be dear to thee,
At least as now, yet is the world full wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may hide:

"But if thou losest life, then all is lost," "Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words are vain. Doubt not that I have counted well the cost. But say, on what day wilt thou that I gain Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain? Right glad were I if it could be to-day, And all my doubts at rest for ever lay." "Nay," said King Scheeneus, "thus it shall not be, But rather shalt thou let a month go by, And weary with thy prayers for victory What god thou know'st the kindest and most nigh. So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die: And with my goodwill wouldst thou have the maid, For of the equal gods I grow afraid. "And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest, And all these troublous things awhile forget." "Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my soul good rest, And on mine head a sleepy garland set, Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net, Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word; But now, make sharp thy fearful heading sword.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
And promise all the gods may most desire,
That to myself I may at least be true;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,
With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
When in the sunlight round that sword shall sweep."

He went with that, nor anywhere would bide, But unto Argos restlessly did wend; And there, as one who lays all hope aside, Because the leech has said his life must end, Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend, And took his way unto the restless sea, For there he deemed his rest and help might be,

Upon the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds have no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,
No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees, Through the brass doors that guard the holy place, And entering, hear the washing of the seas That twice a-day rise high above the base, And with the south-west urging them, embrace The marble feet of her that standeth there That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the seawind sings About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white, But hung around are many precious things, The gifts of those who, longing for delight, Have hung them there within the goddess' sight, And in return have taken at her hands The living treasures of the Grecian lands. And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shone,
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the Sea-born One he stands, By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft, And while the incense trickles from his hands, And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft, Thus doth he pray to her: "O Thou, who oft Hast holpen man and maid in their distress, Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below, Kings and great men, great for a little while, Have pity on the lowly heads that bow, Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile; Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile A vain device of him who set thee here, An empty dream of some artificer?

"O, great one, some men love, and are ashamed; Some men are weary of the bonds of love; Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed, That from thy toils their lives they cannot move, And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove. Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honour to thy head If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast And to all fame and honour was he dead, And to his one hope now is dead at last, Since all unholpen he is gone and past: Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly, He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before Not single-hearted as I deem came here, Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear, Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear, Who sought to be the lords of that fair town, Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where nought but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track—
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will, Plead for thy rebel that he be not slain, But live and love and be thy servant still; Ah, give her joy and take away my pain, And thus two long-enduring servants gain. An easy thing this is to do for me, What need of my vain words to weary thee!

"But none the less, this place will I not leave Until I needs must go my death to meet, Or at thy hands some happy sign receive That in great joy we twain may one day greet Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet, Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words, Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew, But from the Queen turned not his face away, But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue That arched the sky, at ending of the day, Was turned to ruddy gold and changing grey, And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down, Nor had he moved, when the dim golden light, Like the far lustre of a godlike town, Had left the world to seeming hopeless night, Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight Streamed through the pillars for a little while, And lighted up the white Queen's changeless smile.

Nought noted he the shallow flowing sea As step by step it set the wrack a-swim, The yellow torch-light nothing noted he Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn, And nought the doubled stillness of the fane When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base, And steps the fish swim over twice a day, The dawn beheld him sunken in his place Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay, Not heeding aught the little jets of spray The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast, For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head, Long ere the varied hangings on the wall Had gained once more their blue and green and red, He rose as one some well-known sign doth call When war upon the city's gates doth fall, And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep, He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-gull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly
Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,
But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,
Not sun or moon, for all the world was grey,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw nought for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread, Delicious unnamed odours breathed around, For languid happiness he bowed his head, And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground, Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found To give him reason for that happiness, Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face
With that faint image of Divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
Then he unwitting cried aloud her name
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable, That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear, I am not hard to those who love me well; List to what I a second time will tell, And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie—Such fruit among the heavy roses falls, Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully Store up within the best loved of my walls, Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls Above my unseen head, and faint and light The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note, that these are not alone most fair With heavenly gold, but longings strange they bring Unto the hearts of men, who will not care Beholding these, for any once-loved thing Till round the shining sides their fingers cling. And thou shalt see thy well-girt swiftfoot maid By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee, When first she heads thee from the starting-place Cast down the first one for her eyes to see, And when she turns aside make on apace, And if again she heads thee in the race Spare not the other two to cast aside If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time That she Diana's raiment must unbind And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime, And thou with eager arms about her twined Beholdest first her grey eyes growing kind, Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then Forget the Helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word, For now so soft and kind she seemed to be No longer of her Godhead was he feared; Too late he looked, for nothing could he see But the white image glimmering doubtfully In the departing twilight cold and grey, And those three apples on the steps that lay. These then he caught up quivering with delight, Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream, And though aweary with the watchful night, And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam That smote the fane across the heaving deep Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then leaving the fair place where this befell
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by, Again are all folk round the running place, Nor other seems the dismal pageantry Than heretofore, but that another face Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race, For now, beheld of all, Milanion Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid ? Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name, And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart, Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out And forth they sprang; and she must play her part; Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt, Though slackening once, she turned her head about, But then she cried aloud and faster fled Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

MORRIS. DE TABLEY. ALDRICH

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand, And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew And past the maid rolled on along the sand; Then trembling she her feet together drew And in her heart a strong desire there grew To have the toy; some god she thought had given That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note too, the bow that she was wont to bear She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize, And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries She sprang to head the strong Milanion, Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit;
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay,
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around Now far ahead the Argive could she see, And in her garment's hem one hand she wound To keep the double prize, and strenuously Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she To win the day, though now but scanty space Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet, Quickly she gained upon him till at last He turned about her eager eyes to meet And from his hand the third fair apple cast. She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast After the prize that should her bliss fulfil, That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win Once more, an unblest woeful victory—And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin To fail her, and her feet drag heavily? Why fails she now to see if far or nigh The goal is? why do her grey eyes grow dim? Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this, A strong man's arms about her body twined. Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss, So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss: Made happy that the foe the prize hath won, She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

SHATTER the trumpet, hew adown the posts! Upon the brazen altar break the sword, And scatter incense to appease the ghosts Of those who died here by their own award. Bring forth the image of the mighty Lord, And her who unseen o'er the runners hung, And did a deed for ever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk, make no delay, Open King Scheeneus' well-filled treasury, Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day, The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery, Gold chains, and unguents brought from over sea, The saffron gown the old Phoenician brought, Within the temple of the Goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you, Returning from another victory, In some cool bower do all that now is due! Since she in token of her service new Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow, Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

LORD DE TABLEY

A LAMENT

YE waves that sweep the splendid deep,
And crest the ocean gray,
The voice of your eternal woe
Dilates in sorrow, to and fro,
With pulse of broken spray.
Upraise thy dirge, thou furrowy surge,
Whereon the stormlight glows,
Rock on the shining island side,
And break with foam the crimson pride
Of the half-opened rose.
From the grave gate a gust of Fate
Blew stern at Death's decree;
And underneath its icy power
Lies withered, cold, the loveliest flower,
That used to comfort me.

T. B. ALDRICH

497

PRESCIENCE

THE new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west.

And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to

Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over: The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet was the grave of a little child.

With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—

Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:

Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled,

2 I

ALDRICH SWINBURNE

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrankand clung to me, And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:

Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—

Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

SWINBURNE

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice, No heather-flower or vine, But bloomless buds of poppies, Green grapes of Proserpine, Pale beds of blowing rushes Where no leaf blooms or blushes Save this whereout she crushes For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated,
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven, He too with death shall dwell, Nor wake with wings in heaven, Nor weep for pains in hell; Though one were fair as roses His beauty clouds and closes; And well though love reposes, In the end it is not well,

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings.
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

SWINBURNE

HERSE

WHEN grace is given us ever to behold A child some sweet months old, Love, laying across our lips his finger, saith,

Smiling, with bated breath,

Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,

And heaven's own heart how near!

How dare we, that may gaze not on the sun, Gaze on this verier one?

Heart, hold thy peace; eyes, be cast down for shame; Lips, breathe not yet its name.

In heaven they know what name to call it; we, How should we know? For, see!

The adorable sweet living marvellous Strange light that lightens us

Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace, Full in a babe's warm face!

All roses that the morning rears are nought, All stars not worth a thought, Set this one star against them, or suppose

As rival this one rose.

What price could pay with earth's whole weight of

One least flushed roseleaf's fold

Of all this dimpling store of smiles that shine From each warm curve and line,

Each charm of flower-sweet flesh, to reillume The dappled rose-red bloom

Of all its dainty body, honey-sweet Clenched hands and curled-up feet.

That on the roses of the dawn have trod As they came down from God,

And keep the flush and colour that the sky Takes when the sun comes nigh,

And keep the likeness of the smile their grace Evoked on God's own face

When, seeing this work of his most heavenly mood. He saw that it was good?

For all its warm sweet body seems one smile. And mere men's love too vile

To meet it, or with eyes that worship dims Read o'er the little limbs,

Read all the book of all their beauties o'er. Rejoice, revere, adore,

Bow down and worship each delight in turn. Laugh, wonder, yield, and yearn.

But when our trembling kisses dare, yet dread, Even to draw nigh its head,

And touch, and scarce with touch or breath surprise Its mild miraculous eyes

Out of their viewless vision—O, what then, What may be said of men?

What speech may name a new-born child? what word Earth ever spake or heard?

The best men's tongue that ever glory knew Called that a drop of dew

Which from the breathing creature's kindly womb Came forth in blameless bloom.

We have no word, as had those men most high, To call a baby by.

Rose, ruby, lily, pearl of stormless seas-A better word than these,

A better sign it was than flower or gem That love revealed to them:

They knew that whence comes light or quickening

Thence only this thing came, And only might be likened of our love To somewhat born above,

Not even to sweetest things dropped else on earth, Only to dew's own birth.

Nor doubt we but their sense was heavenly true, Babe, when we gaze on you,

A dew-drop out of heaven whose colours are More bright than sun or star,

As now, ere watching love dare fear or hope, Lips, hands, and eyelids ope,

And all your life is mixed with earthly leaven. O child, what news from heaven?

A SWIMMER'S DREAM

NOVEMBER 4, 1889 Somno mollior unda

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water, Soft and passionate, dark and sweet. Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter, Fair and flawless from face to feet, Hailed of all when the world was golden, Loved of lovers whose names beholden Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her, Souls that hear not her word in vain, Earth beside her and heaven above her Seem but shadows that wax and wane. Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses, Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses, Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs, Sighs for love of the life they cherish, Laughs to know that it lives and dies. Dies for joy of its life, and lives Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives-Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives Change that bids it subside and rise.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing, Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight. Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.

Dawn and even and noon are one, Veiled with vapour and void of sun; Nought in sight or in fancied hearing Now less mighty than time or fate.

The grey sky gleams and the grey seas glimmer,
Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
As a dream's where darkness and light seem dimmer,
Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
Swings the rollers to westward, clad
With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
Fill the world of the skies whereunder
Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
All the world of the waters, hoary
Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
With light more living and word more proud.

III

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding strife, Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless waves whose glee

Scorns the shore and loves the wind that leaves them

iree,

Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair as life, Shifts the moonlight-coloured sunshine on the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters crowd,
Fast as autumn days toward winter: yet it seems
Here that autumn wanes not, here that woods and
streams

Lose not heart and change not likeness, chilled and bowed.

Warped and wrinkled: here the days are fair as dreams.

IV

O russet-robed November,
What ails thee so to smile?
Chill August, pale September
Endured a woful while,
And fell as falls an ember
From forth a flameless pile:
But golden-girt November
Bids all she looks on smile.

The lustrous foliage, waning
As wanes the morning moon,
Here falling, here refraining,
Outbraves the pride of June
With statelier semblance, feigning
No fear lest death be soon:
As though the woods thus waning
Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken By grey December's breath, These lordlier growths that sicken And die for fear of death Should feel the sense requicken That hears what springtide saith And thrills for love, spring-stricken And pierced with April's breath. The keen white-winged north-easter That stings and spurs thy sea Doth yet but feed and feast her With glowing sense of glee: Calm chained her, storm released her, And storm's glad voice was he: South-wester or north-easter, Thy winds rejoice the sea.

N

A dream, a dream is it all—the season,

The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?

A day-born dream of divine unreason,

A marvel moulded of sleep—no more?

For the cloudlike wave that my limbs while cleaving

Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving

Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving

Sense of nought that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure, A peace more happy than lives on land, Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure The dreaming head and the steering hand.

I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture Falls as from heaven that its light feet clomb,

So brief, so soft, and so full the rapture

Was felt that soothed me with sense of home. To sleep, to swim, and to dream, for ever—Such joy the vision of man saw never; For here too soon will a dark day sever

The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam. A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer

At once and brighter than dreams that flee, The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer Abides, remembered as truth may be. Not all the joy and not all the glory

Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary; For there the downs and the sea-banks glimmer, And here to south of them swells the sea.

J. A. SYMONDS

From the Italian of Michael Angelo
I saw no mortal beauty with these eyes
When perfect peace in thy fair eyes I found;
But far within, where all is holy ground,
My soul felt Love, her comrade of the skies:

SYMONDS. KENDALL. BUCHANAN

For she was born with God in Paradise;
Else should we still to transient loves be bound;
But, finding these so false, we pass beyond
Unto the Love of Loves that never dies.
Nay, things that die cannot assuage the thirst
Of souls undying; nor Eternity
Serves Time, where all must fade that flourisheth.
Sense is not love, but lawlessness accurst:
This kills the soul; while our love lifts on high
Our friends on earth—higher in heaven through
death.

H. C. KENDALL

ORARA 1

The strong sob of the chafing stream,
That seaward fights its way
Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,
Is in the hills to-day.

But far and faint, a grey-winged form Hangs where the wild lights wane— The phantom of a bygone storm, A ghost of wind and rain.

The soft white feet of afternoon Are on the shining meads, The breeze is as a pleasant tune Amongst the happy reeds.

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,
That made the great caves ring,
And scarred the slope, and broke the spire,
Is a forgotten thing.

The air is full of mellow sounds;
The wet hill heads are bright;
And, down the fall of fragrant grounds,
The deep ways flame with light.

A rose-red space of stream I see, Past banks of tender fern; A radiant brook, unknown to me, Beyond its upper turn.

The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green,
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper bend,
I often long to stand,
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land!

Ah, folded woods, that hide the grace Of moss and torrents strong, I often wish to know the face Of that which sings your song!

But I may linger long, and look, Till night is over all: My eyes will never see the brook, Or strange, sweet waterfall.

¹ A tributary of the Clarence River.

The world is round me with its heat, And toil, and cares that tire; I cannot with my feeble feet Climb after my desire. But, on the lap of lands unseen, Within a secret zone, There shine diviner gold and green Than man has ever known. And where the silver waters sing. Down hushed and holy dells, The flower of a celestial Spring-A tenfold splendour, dwells. Yea, in my dream of fall and brook By far sweet forests furled, I see that light for which I look In vain through all the world-The glory of a larger sky On slopes of hills sublime, That speak with God and morning, high Above the ways of Time! Ah! haply, in this sphere of change, Where shadows spoil the beam, It would not do to climb the range, And test my radiant Dream. The slightest glimpse of yonder place, Untrodden and alone, Might wholly kill that nameless grace, The charm of the unknown. And therefore, though I look and long,

R. BUCHANAN

THE HILLS ON THEIR THRONES

Perhaps the lot is bright,

A beauty out of sight.

Which keeps the river of the song

From Coruisken Sonnets

Ghostly and livid, robed with shadow, see!

Each mighty Mountain silent on its throne,
From foot to scalp one stretch of livid stone,
Without one gleam of grass or greenery.
Silent they take the immutable decree—
Darkness or sunlight come,—they do not stir;
Each bare brow lifted desolately free,
Keepeth the silence of a death-chamber.
Silent they watch each other until doom;
They see each other's phantoms come and go,
Yet stir not. Now the stormy hour brings gloom,
Now all things grow confused and black below,
Specific through the cloudy Drift they loom,
And each accepts his individual woe.

KING BLAABHEIN

Monarch of these is Blaabhein. On his height
The lightning and the snow sleep side by side,
Like snake and lamb; he waiteth in a white
And wintry consecration. All his pride

BUCHANAN. O'SHAUGHNESSY. LANG

Is husht this dimly-gleaming autumn day—
He broodeth o'er the things he hath beheld—
Beneath his feet the Rains crawl still and gray,
Like phantoms of the mighty men of eld.
A quiet awe the dreadful heights doth fill,
The high clouds pause and brood above their King;
The torrent murmurs gently as a rill;
Softly and low the winds are murmuring;

A small black speck above the snow, how still Hovers the Eagle, with no stir of wing!

BLAABHEIN IN THE MISTS

WATCH but a moment—all is changed! A moan Breaketh the beauty of that noonday dream; The hoary Titan darkens on his throne, And with an indistinct and senile scream Gazes at the wild Rains as past they stream, Through vaporous air wild-blowing on his brow; All black, from scalp to base there is no gleam, Even his silent snows are faded now. Watch yet!—and yet!—Behold, and all is done—Twas but the shallow shapes that come and go, Troubling the mimic picture in the eye. Still and untroubled sits the kingly one.

Yonder the Eagle floats—there sleeps the Snow Against the pale green of the cloudless sky.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

ODE

We are the music-makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lone sea-breakers, And sitting by desolate streams;— World-losers and world-forsakers, On whom the pale moon gleams: Yet we are the movers and shakers Of the world for ever, it seems. With wonderful deathless ditties We build up the world's great cities, And out of a fabulous story We fashion an empire's glory: One man with a dream, at pleasure, Shall go forth and conquer a crown; And three with a new song's measure Can trample a kingdom down. We, in the ages lying In the buried past of the earth, Built Nineveh with our sighing, And Babel itself in our mirth; And o'erthrew them with prophesying To the old of the new world's worth; For each age is a dream that is dying, Or one that is coming to birth. A breath of our inspiration Is the life of each generation; A wondrous thing of our dreaming Unearthly, impossible seemingThe soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising;
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going:
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart;
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart,

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorn'd yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dream'd not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

ANDREW LANG

THE MOON'S MINION
From the prose of C. Baudelaire

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear,
The wand'ring waters, green and grey;
Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,
And deep, and deadly, even as they;
The spirit of the changeful sea
Informs thine eyes at night and noon,
She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,
The mystic, sad, capricious Moon!

LANG. LEE-HAMILTON. EMILY LAWLESS

The Moon came down the shining stair Of clouds that fleck the summer sky, She kissed thee, saying, "Child, be fair, And madden men's hearts, even as I; Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet, That know me and are known of me; The lover thou shalt never meet, The land where thou shalt never be!" She held thee in her chill embrace, She kissed thee with cold lips divine, She left her pallor on thy face, That mystic ivory face of thine; And now I sit beside thy feet, And all my heart is far from thee, Dreaming of her I shall not meet, And of the land I shall not see!

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine In gardens near the pale of Proserpine, Where that Ææan isle forgets the main, And only the low lutes of love complain, And only shadows of wan lovers pine, As such an one were glad to know the brine Salt on his lips, and the large air again,-So gladly, from the songs of modern speech Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers, And through the music of the languid hours, They hear like ocean on a western beach The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

E. LEE-HAMILTON

SEA-SHELL MURMURS

THE hollow sea-shell that for years hath stood On dusty shelves, when held against the ear Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.

We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood In our own veins, impetuous and near, And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear And with our feelings' every shifting mood.

Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell, The murmur of a world beyond the grave, Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.

Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well,-The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships; And gold doubloons, that from the drowned hand fell.

Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell With love's old gifts, once kissed by long-drowned lips. Till of their green they weave her funeral pall.

And round some wrought gold cup the sea-grass whips, And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell, Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell And seek dim twilight with their restless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes, Beneath the now hushed surface of myself, In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes;

They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf, The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

IDLE CHARON

THE shores of Styx are lone for evermore, And not one shadowy form upon the steep Looms through the dusk, as far as eyes can sweep, To call the ferry over as of yore;

But tintless rushes, all about the shore, Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in sleep, Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of Life strange rumours run That now the Soul departs not with the breath, But that the Body and the Soul are one;

And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death, The widow puts no obol, nor the son, To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

EMILY LAWLESS

DIRGE FOR ALL IRELAND. 1581

FALL gently, pitying rains! Come slowly, Spring! Ah, slower, slower yet! No notes of glee, No minstrelsy! Nay, not one bird must sing His challenge to the season. See, oh see!

> Lo, where she lies, Dead with wide-open eyes, Unsheltered from the skies, Alone, unmarked, she lies! Then, sorrow, flow;

And ye, dull hearts, that brook to see her so, Depart! go! go!

Depart, dull hearts, and leave us to our woe.

Drop, forest, drop your sad accusing tears, Send your soft rills adown the silent glades, Where yet the pensive yew its branches rears, Where yet no axe affronts the decent shades.

Pronounce her bitter woe, Denounce her furious foe, Her piteous story show, That all may know. Then quickly call

Your young leaves. Bid them from their stations tall Fall! fall! fall! fall!

EMILY LAWLESS. HENLEY

And ye, cold waves, who guard that western slope, Show no white crowns. This is no time to wear The livery of Hope. We have no hope. Blackness and leaden greys befit despair.

> Roll past that open grave, And let thy billows lave Her whom they could not save. Then open wide

Your western arms, to where the rain-clouds bide, And hide! hide! hide! Let none discern the spot where she hath died.

HENLEY

IN FISHERROW

A HARD north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sere her face and neck;
Her locks are wild and grey, her teeth a wreck;
Her foot is vast, her bowed leg spare and strong.
A wide blue cloak, a squat and sturdy throng
Of curt blue coats, a mutch without a speck,
A white vest broidered black, her person deck,
Nor seems their picked, stern, old-world quaintness
wrong.

Her great creel forehead-slung, she wanders nigh, Easing the heavy strap with gnarled, brown fingers, The spirit of traffic watchful in her eye, Ever and anon imploring you to buy, As looking down the street she onward lingers, Reproachful, with a strange and doleful cry.

L.M.

R. T. HAMILTON BRUCE (1846-1899)

Our of the night that covers me, Black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

DEEP IN MY GATHERING GARDEN

DEEP in my gathering garden A gallant thrush has built; And his quaverings on the stillness Like light made song are spilt. They gleam, they glint, they sparkle, They glitter along the air, Like the song of a sunbeam netted In a tangle of red-gold hair.

And I long, as I laugh and listen,
For the angel-hour that shall bring
My part, pre-ordained and appointed,
In the miracle of Spring.

PRO REGE NOSTRO

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might, England, my England, Is the fierce old Sea's delight, England, my own,

HENLEY. STEVENSON. MARSTON

Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
'There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

STEVENSON

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here be lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurat I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

A MILE AN' A BITTOCK

A MILE an' a bittock, a mile or twa, Abüne the burn, ayont the law, Davie an' Donal' an' Cherlie an' a', An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
'The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

The clocks were chappin' in house an' ha', Eleeven, twal, an' ane an' twa; An' the guidman's face was turnt to the wa', An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

A wind got up frae affa the sea, It blew the stars as clear's could be, It blew in the een of a' o' the three, An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

Noo, Davie was first to get sleep in his head, "The best o' frien's maun twine," he said; "I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa' to my bed." An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane, The mornin' licht cam gray an' plain, An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane, An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

O years ayont, O years awa',
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly.

WINDY NIGHTS

From A Child's Garden of Verses

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

P. B. MARSTON

THE ROSE AND THE WIND

DAWN

The Rose

WHEN think you comes the Wind,
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind?
Lo, how the Lily sleeps! her sleep is light;
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white!
Will the Wind come?

The Beech

Perchance for you too soon.

The Rose

If not, how could I live until the noon? What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay? Why comes he not at breaking of the day?

The Beech

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

The Rose

You know I cannot.

The Beech

Nay, then, do not weep.

(After a pause)

Your lover comes, be happy now, O Rose! He softly through my bending branches goes. Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

The Rose

Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss; Love, I have longed for you through all the night.

MARSTON, LEFROY, SHARP, DAVIDSON

The Wind

And I to kiss your petals warm and bright.

The Rose

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me; it is well. Nay, have no fear, the Lily will not tell.

MORNING

The Rose

'Twas dawn when first you came; and now the sun Shines brightly and the dews of dawn are done. 'Tis well you take me so in your embrace; But lay me back again into my place, For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

The Wind

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

The Rose

'Tis you, Love, who seem changed; your laugh is loud,

And 'neath your stormy kiss my head is bowed. O Love, O Wind, a space will you not spare?

The Wind

Not while your petals are so soft and fair.

The Rose

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see,—O Love, O Wind, will you not pity me?

EVENING

The Beech

O Wind, a word with you before you pass; What did you to the Rose that on the grass Broken she lies and pale, who loved you so?

The Wind

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

E. C. LEFROY

SOMETHING LOST

How changed is Nature from the Time antique! The world we see to-day is dumb and cold: It has no word for us. Not thus of old It won heart-worship from the enamoured Greek. Through all fair forms he heard the Beauty speak; To him glad tidings of the Unknown were told By babbling runlets, or sublimely rolled In thunder from the cloud-enveloped peak. He caught a message at the oak's great girth, While prisoned Hamadryads weirdly sang: He stood where Delphi's Voice had chasm-birth, And o'er strange vapour watched the Sibyl hang; Or where, mid throbbings of the tremulous earth, The caldrons of Dodona pulsed and rang.

A PALAESTRAL STUDY

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought:
These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles held
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled
Through shapesmore sinuous than a sculptor's thought,
T'ell of dull matter splendidly distraught,
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—
Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,
The spirit's domination bravely taught.
And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.
Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,
Intense, defined, how deep soe'er it lies.
From each high master-piece our souls refrain,
Not tired of gazing, but with stretched eyes
Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice.

WILLIAM SHARP

VESPER

The wind of evening stealeth hushfully
Where the high poplar trees gleam silver-grey:
Born of the quiet hour, the sleep o' the day,
Old memories throng upon me mournfully.

Against the paling width of the clear sky

The dark green hill inclines its tree-clad height;

The air is full of vaporous, tender light,

The solitude is broken by no cry.

The green-gold disc of the moon doth slowly rise
Out of the dusk whence sounds the Angelus;
Oh, memories of hours long lost to us!
Oh, bitterness of unavailing sighs!

INTO THE SILENCE

(A Death in the West Highlands)

Uncather'd lie the peats upon the moss;
No more is heard the shaggy pony's hoof;
The thin smoke curls no more above the roof;
Unused the brown-sail'd boat doth idly toss
At anchor in the Kyle; and all across
The strath the collie scours without reproof;
The gather'd sheep stand wonderingly aloof;
And everywhere there is a sense of loss.

"Has Sheumais left for over sea? Nay, sir,
A se'nnight since a gloom came over him;
He sicken'd, and his gaze grew vague and dim;
Three days ago we found he did not stir.
He has gone into the Silence. 'Neath yon fir
He lies, and waits the Lord in darkness grim.'

JOHN DAVIDSON

PIPER, PLAY!

Now the furnaces are out, And the aching anvils sleep;

DAVIDSON. THOMPSON

Down the road the grimy rout
Tramples homeward twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Though we be o'erlaboured men,
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
Let us foot it once again!

Bridled looms delay their din;
All the humming wheels are spent;

Busy spindles cease to spin;
Warp and woof must rest content.

Piper, play! Piper, play!

For a little we are free!

Foot it, girls, and shake your curls,

• Haggard creatures though we be!

Racked and soiled the faded air
Freshens in our holiday;
Clouds and tides our respite share;
Breezes linger by the way.
Piper, rest! Piper, rest!
Now, a carol of the moon!
Piper, Piper, play your best!

Melt the sun into your tune!

We are of the humblest grade;

Yet we dare to dance our fill:

Male and female were we made—

Fathers, mothers, lovers still!

Piper—softly; soft and low;

Pipe of love in mellow notes,

Till the tears begin to flow,

Nameless as the stars of night
Far in galaxies unfurled,
Yet we wield unrivalled might,
Joints and hinges of the world!
Night and day! night and day!
Sound the song the hours rehearse!
Work and play! work and play!
The order of the universe!

And our hearts are in our throats!

Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road a merry rout
Dances homeward, twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Wearied people though we be,
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
For a little we are free!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

DAISY

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry Red for the gatherer springs, Two children did we stray and talk Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise, Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine: Her skin was like a grape, whose veins Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake, Nor knew her own sweet way; But there's never a bird, so sweet a song Thronged in whose throat that day.

O, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face. She gave me tokens three:— A look, a word of her winsome mouth, And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close:
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose,

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way, She went and left in me The pang of all the partings gone, And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends, That is not paid with moan; For we are born in others' pain And perish in our own.

THOMPSON

THE POPPY

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare, And left the flushed print in a poppy there: Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came, And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth, red like a lion's, it drank The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank, And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine When the eastern conduits ran with wine;

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss, And hot as a swinked gipsy is, And drowsed in sleepy savageries, With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.

A child and man paced side by side,
Treading the skirts of eventide;
But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.
She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair,

And saw the sleeping gipsy there; And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim, With—" Keep it, long as you live!"—to him.

And his smile, as nymphs from their laving meres, Trembled up from a bath of tears; And joy, like a mew sea-rocked apart, Tossed on the waves of his troubled heart.

For be saw what she did not see,
That—as kindled by its own fervency—
The verge shrivelled inward smoulderingly:
And suddenly 'twixt his hand and hers
He knew the twenty withered years—
No flower, but twenty shrivelled years.

"Was never such thing until this hour," Low to his heart he said; "the flower Of sleep brings wakening to me, And of oblivion, memory."

"Was never this thing to me," he said,
"Though with bruised poppies my feet are red!"
And again to his own heart very low:
"O child! I love, for I love and know;

"But you, who love nor know at all The diverse chambers in Love's guest-hall, Where some rise early, few sit long: In how differing accents hear the throng His great Pentecostal tongue;

"Who know not love from amity, Nor my reported self from me; A fair fit gift is this, meseems, You give—this withering flower of dreams.

"O frankly fickle, and fickly true,
Do you know what the days will do to you?
To your love and you what the days will do,
O frankly fickle, and fickly true?

"You have loved me, Fair, three lives—or days: 'Twill pass with the passing of my face. But where I go, your face goes too, To watch lest I play false to you.

"I am but, my sweet, your foster-lover, Knowing well when certain years are over You vanish from me to another; Yet I know, and love, like the foster-mother.

"So, frankly fickle, and fickly true!
For my brief life-while I take from you
This token, fair and fit, meseems,
For me—this withering flower of dreams."

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head, Heavy with dreams, as that with bread: The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head, And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread: The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper Time shall reap, but after the reaper The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

Love, love! your flower of withered dream In leaved rhyme lies safe, I deem, Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme, From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leaved rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

TO A POET BREAKING SILENCE

Too wearily had we and song Been left to look and left to long, Yea, song and we to long and look, Since thine acquainted feet forsook The mountain where the Muses hymn For Sinai and the Seraphim. Now in both the mountains' shine Dress thy countenance, twice divine! From Moses and the Muses draw The Tables of thy double Law! His rod-born fount and Castaly Let the one rock bring forth for thee, Renewing so from either spring The songs which both thy countries sing: Or we shall fear lest, heavened thus long, Thou should'st forget thy native song, And mar thy mortal melodies With broken stammer of the skies.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord With earth's waters make accord; Teach how the crucifix may be Carven from the laurel-tree,

THOMPSON

Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

Thy childhood must have felt the stings Of too divine o'ershadowings; Its odorous heart have been a blossom That in darkness did unbosom, Those fire-flies of God to invite, Burning spirits, which by night Bear upon their laden wing To such hearts impregnating. For flowers that night-wings fertilise Mock down the stars' unsteady eyes, And with a happy, sleepless glance Gaze the moon out of countenance. I think thy girlhood's watchers must Have took thy folded songs on trust, And felt them, as one feels the stir Of still lightnings in the hair, When conscious hush expects the cloud To speak the golden secret loud Which tacit air is privy to; Flasked in the grape the wine they knew, Ere thy poet-mouth was able For its first young starry babble. Keep'st thou not yet that subtle grace? Yea, in this silent interspace, God sets His poems in thy face!

The loom which mortal verse affords, Out of weak and mortal words, Wovest thou thy singing-weed in, To a rune of thy far Eden. Vain are all disguises! Ah, Heavenly incognita! Thy mien bewrayeth through that wrong The great Uranian House of Song! As the vintages of earth Taste of the sun that riped their birth, We know what never-cadent Sun Thy lampèd clusters throbbed upon, What plumed feet the winepress trod; Thy wine is flavorous of God. Whatever singing-robe thou wear Has the Paradisal air; And some gold feather it has kept Shows what Floor it lately swept!

ARAB LOVE-SONG

THE hunched camels of the night ¹ Trouble the bright And silver waters of the moon.

1 Cloud-shapes observed by travellers in the East. (Author's note.)

The Maiden of the Morn will soon Through Heaven stray and sing, Star gathering.

Now while the dark about our loves is strewn, Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come! And night will catch her breath up, and be dumb.

Leave thy father, leave thy mother
And thy brother;
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart!
Am I not thy father and thy brother,
And thy mother?
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents,
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart?

MESSAGES

What shall I your true-love tell, Earth-forsaking maid? What shall I your true-love tell, When life's spectre's laid?

"Tell him that, our side the grave, Maid may not conceive Life should be so sad to have, That's so sad to leave!"

What shall I your true-love tell, When I come to him? What shall I your true-love tell— Eyes growing dim!

"Tell him this, when you shall part From a maiden pined; That I see him with my heart, Now my eyes are blind."

What shall I your true-love tell?
Speaking-while is scant.
What shall I your true-love tell?
Death's white postulant?

"Tell him—love, with speech at strife,
For last utterance saith:
I, who loved with all my life,
Love with all my death."

ON HIS OWN OLD AGE

To a Child

Whenas my Life shall time with funeral tread
The heavy death-drum of the beaten hours,
Following, sole mourner, mine own manhood dead,
Poor forgot corse, where not a maid strows flowers;
When I you love am no more I you love,
But go with unsubservient feet, behold

Your dear face through changed eyes, all grim change prove;—

A new man, mocked with misname of old; When shamed Love keeps his ruined lodging, elf! When, ceremented in mouldering memory,

THOMPSON. MARY COLERIDGE

Myself is hearsed underneath myself, And I am but the monument of me:-O to that tomb be tender then, which bears Only the name of him it sepulchres!

TO DAISIES

AH, drops of gold in whitening flame Burning, we know your lovely name-Daisies, that little children pull! Like all weak things, over the strong Ye do not know your power for wrong, And much abuse your feebleness. Weak maids, with flutter of a dress, Increase most heavy tyrannies; And vengeance unto heaven cries For multiplied injustice of dove-eyes. Daisies, that little children pull, As ye are weak, be merciful! O hide your eyes! they are to me Beautiful insupportably. Or be but conscious ye are fair, And I your leveliness could bear; But, being fair so without art, Ye vex the silted memories of my heart! As a pale ghost yearning strays With sundered gaze, 'Mid corporal presences that are To it impalpable—such a bar Sets you more distant than the morning-star. Such wonder is on you and amaze, I look and marvel if I be Indeed the phantom, or are ye? The light is on your innocence Which fell from me. The fields ye still inhabit whence My world-acquainted treading strays, The country where I did commence: And though ye shine to me so near, So close to gross and visible sense, Between us lies impassable year on year. To other time and far-off place Belongs your beauty: silent thus, Though to others naught you tell, To me your ranks are rumorous Of an ancient miracle, Vain does my touch your petals graze, I touch you not; and, though ye blossom here, Your roots are fast in alienated days. Ye there are anchored, while Time's stream Has swept me past them: your white ways And infantile delights do seem To look in on me like a face, Dead and sweet, come back through dream, With tears, because for old embrace It has no arms. These hands did toy, Children, with you when I was child, And in each other's eyes we smiled:

Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair Apparelling With which you wet mine eyes; you wear, Ah me, the garment of the grace I wove you when I was a boy; O mine, and not the year's, your stolen Spring! And since ye wear it, Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it. For, when ye break the cloven earth With your young laughter and endearment, No blossomy carillon 'tis of mirth To me; I see my slaughtered joy Bursting its cerement.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"In no Strange Land"

O world invisible, we view thee, O world intangible, we touch thee, O world unknowable, we know thee, Inapprehensible, we clutch thee! Does the fish soar to find the ocean, The eagle plunge to find the air-That we ask of the stars in motion If they have rumour of thee there? Not where the wheeling systems darken, And our benumbed conceiving soars !-The drift of pinions, would we hearken, Beats at our own clay-shattered doors. The angels keep their ancient places;— Turn but a stone and start a wing! 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces, That miss the many-splendoured thing. But when so sad thou canst not sadder, Cry; -and upon thy so sore loss Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross. Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter, Cry,-clinging Heaven by the hems; And lo, Christ walking on the water Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

MARY COLERIDGE

WINGED WORDS

As darting swallows skim across a pool, Whose tranquil depths reflect a tranquil sky, So, o'er the depths of silence, dark and cool, Our winged words dart playfully, And seldom break The quiet surface of the lake, As they flit by.

AT FIRST

THE grief of age is not the grief of youth; A child is still a child, even in his grieving. Yet his first sorrow is, in very truth, Dark, past believing.

MARRIOTT-WATSON. "MICHAEL FIELD." HEADLAM. JOHNSON

When first he wanders forth in early spring, Nor heeds among the flowers each gay new-comer, When first he hates the happy birds that sing, The sun that shines in summer.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON

THE NEW MOON

Beyond the crooked apple-bough

The sickle moon shines clear and thin,
And who but robin sets him now

To sing the new moon in ?

The old moon knew the nightingale, She saw the cowslips come and go; She heard the cuckoo's oft-told tale, The thrush sing high and low.

Now thrush and nightingale are mute, Far oversea the cuckoo flies, No blackbird tunes his amber lute To see this new moon rise.

The leaves hang heavy on the bough,
The gold is gone from broom and whin,
And there is none but robin now
To sing the new moon in.

"MICHAEL FIELD"

CATHAL OF THE WOODS

'Mid the forest and the forest rocks,
'Mid the solitude where flowers are lonesome
In their silent flocks,
Cathal dwelt alone, yet in community:
For such shapes as none may see
Who has not from all mortal kindred gone,

Fairy races of the leaf-green sap
Caught him to their quietness and their smiles,
Drew him to the whortle-covert's lap,
Or led through hovering miles
Of Maytime leafage, crooned upon
By the dove and murmured through by heaven.

Round him hollies laughed, the peat and pine Royally smelt together in those lands; There the moss had little, good, moist hands; Aspen catkins bounced in dew and shine; Sweet-fern heaved the soil Now with horn or fetlock, now with coil Of the snake or neck-bend of the swan:

Open wind-flowers shone, All their bending flowers innumerably wide.

Low down many birds were singing clear, High above was the wood's rushing voice: Cathal lay, and tranquil to his bosom,

Gliding what no fear, Came the leaf-green Princess of his choice; Close they breathed and yet were wrapt away In their magic from all human day. Fresh their kisses fell, Cool with happiness, for happy things Freshen for their bliss, and may not dwell In the heat our carnal pleasure brings.

Solemn rolled the breezes overhead, Dirge-like came the dove and nightingale Through the never-ending solemn wail; Cathal could not hear the dole that spread

Through the forest ways;
For like moss and briar
He had now no life of fret or fire,
Silent with the silent Fays,

With the wind-flowers, with the sweet-fern shootlets, With the leaf-green Presences of trees.

W. HEADLAM

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER

Pour out, and pledge it as you pour, To Heliodore, To Heliodore; Blend in the wine-cup o'er and o'er Her sweet name, Heliodore.

Bring to me, wet with last night's myrrh,
The wreath I wore, the wreath I wore;
Wreathe it around my brows for her
Remembrance,—Heliodore.

Ah see, the rose, love's loving rose,
Is weeping sore, is weeping sore:
My darling elsewhere far it knows,
And on my breast no more!

LIONEL JOHNSON

THE AGE OF A DREAM

IMACERIES of dreams reveal a gracious age:
Black armour, falling lace, and altar lights at morn.
The courtesy of Saints, their gentleness and scorn,
Lights on an earth more fair, than shone from Plato's

The courtesy of knights, fair calm and sacred rage:
The courtesy of love, sorrow for love's sake borne.
Vanished, those high conceits! Desolate and forlorn,

We hunger against hope for that lost heritage.

Gone now, the carven work! Ruined, the golden shrine!

No more the glorious organs pour their voice divine; No more rich frankincense drifts through the Holy Place:

Now from the broken tower, what solemn bell still tolls.

Mourning what piteous death? Answer, O saddened souls!

Who mourn the death of beauty and the death of grace.

NORA CHESSON. MIDDLETON. SYNGE

THE CHURCH OF A DREAM

SADLY the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind, Around the weather-worn, gray church, low down the vale:

The Saints in golden vesture shake before the gale; The glorious windows shake, where still they dwell enshrined:

Old Saints, by long dead, shrivelled hands, long since

designed:

There still, although the world autumnal be, and pale, Still in their golden vesture the old saints prevail; Alone with Christ, desolate else, left by mankind. Only one ancient Priest offers the Sacrifice, Murmuring holy Latin immemorial:

Swaying with tremulous hands the old censer full of

In gray, sweet incense clouds; blue, sweet clouds mystical: To him, in place of men, for he is old, suffice

Melancholy remembrances and vesperal.

NORA CHESSON

THE SHORT CUT TO ROSSES

By the short cut to Rosses a fairy girl I met; I was taken in her beauty as a fish is in a net. The fern uncurled to look at her, so very fair was she, With her hair as bright as seaweed new-drawn from out the sea.

By the short cut to Rosses ('twas on the first of May) I heard the fairies piping, and they piped my heart

They piped till I was mad with joy, but when I was

I found my heart was piped away and in my breast a

By the short cut to Rosses 'tis I'll go never more, Lest I be robbed of soul by her that stole my heart

Lest she take my soul and crush it like a dead leaf in her hand.

For the short cut to Rosses is the way to Fairyland.

SHEEP IN A STORM

THE herons from the marsh have gone, Beholding how the dark draws on. The beech-tree yonder on the hill, Where silly sheep are feeding still, 'Twixt light and lightning shuddering stands, A landmark between alien lands-Each leaf aghast in the hot breath That whispers to all trees of death. The sheep feed stolidly, nor know How near their heads the lightnings go; The old tower not more careless stands Of human wrath and human hands

Than these meek things that without fear The lightnings see, the thunders hear, Nor cease from feeding to and fro.

R. MIDDLETON

THE SONG OF THE KING'S MINSTREL I sing no longer of the skies, And the swift clouds like driven ships, For there is earth upon my eyes And earth between my singing lips. Because the King loved not my song That he had found so sweet before, I lie at peace the whole night long, And sing no more.

The King liked well my song that night; Upon the palace roof he lay With his fair Queen, and as I might I sang, until the morning's grey Crept o'er their faces, and the King, Mocked by the breaking dawn above, Clutched at his youth and bade me sing A song of love,

Well it might be-the King was old, And though his Queen was passing fair, His dull eyes might not catch the gold That tangled in her wayward hair. It had been much to see her smile, But with my song I made her weep. Our heavens last but a little while, So now I sleep.

More than the pleasures that I had I would have flung away to know My song of love could make her sad, Her sweet eyes fill and tremble so. What were my paltry store of years, My body's wretched life to stake, Against the treasure of her tears, For my love's sake?

Not lightly is a King made wise, My body ached beneath his whips, And there is earth upon my eyes, And earth between my singing lips. But I sang onco-and for that grace I am content to lie and store The vision of her dear wet face, And sing no more,

J. M. SYNGE

IN GLENCULLEN

THRUSH, linnet, stare and wren, Brown lark beside the sun, Take thought of kestril, sparrow-hawk, Birdlime and roving gun. You great-great-grantchildren Of birds I've listened to, I think I robbed your ancestors When I was young as you.

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG. TODHUNTER. GOSSE

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG

THE SOUTH WIND

WHENCE hast thou wandered, O delicious breeze, And what sweet lands despoiled, that thus thy wings Such magic odours waft about the leas

'Mid music softer than the cithern's strings?

Here are no heavy white magnolias rare, Or orange-plots perfumed with fruit and spray, Or the thick pines that soften Pisa's air,

Or myrtles that enrobe Sorrento's bay;

No wakeful nightingale hath ever sung In this poor coppice; nor across this mere

Ever the lute of serenader rung

Or the light song of merry gondolier;

Yet seems it, as thy breath upon my brow Breathes low and in mine ear from yonder tree Thy sighings faint and swell, that even now

I have been wandering in Italy,

Gliding adown some moonlit waterway Through Venice proud, or 'mid the cistus-flowers Lying at rest where light waves leap and play Round Capri's crags or mild Amalfi's bowers.

IOHN TODHUNTER

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES "Where music and moonlight and feeling are one"

Inscribed to a Fair Sibyl

HIS INSTRUMENT

Music's coy maiden waited her musician, Her heart the dungeon of her sweetest words, Dumb as all hearts ere Love, the young magician, Charms them to flame like flowers and sing like

Till one fine Spirit at last wooed like a lover The cold virginity of these white keys, And bade these trembling strings discover Their secret exquisite reveries.

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT

Shut out the world! No sense of its mad care, Its din and sordid strife mar night's rich gloom, Or with a memory trouble the delicate air Of this one room, your own-of this one room Your heart has made its treasury of things rare.

There sigh your gathered roses, red and white, And by you casement, in one symphony Of odours breathed on the warm air of night, Verbena, and mignonette, and rosemary, And myrtle prelude some delicious rite.

No need for candles when voluptuous June Makes night one long twilight of stars and clouds, And o'er your garden trees the royal moon

Tames with her splendour her bright courtier crowds. And all things tremble as to a nocturne's tune.

Ah! give their passion utterance, key by key! To your proud roses oft you have played alone; To-night for no proud roses, but for me You shall set music on her silver throne, Though every rose should fade for jealousy.

They shall not fade; but from old Omar's tomb Faintly their Persian sisters' breath divine Shall, as you play, float to me through the gloom, And East and West, as in one mystic wine, Mingle their spirits in music and perfume.

III

THE NOCTURNES

The music wakes and, like a potent rime, Charms me away to a dim land that lies Beyond the churlish insults of grey Time, And in my ear slow rippling melodies Whisper their legends of that golden clime.

There Love's glad child, Romance, pines not away, A frail flower withering in the winds of morn, And many a dream entombed in earth's cold clay In that enchanted land awakes re-born.

The hours are kind and Beauty grows not grey.

There the wild dæmons that in us rave and sigh-Pride, Love, Grief, Joy, Despair, and Melancholy, Robed for their parts in Life's high tragedy, Like stately knights and damsels moving slowly To music, pass in sumptuous pageant by.

Now, in a land of lakes or broad lagunes, By glimmering waters lovers meet and part In moonlit groves, or float where sunset swoons O'er cities like some Venice of the heart, Where all the air is full of languorous tunes.

And now, perchance, a daintier theme suggests An idyll where, with a sad smile, Watteau, 'Mong gallants trim and ladies with white breasts, Paints Love, in some fantastic Fontainebleau, Bandying with Pleasure melancholy jests.

Anon deep luxury of sorrow—chords Of gloom, grave marches that in dirges die! To what stern gods, passion's calm overlords, What magian race chants a sad litany? What serene ecstasy that plaint rewards?

No more! Cease now, ere the moon sink away Beyond those elms, ere sadness 'gin to creep About the world's heart as the east grows grey, Troubling the vast solemnity of sleep, And we must face the light of common day.

EDMUND GOSSE

CIRCLING FANCIES

Around this tree the floating flies Weave their mysterious webs of light; The scent of my acacia lies Within the circle of their flight;

They never perch nor drop from sight, But, flashing, wheel in curves of air, As if the perfume's warm delight In magic bondage held them there. I watch them till I half confound Their motions with these thoughts of mine That no less subtle bonds have bound Within a viewless ring divine; Clasped by a chain that makes no sign My hopes and wheeling fancies live; Desires, like odours, still confine The heart that else were fugitive. Then flash and float thro' tides of June, Ye summer phantoms of my love! Let all the woodlands join in tune While on your gauzy wings ye move! With odour round, and light above, Your aery symbol-circle keep, Till night descends; then may I prove More constant, circling still in sleep.

AUSTIN DOBSON

DON QUIXOTE

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack, Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro, Thy long spear levelled at the unseen foe, And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back, Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack! To make wiseacredom, both high and low, Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go) Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track: Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest! Yet would to-day when Courtesy grows chill, And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest, Some fire of thine might burn within us still! Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest, And charge in earnest . . . were it but a mill!

ON A NANKIN PLATE

"Ah me, but it might have been! Was there ever so dismal a fate?"—Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as was never seen! She passed, tho' I cried to her 'Wait,'—Ah me, but it might have been!

"I cried, 'O my Flower, my Queen, Be mine!' "Twas precipitate,"—Quoth the little blue mandarin,—

"But then . . . she was just sixteen,—Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—Ah me, but it might have been!

"As it was, from her palankeen, She laughed—'You're a week too late!'"
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

"That is why, in a mist of spleen, I mourn on this Nankin Plate, Ah me, but it might have been!"— Quoth the little blue mandarin,

A. P. GRAVES

THE WHITE BLOSSOM'S OFF THE BOG
THE white blossom's off the bog, and the leaves are off
the trees,
And the singing birds have scattered across the stormy
seas;
And oh! this winter

And oh! 'tis winter, Wild, wild winter!

With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees.

How green the leaves were springing! how glad the birds were singing!

When I rested in the meadow with my head on Patrick's knees;

And oh! 'twas springtime, Sweet, sweet springtime!

With the daisies all dancing before in the breeze.

With the spring the fresh leaves they'll laugh upon the trees,

And the birds they'll flutter back with their songs across the seas,

But I'll never rest again with my head on Patrick's knees;

And for me 'twill be winter, All the year winter,

With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees,

WILFRID BLUNT

FROM "LOVE SONNETS OF PROTEUS"

THE THREE AGES OF WOMAN

Love, in thy youth, a stranger, knelt to thee, With cheeks all red and golden locks all curled, And cried, "Sweet child, if thou wilt worship me, Thou shalt possess the kingdoms of the world." But you looked down and said, "I know you not, Nor want I other kingdom than my soul." Till love in shame, convicted of his plot, Left you and turned him to some other goal. And this discomfiture which you had seen Long served you for your homily and boast, While, of your beauty and yourself the queen, You lived a monument of vain love crossed, With scarce a thought of that which might have been To scare you with the ghost of pleasures lost.

Your youth flowed on, a river chaste and fair,
Till thirty years were written to your name.
A wife, a mother, these the titles were
Which conquered for you the world's fairest fame.

514

In all things you were wise but in this one,
That of your wisdom you yourself did doubt.
Youth spent like age, no joy beneath the sun,
Your glass of beauty vainly running out.
Then suddenly again, ere well you knew,
Love looked upon you tenderly, yet sad;
"Are these wise follies, then, enough for you?"
He said;—"Love's wisdom were itself less mad."
And you: "What wouldst thou of me?" "My
bare due,
In token of what joys may yet be had."

H

Again Love left you. With appealing eyes
You watched him go, and lips apart to speak.
He left you, and once more the sun did rise
And the sun set, and week trod close on week.
And month on month, till you had reached the goal
Of forty years, and life's full waters grew
To bitterness and flooded all your soul,
Making you loathe old things and pine for new.
And you into the wilderness had fled,
And in your desolation loud did cry,
"Oh! for a hand to turn these stones to bread":
Then in your ear Love whispered scornfully:
"Thou too, poor fool, thou, even thou," he said,
"Shalt taste thy little honey ere thou die."

FROM "ESTHER: A YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY"

SONNET V

I LINGER on the threshold of my youth.

If you could see me now as then I was,
A fair-faced frightened boy with eyes of truth
Scared at the world yet angry at its laws,
Plotting all plots, a blushing Catiline
Betrayed by his own cheeks, a misanthrope
In love with all things human and divine,
The very fool of fortune and high hope,
You would deny you knew me. Oh the days
Of our absurd first manhood, rich in force,
Rich in desire of happiness and praise
Yet impotent in its heroic course,
And all for lack of that one worthless thing,
Knowledge of life and love and suffering!

SONNET VI

Ar such an hour indeed of youth's first morn,
There is a heaving of the soul in pain,
A mighty labour as of joys unborn,
Which grieves it and disquiets it in vain.
The soul is scared at her own lack of peace,
Her cradle song is mute, and she has fled
From her old life as to a wilderness.
She finds herself awake and without bread.

'Tis then the body, her new counsellor,
Speaks in her ear, and still with eloquence
Pleads for more action, and his voice to her
Is sweet with love, and sadly she consents.
There is a day of youth which needs must come
When each must learn his life and leave his home.

H. C. BEECHING

FATHERHOOD

A KISS, a word of thanks, away
They're gone, and you forsaken learn
The blessedness of giving; they
(So Nature bids) forget, nor turn
To where you sit and watch and yearn.

And you (so Nature bids) would go
Through fire and water for their sake;
Rise early, late take rest, to sow
Their wealth, and lie all night awake
If but their little finger ache.

The storied prince with wondrous hair,
Which stole men's hearts and wrought his bale,
Rebelling, since he had no heir
Built him a pillar in the vale
—"Absalom's"—lest his name should fail.

It fails not, though the pillar lies
In dust, because the outraged one,
His father, with strong agonies,
Cried it until the day was done,—
"O Absalom, my son, my son."

So Nature bade. Or might it be God, who in Jewry once, men say, Cried with a great cry "Come to me, Children"; who still held on their way, Though He spread out His hands all day.

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

A Boy's Song

WITH lifted feet, hands still I am poised, and down the hill Dart, with heedful mind; The air goes by in a wind. Swifter and yet more swift, Till the heart, with a mighty lift, Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry :-"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly. "Is this, is this your joy, O bird, then I, though a boy, For a golden moment share Your feathery life in air!" Say, heart, is there aught like this In a world that is full of bliss? 'Tis more than skating, bound Steel-shod to the level ground.

BEECHING. GALE. LE GALLIENNE. KIPLING, NEWBOLT

Speed slackens now, I float Awhile in my airy boat; Till when the wheels scarce crawl My feet to the pedals fall. Alas, that the longest hill Must end in a vale; but still, Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er, Shall find wings waiting there.

PRAYERS

God who created me Nimble and light of limb, In three elements free, To run, to ride, to swim: Not when the sense is dim, But now from the heart of joy, I would remember Him: Take the thanks of a boy. Jesu, King and Lord, Whose are my foes to fight, Gird me with Thy sword, Swift and sharp and bright. Thee would I serve if I might; And conquer if I can, From day-dawn till night, Take the strength of a man. Spirit of Love and truth. Breathing in grosser clay, The light and flame of youth, Delight of men in the fray, Wisdom in strength's decay; From pain, strife, wrong to be free, This best gift I pray, Take my spirit to Thee.

NORMAN GALE

THE COUNTRY FAITH Here in the country's heart Where the grass is green Life is the same sweet life As it e'er hath been. Trust in a God still lives, And the bell at morn Floats with a thought of God O'er the rising corn. God comes down in the rain, And the crop grows tall-This is the country faith, And the best of all!

R. LE GALLIENNE

ALL SUNG

WHAT shall I sing when all is sung, And every tale is told, And in the world is nothing young That was not long since old?

Why should I fret unwilling ears With old things sung anew, While voices from the old dead years Still go on singing too? A dead man singing of his maid Makes all my rhymes in vain, Yet his poor lips must fade and fade,

And mine shall kiss again, Why should I strive through weary moons To make my music true? Only the dead men knew the tunes The live world dances to.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle-line, Beneath whose awful Hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget! The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings depart: Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget! Far-called, our navies melt away: On dune and headland sinks the fire: Lo, all our pomp of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget! If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe Such boastings as the Gentiles use,

Of lesser breeds without the Law-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget! For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard, All valiant dust that builds on dust, And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard, For frantic boast and foolish word-

Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord!

H, NEWBOLT

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away, (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?) Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay, An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

NEWBOLT, HOUSMAN. SYMONS. M. L. WOODS

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships, Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe, An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin', He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed
them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
him long ago.

L. HOUSMAN

1685

Over the hill as I came down,
Across the flats where the peewits cry,
I heard the drums through all the town
Beat for the men that were to die.

Oh, blithely up the eastern street
Looked in with me the morning sun,
Up to the market square where feet
Went marching all like one.

And dark against the high town-hall The shadow of the shambles fell; And clear beneath its gilded ball The town clock tolled their knell.

Came rumours of the distant farms, But from the townsfolk not a cry, Though wives with babes upon their arms Stared, and stood waiting by!

Oh, oft I come and oft I go,
And see those roofs against the sky:
But not the place I used to know
Where simple hearts beat high.

Now like a wreck each homestead looks, While on it sunlight falls in flood: And all the peewits by the brooks Are crying out of wasted blood!

A. SYMONS

GIFTS

It was not for your heart I sought,
But you, dear foolish maid, have brought
Only your heart to me.
Ah, that so rare a gift should be
The gift I wanted not!
I asked a momentary thing,
But 'tis eternity you bring;
And, with ingenuous eyes,
You offer, as the lesser prize,
This priceless offering.
O what, in Love's name, shall I do,
Who have both lost and captured you?
You will but love me: so
Since I too cannot let you go,

THE SICK HEART

I can but love you too.

O SICK heart, be at rest!
Is there nothing that I can do
To quiet your crying in my breast?
Will nothing comfort you?
"I am sick of a malady
There is but one thing can assuage:
Cure me of youth, and, see,
I will be wise in age!"

MARGARET L. WOODS

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolved heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its mighty ramparts overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonoured dead.

To the unnonoured dead

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the
rein

Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofed horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead.

REST

To spend the long warm days
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,
To see, not gaze,

To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams:

M. L. WOODS. PHILLIPS, WATSON. NOYES. BINYON

See clouds that slowly pass
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,
And ripening grass,
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown.

To hear the breezes sigh Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain, Pause and go by, Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain:

See far from all affright
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,
And night by night

Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature and to hear
What song she sings
Low to herself when there is no one near.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

BEAUTIFUL LIE THE DEAD

BEAUTIFUL lie the dead;
Clear comes each feature;
Satisfied not to be,
Strangely contented.
Like ships, the anchor dropper

Like ships, the anchor dropped, Furled every sail is; Mirrored with all their masts In a deep water.

WILLIAM WATSON

WORLD-STRANGENESS

STRANGE the world about me lies, Never yet familiar grown— Still disturbs me with surprise, Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray, Yet my Host can ne'er espy, And I know not to this day Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

SONG

O, LIKE a queen's her happy tread, And like a queen's her golden head! But O, at last, when all is said, Her woman's heart for me! We wandered where the river gleamed 'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed. A wild thing of the woods she seemed, So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing, When from her lips her soul took wing; The oaks forgot their pondering, The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread, And O, her queenly golden head! But O, her heart, when all is said, Her woman's heart for me!

SONG

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

EPIGRAM

In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start, Start at the cold touch of Eternity, And cast your cloaks about you, and depart.— The minstrels pause not in their minstrelsy.

ALFRED NOYES

TO A PESSIMIST

Life like a cruel mistress woos

The passionate heart of man, you say,
Only in mockery to refuse
His love, at last, and turn away.

To me she seems a queen that knows

How great is love—but ah, how rare!—
And, pointing heavenward ere she goes,
Gives him the rose from out her hair.

L. BINYON

A HYMN OF LOVE

O HUSH, sweet birds, that linger in lonely song!
Hold in your evening fragrance, wet May-bloom!
But drooping branches and leaves that greenly throng,
Darken and cover me over in tenderer gloom.
As a water-lily unclosing on some shy pool,
Filled with rain, upon tremulous water lying,
With joy afraid to speak, yet fain to be sighing
Its riches out, my heart is full, too full.

Votaries that have veiled their secret shrine
In veils of incense falteringly that rise,
And stealing in milky clouds of wavering line
Round soaring pillars hang like adoring sighs,
They watch the smoke ascending soft as thought,
Till wide in the fragrant dimness peace is shed,
And out of their perfect vision the world is fled,
Because the heart sees pure when the eye sees not.

I too will veil my joy that is too divine
For my heart to comprehend or tongue to speak.
The whole earth is my temple, and Love the shrine
That all the hearts of the world worship and seek.
But the incense cloud I burn to veil my bliss
Is woven of air and waters and living sun,
Colour and odour and music and light made one.
Come down, O night, and take from me all but this!

I dreamed of wonders strange in a strange air;
But this my joy, my dream, my wonder, is near
As grass to the earth, that clings so close and fair
Nourished by all it nourishes. O most dear,
I dreamed of beauty pacing enchanted ground,
But you with beauty over my waiting soul,
As the blood steals over the cheek at a heart-throb,

In the beating of my heart I have known you, I have found.

Incredulous world be far, and tongues profane!
For now in my spirit there burns a steadfast faith.
No longer I fear you, earth's sad bondage vain,
Nor prison walls of Time, nor the gates of Death.
For the marvel that was most marvellous is most true;
To the music that moves the universe moves my heart,
And the song of the starry worlds I sing apart
In the night and shadow and stillness, Love, for you.

SORROW

Wor to him that has not known the woe of man, Who has not felt within him burning all the want Of desolated bosoms, since the world began; Felt, as his own, the burden of the fears that daunt; Who has not eaten failure's bitter bread, and been Among those ghosts of hope that haunt the day, unseen. Only when we are hurt with all the hurt untold,—In us' the thirst, the hunger, and ours the helpless hands.

The palsied effort vain, the darkness and the cold,— Then, only then, the Spirit knows and understands, And finds in every sigh breathed out beneath the sun The human heart that makes us infinitely one.

FIDE ET LITERIS

(Written for the Fourth Centenary of St. Paul's School)
When the long-clouded spirit of Europe drew
Life from Greek springs, frost could no longer bind,
And old truth shone like fresh dawn on the blind,
Our Founder sowed his pregnant seed: he knew

No crabbed rule; rather he chose a clue
That should emband us of our historied kind
Comrades, and keep in us a morning mind,
Since to the wise Learning is always New.
In Faith and Letters he enshrined his light;
Faith, the divine adventure that holds on
Through this world's forest into worlds unknown,
And Letters, that since speech on earth began
As one unended sentence burning write
The hope, the triumph, and the tears of Man.

ROBERT BRIDGES

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding, Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West, That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding, Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest? Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest, When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling, Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:

Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped, grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless, I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is

thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

LONDON SNOW

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down:

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof, and railing; Hiding difference, making unevenness even, Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven;

BRIDGES. YEATS

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed bright-

Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare: The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness:

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air:

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling. And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling, They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-

balling;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees; Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder, "O look at the trees!" they cried, "O look at the trees!"

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder, Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder:
When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow:

And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go:
But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted; the daily word is unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the
charm they have broken.

SPRING GOETH ALL IN WHITE

Spring goeth all in white, Crowned with milk-white may: In fleecy flocks of light O'er heaven the white clouds stray:

White butterflies in the air; White daisies prank the ground: The cherry and hoary pear Scatter their snow around.

NORTH WIND IN OCTOBER

In the golden glade the chestnuts are fallen all; From the sered boughs of the oak the acorns fall; The beech scatters her ruddy fire; The lime hath stripped to the cold, And standeth naked above her yellow attire; The larch thinneth her spire

To lay the ways of the wood with cloth of gold.

Out of the golden-green and white
Of the brake the fir-trees stand upright
In the forest of flame, and wave aloft
To the blue of heaven their blue-green tuftings soft.

But swiftly in shuddering gloom the splendours fail,
As the harrying North-wind beareth
A cloud of skirmishing hail
The grieved woodland to smite:
In a hurricane through the trees he teareth,
Raking the boughs and the leaves rending,
And whistleth to the descending
Blows of his icy flail.
Gold and snow he mixeth in spite,
And whirleth afar; as away on his winnowing flight
He passeth, and all again for awhile is bright.

W. B. YEATS

A DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT

ALL the heavy days are over; Leave the body's coloured pride Underneath the grass and clover, With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty; Bear the gold embroidered dress, For she needs not her sad beauty, To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary, The long hair is on her face; Still she goes with footsteps wary, Full of earth's old timid grace.

With white feet of angels seven Her white feet go glimmering; And above the deep of heaven, Flame on flame and wing on wing.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney, Folk dance like a wave of the sea; My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet, My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin: They read in their books of prayer; I read in my book of songs I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time, To Peter sitting in state, He will smile on the three old spirits, But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry, Save by an evil chance, And the merry love the fiddle And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

HE REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN BEAUTY

WHEN my arms wrap you round I press My heart upon the loveliness That has long faded from the world; The jewelled crowns that kings have hurled In shadowy pools, when armies fled; The love-tales wrought with silken thread By dreaming ladies upon cloth That has made fat the murderous moth; The roses that of old time were Woven by ladies in their hair, The dew-cold lilies ladies bore Through many a sacred corridor Where such gray clouds of incense rose That only the gods' eyes did not close: For that pale breast and lingering hand Come from a more dream-heavy land, A more dream-heavy hour than this; And when you sigh from kiss to kiss I hear white Beauty sighing, too, For hours when all must fade like dew, All but the flames, and deep on deep, Throne over throne where in half sleep, Their swords upon their iron knees, Brood her high lonely mysteries.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,

And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles

made:

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore:

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

ALICE MEYNELL

RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,

And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright;

But it must never, never come in sight; I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

TWO BOYHOODS

LUMINOUS passions reign High in the soul of man; and they are twain. Of these he hath made the poetry of earth— Hath made his nobler tears, his magic mirth.

Fair Love is one of these,
The visiting vision of seven centuries;
And one is love of Nature—love to tears—
The modern passion of this hundred years.

Oh never to such height,
Oh never to such spiritual light—
The light of lonely visions, and the gleam
Of secret splendid sombre suns in dream—

Oh never to such long Glory in life, supremacy in song, Had either of these loves attained in joy, But for the ministration of a boy.

Dante was one who bare Love in his deep heart, apprehended there When he was yet a child; and from that day The radiant love has never passed away.

A. MEYNELL. J. BARLOW. E. SWEETMAN

And one was Wordsworth; he Conceived the love of Nature childishly As no adult heart might; old poets sing That exaltation by remembering.

For no divine

Intelligence, or art, or fire, or wine, Is high-delirious as that rising lark— The child's soul and its daybreak in the dark.

And Letters keep these two
Heavenly treasures safe the ages through,
Safe from ignoble benison or ban—
These two high childhoods in the heart of man.

AT NIGHT

Home, home from the horizon far and clear, Hither the soft wings sweep;

Flocks of the memories of the day draw near The dovecote doors of sleep.

Oh which are they that come through sweetest light Of all these homing birds?

Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!

JANE BARLOW

ON LISNADARA

On Lisnadara soft, full soft, falls sleep Ere dreams begin,

When down the fading hills slow shadows creep To shut them in,

With all their fields enfolden, hushed and stilled From steep to steep,

Whose secret, till the east shine amber-silled, Grey mists shall keep.

For blithe the morn with flower of flame would break,

And radiance spilled,

That round a shimmering shore flushed all the lake Rose-red, and filled

The glen with latticed lights, while strange soothsay
The breezes spake:

How sure our morrow young as yesterday Should yonder wake,

And, kindling crystal-clear across the dew A wonder-way,

Lead forth thereon old joyance wrought anew In faëry ray.

Nor need a whit to fear when dusk bereaves Of form and hue

The drowsy world, and builds dim walls and eaves Our sight to mew,

Bound with most gentle spell, whose magic shed White slumber weaves,

Careless as laps a feather-fended head Among close leaves. Yet if the years at last teach bitter lore In sweet joy's stead,

Each glad hour grown a pearl, with grudging sore Slipped from the thread;

Yea, when long slopes of fiery-fronded fern Thrill to heart's core

Grief for the day whose embers withering burn To bloom no more;

And footsteps, strayed on lonely paths afar, No more shall turn,

Beyond the faint blue heights that hope debar And patience spurn;

And streams, sped by with many a chiming leap, But silence mar,

Where listeners fain would hear athwart night's deep Some echoing star—

So wild the cry that answer ne'er hath won From Fate's stern keep:

Yet, yet a peace shall be indeed begun With shadows' sweep,

And rest for hearts worn wearier than to weep Bring set of sun;

For soft on Lisnadara, soft falls sleep, When dreams are done.

ELINOR SWEETMAN

PASTORAL OF AUGUST

WHAT time warm downs lie gold against the sky, And the whole land with honey-bloom is sweet; When farmers stand knee-deep in rustling wheat, Gauging its uncut amber silently, Pause we awhile;—for here two seasons meet, And each on each lays soft the kiss of peace. Summer may now from sugared labour cease, Nor yet hath Autumn shod his busy feet; So while these two with close affection greet, Then hand in hand pace ripe, mysterious fields, Shall we not also fetch our breath, replete With that full sense of rest their presence yields? O loveliest moment of the year !--when sap Still at high tide lies motionless for heat, Brimming the rose's cup in Summer's lap, While she yet lingers in some green retreat. Scarce dare we move, lest we should shake her mood In these wide silences of pool and rush; Or vex the brooding spirit of the wood Voiced by its dove, where else the land were hush. Can this be rest ?- 'tis rest in counterfeit, 'Tis but the poppy's challenge to the rose; Too soon will August, that wild reaper, beat Against the fetters of his own repose, Now whisper Autumn's lips in Summer's ear-Now in her hand his unused sickle gleams-The wave of joy is poised for overthrow— The flower full-winged needs but to sigh and go-Bid them delay, ye gods! there's nothing here So precious as this faltering of the year

Upon the threshold of her gate of dreams.

G. K. CHESTERTON

THE MARINER

The violet scent is sacred

Like dreams of angels bright;

The hawthorn smells of passion

Told in a moonless night.

But the smell is in my nostrils,

Through blossoms red or gold,
Of my own green flower unfading,
A bitter smell and bold.

The lily smells of pardon,
The rose of mirth; but mine
Smells shrewd of death and honour,
And the doom of Adam's line.

The heavy scent of wine-shops
Floats as I pass them by,
But never a cup I quaff from,
And never a house have I:

Till dropped down forty fathoms,
I lie eternally:

And drink from God's own goblet The green wine of the sea.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

SONG

Haste you, man of woman born,
Kiss the rosy lips of Morn;
Plumb the drowsy eyes of Noon,
Haste, for you and she must leave
Partnership forever, soon;
Haste you, son of man, to weave
Your fingers in the hair of Eve;
Trust you not the sweet word sworn
To young ears by the amorous Moon,
She will leave grey hairs forlorn.
Sup while you may the sugar'd tune
Which persuasive Seasons croon
And sincerely still deceive;
Their new lovers daily born
Daily die: they cannot grieve.

H. BELLOC

WEST SUSSEX DRINKING SONG
THEY sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill.
At Little Cowfold as I've been told
A beggar may drink his fill:
There is good brew in Amberley too,
And by the bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at Washington Inn
Is the very best Beer I know.

Chorus. With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us:
The Tipple's aboard and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the Barrel is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

If I were what I never can be,

The master or the squire:

If you gave me the hundred from here to the sea,

Which is more than I desire:

Then all my crops should be barley and hops,
And did my harvest fail

I'd sell every rood of mine acres I would For a belly-full of good Ale.

Chorus. With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us:
The Tipple's aboard and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the Barrel is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing Chorus.

KATHARINE TYNAN

DAFFODIL

Who passes down the wintry Street? Hey, ho, daffodil! A sudden flame of gold and sweet. With sword of emerald girt so meet, And golden gay from head to feet. How are you here this wintry day? Hey, ho, daffodil! Your radiant fellows yet delay. No windflower dances scarlet gay, Nor crocus-flame lights up the way. What land of cloth o' gold and green, Hey, ho, daffodil! Cloth o' gold with the green between, Was that you left but yestere'en To light a gloomy world and mean? King trumpeter to Flora queen, Hey, ho, daffodil! Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

ST. FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

LITTLE sisters, the birds:
We must praise God, you and I—
You, with songs that fill the sky,
I, with halting words.
All things tell His praise,
Woods and waters thereof sing,
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
And the night and days.
Yea, and cold and heat,
And the sun and stars and moon,
Sea with her monotonous tune,

And the winds of heaven,
And the solemn hills of blue,
And the brown earth and the dew,
And the thunder even,

Rain and hail and sleet,

K. TYNAN. E. GORE-BOOTH. "MOIRA O'NEILL"

And the flowers' sweet breath.
All things make one glorious voice;
Life with fleeting pains and joys,
And our brother, Death.

Little flowers of air,
With your feathers soft and sleek,
And your bright brown eyes and meek
He hath made you fair.

He hath taught to you
Skill to weave in tree and thatch
Nests where happy mothers hatch
Speckled eggs of blue.

And hath children given:

When the soft heads overbrim
The brown nests, then thank ye Him
In the clouds of heaven.

Also in your lives
Live His laws Who loveth you.
Husbands, be ye kind and true;
Be home-keeping, wives—

Love not gossiping;
Stay at home and keep the nest;
Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

Live as brethren live:

Love be in each heart and mouth;

Be not envious, be not wroth,

Be not slow to give.

When ye build the nest,
Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;
He who hath, be bountiful
To the neediest.

Be not puffed nor vain
Of your beauty or your worth,
Of your children or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

Eat not greedily:
Sometimes for sweet mercy's sake
Worm or insect spare to take;
Let it crawl or fly.

See ye sing not near
To our church on holy day,
Lest the human-folk should stray
From their prayers to hear.

Now depart in peace:
In God's name I bless each one;
May your days be long i' the sun
And your joys increase.

And remember me,
Your poor brother Francis, who
Loves you, and gives thanks to you
For this courtesy.

Sometimes when ye sing,
Name my name, that He may take
Pity for the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,

And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cost

And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart, But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me, And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,

And there is glory in it and terror on the wind, But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still.

And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,

Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,

But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray, And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

"MOIRA O'NEILL"

"FORGETTIN"

The night when last I saw my lad
His eyes were bright an' wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
"'Tis well," says he, "we're met.
Asthore machree! the likes o' me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a thriflin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballindim.—
An' every little while or so
I thry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do,
An' him not very tall:
'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice,
A boy that's out o' call,—
An' whiles I'll see him stand as plain
As e'er a six-fut wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But first an' last it isn't known
The heap o' throuble's in it.

524

"MOIRA O'NEILL." D. S. SHORTER. COLUM. CAMPBELL

Meself began the night ye went An' hasn't done it yet; I'm nearly fit to give it up, For where's the use to fret?— An' the memory's fairly spoilt on me Wid mindin' to forget.

DORA S. SHORTER

A BALLAD OF MARJORIE

"WHAT ails you that you look so pale, O fisher of the sea?" "Tis for a mournful tale I own, Fair maiden Marjorie." "What is the dreary tale to tell, O toiler of the sea?" "I cast my net into the waves, Sweet maiden Marjorie. "I cast my net into the tide,

Before I made for home; Too heavy for my hands to raise, I drew it through the foam."

"What saw you that you look so pale, Sad searcher of the sea?" "A dead man's body from the deep My haul had brought to me!"

"And was he young, and was he fair?" "Oh, cruel to behold! In his white face the joy of life Not yet was grown a-cold."

"Oh, pale you are, and full of prayer For one who sails the sea."

"Because the dead looked up and spoke, Poor maiden Marjorie."

"What said he, that you seem so sad, O Fisher of the sea? (Alack! I know it was my love, Who fain would speak to me!) "

"He said, 'Beware a woman's mouth-A rose that bears a thorn." "Ah, me! these lips shall smile no more

That gave my lover scorn." "He said, 'Beware a woman's eyes.

They pierce you with their death.' " "Then falling tears shall make them blind That robbed my dear of breath."

"He said, 'Beware a woman's hair-A serpent's coil of gold."

"Then will I shear the cruel locks That crushed him in their fold."

"He said, 'Beware a woman's heart As you would shun the reef." " So let it break within my breast, And perish of my grief."

"He raised his hands: a woman's name Thrice bitterly he cried: My net had parted with the strain; He vanished in the tide."

"A woman's name! What name but mine, O fisher of the sea?"

"A woman's name, but not your name, Poor maiden Marjorie."

PADRAIC COLUM

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, To have a little house! To own the hearth and stool and all! The heaped up sods upon the fire, The pile of turf again' the wall! To have a clock with weights and chains, And pendulum swinging up and down! A dresser filled with shining delph, Speckled and white and blue and brown! I could be busy all the day Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor, And fixing on their shelf again My white and blue and speckled store! I could be quiet there at night Beside the fire and by myself, Sure of a bed, and loth to leave The ticking clock and shining delph! Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark, And roads where there's never a house or bush, And tired I am of bog and road, And the crying wind and the lonesome hush! And I am praying to God on high, And I am praying Him night and day,

For a little house—a house of my own— Out of the wind's and rain's way.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE JOURNEYMAN WEAVER

BEAM and shuttle seem to know His inner thoughts, and softly flow Backward, forward, to and fro.

Weft thread fast and warp thread slow, White thread joy and black thread woe, Backward, forward, to and fro.

Things and shadows darker grow: Daylight flickers to and fro, Backward, forward, to and fro.

Outside the horns of winter blow, Journeyman, 'tis time to go! Backward, forward, to and fro.

Death . . . his hand is cold as snow, Quench the ashes, keen him low, Backward, forward, to and fro.

CAMPBELL, O'SULLIVAN. DAVIES

THE OLD WOMAN

As a white candle In a holy place, So is the beauty Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance Of the winter sun, So is a woman With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her, And her thoughts as still As the waters Under a ruined mill.

S. O'SULLIVAN

THE SHEEP

SLOWLY they pass In the grey of the evening Over the wet road, A flock of sheep, Slowly they wend In the grey of the gloaming, Over the wet road That winds through the town. Slowly they pass, And gleaming whitely Vanish away In the grey of the evening. Ah, what memories Loom for a moment, Gleam for a moment, And vanish away, Of the white days When we two together Went in the evening, Where the sheep lay: We two together Went with slow feet In the grey of the evening Where the sheep lay. Whitely they gleam For a moment and vanish Away in the dimness Of sorrowful years: Gleam for a moment, All white, and go fading Away in the greyness Of sundering years.

THE SEDGES

I whistered my great sorrow To every listening sedge; And they bent, bowed with my sorrow Down to the water's edge. But she stands and laughs lightly To see me sorrow so, Like the light winds that laughing Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly Who all my sorrow knows, Like the little wind that laughing Across the water blows.

W. H. DAVIES

DAYS TOO SHORT

When primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come between;
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white Each seems a broken rimmed moon— When such things are, this world too soon, For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

THE OWL

The boding Owl, that in despair

Doth moan and shiver on warm nights—
Shall that bird prophesy for me

The fall of Heaven's eternal lights?

When in the thistled field of Age
I take my final walk on earth,
Still will I make that Owl's despair
A thing to fill my heart with mirth.

THE SLEEPERS

As I walked down the waterside
This silent morning, wet and dark;
Before the cocks in farmyards crowed,
Before the dogs began to bark;
Before the hour of five was struck
By old Westminster's mighty clock;

As I walked down the waterside
This morning, in the cold damp air,
I saw a hundred women and men
Huddled in rags and sleeping there:
These people have no work, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

DAVIES, MASEFIELD. GIBSON

That moment, on the waterside,
A lighted car came at a bound;
I looked inside, and saw a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;
Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside, Like lighted coffins in the dark; With twenty dead men in each car, That must be brought alive by work:

These people work too hard, thought I, And long before their time they die.

J. MASEFIELD

TWILIGHT

Twillight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call,

Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,

Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past,

Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last;

Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,

Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine, With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,

THE SEEKERS

Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed abode,

But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind, For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the rain,

And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,

And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet, But the dolorous town where mourners are going about the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim, And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by, Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,

But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

W. W. GIBSON

THE OLD MAN

The boat put in at dead of night;
Ann, when I reached the house, 'twas sleeping dark.
I knew my gentlest tap would be a spark
To set my home alight:
My mother ever listening in her sleep
For my returning step, would leap
Awake with welcome; and my father's eyes
Would twinkle merrily to greet me;
And my young sister would run down to meet me
With sleepy sweet surprise.

And yet, awhile, I lingered
Upon the threshold, listening;
And warched the cold stars glistening,
And seemed to hear the deep
Calm breathing of the house asleep—
In easy sleep, so deep, I almost feared to break it;
And, even as I fingered
The knocker, loth to wake it,
Like some uncanny inkling
Of news from otherwhere,
I felt a cold breath in my hair,
As though, with chin upon my shoulder,
One waited hard upon my heel,
With pricking eyes of steel,
Though well I knew that not a soul was there.

Until, at last, grown bolder, I rapped; and in a twinkling, The house was all afire With welcome in the night: First, in my mother's room, a light; And then, her foot upon the stair; A bolt shot back; a candle's flare: A happy cry; and to her breast She hugged her heart's desire: And hushed her fears to rest.

Then, shivering in the keen night air, My sleepy sister laughing came; And drew us in: and stirred to flame The smouldering kitchen-fire; and set The kettle on the kindling red: And, as I watched the homely blaze, And thought of wandering days With sharp regret, I missed my father: then I heard How he was still a-bed; And had been ailing, for a day or so; But now was waking, if I'd go . . . My foot already on the stair, In answer to my mother's word I turned; and saw in dull amaze, Behind her, as she stood all unaware, An old man sitting in my father's chair. A strange old man . . . yet, as I looked at him, Before my eyes a dim Remembrance seemed to swim Of some old man, who'd lurked about the boat. While we were still at sea; And who had crouched beside me, at the oar, As we had rowed ashore: Though, at the time, I'd taken little note, I felt I'd seen that strange old man before: But, how he'd come to follow me, Unknown . . . And to be sitting there . . . Then I recalled the cold breath in my hair, When I had stood, alone, Before the bolted door.

And now my mother, wondering sore To see me stare and stare, So strangely, at an empty chair, Turned, too; and saw the old man there

And as she turned, he slowly raised His drooping head;
And looked upon her with her husband's eyes. She stood, a moment, dazed;
And watched him slowly rise,
As though to come to her:
Then, with a cry, she sped
Upstairs, ere I could stir.

Still dazed, I let her go, alone: I heard her footstep overhead: I heard her drop beside the bed, With low forsaken moan.

Yet, I could only stare and stare Upon my father's empty chair.

W. DE LA MARE

' MYSELF

THERE is a garden grey With mists of autumntide; Under the giant boughs, Stretched green on every side, Along the lonely paths, A little child like me, With face, with hands like mine, Plays ever silently; On, on, quite silently, When I am there alone, Turns not his head; lifts not his eyes; Heeds not as he plays on. After the birds are flown From singing in the trees, When all is grey, all silent, Voices, and winds, and bees: And I am there alone: Forlornly, silently, Plays in the evening garden Myself with me.

UNREGARDING

Pur by thy days like withered flowers In twilight hidd'n away! Memory shall upbuild thee bowers Sweeter than they.

Hoard not from swiftness of thy stream
The shallowest cruse of tears!
Pools still as heav'n shall lovelier dream
In future years.

Squander thy love as she that flings Her soul away on night,— Lovely are love's far echoings, Height unto height!

O, make no compact with the sun,
No compact with the moon!
Night falls full-cloaked, and light is gone,
Sudden and soon.

THE SLEEPER

As Ann came in one summer's day
She felt that she must creep,
So silent was the clear cool house,
It seemed a house of sleep.
And sure, when she pushed open the door,
Rapt in the stillness there,
Her mother sat, with stooping head,
Asleep upon a chair;
Fast—fast asleep; her two hands laid
Loose-folded on her knee,
So that her small unconscious face
Looked half unreal to be:

DE LA MARE. DRINKWATER. MONRO

So calmly lit with sleep's pale light Each feature was; so fair Her forehead—every trouble was Smooth'd out beneath her hair.

But though her mind in dream now moved, Still seemed her gaze to rest.

From out beneath her fast-sealed lids, Above her moving breast,
On Ann, as quite, quite still she stood;
Yet alumber lay so deep

Even her hands upon her lap
Seemed saturate with sleep.
And as Ann peeped, a cloudlike dread
Stole over her, and then,
On stealthy, mouselike feet she trod,

J. DRINKWATER

And tiptoed out again.

I went beneath the sunny sky

DOMINION

When all things bowed to June's desire,
The pansy with its steadfast eye,
The blue shells on the lupin spire,
The swelling fruit along the boughs,
The grass grown heady in the rain,
Dark roses fitted for the brows
Of queens great kings have sung in vain;
My little cat with tiger bars,
Bright claws all hidden in content;
Swift birds that flashed like darkling stars
Across the cloudy continent;

The wiry-coated fellow curled
Stump-tailed upon the sunny flags;
The bees that sacked a coloured world
Of treasure for their honey-bags.

And all these things seemed very glad,
The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing,
The jolly beasts, the furry-clad
Fat bees, the fruit, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I, Who, being man, might gather up The joy of all beneath the sky, And add their treasure to my cup,

And travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

THE ANALYST

Armoured in arrogance of youth,
You look on life, assaying her,
Swear lightly this or that for truth
Instancing her your arbiter,
And coldly measure her.

She stands before you mute, her arm
Hiding the laughter of her face,
You register this frail alarm,
And moralise the modest grace
That here has dwelling-place.
Oh youth, beware the day when she,
No longer patient of your jests,
Covers your calm with mockery,
Confronts you with her blood's behests
And most bewildering breasts.

HAROLD MONRO

LAKE LEMAN

IT is the sacred hour: above the far Low emerald hills that northward fold, Calmly, upon the blue the evening star Floats, wreathed in dusky gold. The winds have sung all day; but now they lie Faint, sleeping; and the evening sounds awake. The slow bell tolls across the water: I Am haunted by the spirit of the lake. It seems as though the sounding of the bell Intoned the low song of the water-soul, And at some moments I can hardly tell The long-resounding echo from the toll. O thou mysterious lake, thy spell Holds all who round thy fruitful margin dwell. Oft have I seen home-going peasants' eyes Lit with the peace that emanates from thee. Those who among thy waters plunge, arise Filled with new wisdom and serenity. Thy veins are in the mountains. I have heard, Down-stretched beside thee at the silent noon, With leaning head attentive to thy word, A secret and delicious mountain-tune, Proceeding as from many shadowed hours In ancient forests carpeted with flowers, Or far, where hidden waters, wandering Through banks of snow, trickle, and meet, and sing. Ah, what repose at noon to go, Lean on thy bosom, hold thee with wide hands, And listen for the music of the snow! But most, as now, When harvest covers thy surrounding lands, I love thee, with a coronal of sheaves Crowned regent of the day; And on the air thy placid breathing leaves A scent of corn and hay. For thou hast gathered, (as a mother will The sayings of her children in her heart,) The harvest-thoughts of reapers on the hill, When the cool rose and honeysuckle fill The air, and fruit is laden on the cart. Thou breathest the delight Of summer evening at the deep-roofed farm, And meditation of the summer night, When the enravished earth is lying warm From recent kisses of the conquering sun.

529 2 L

Dwell as a spirit in me, O thou one Sweet natural presence. In the years to be When all the mortal loves perchance are done, Them I will bid farewell, but, oh, not thee. I love thee. When the youthful visions fade, Fade thou not also in the hopeless past. Be constant and delightful, as a maid Sought over all the world, and found at last.

FROM " IMPRESSIONS"

XIV

She was young and blithe and fair,
Firm of purpose, sweet and strong;
Perfect was her crown of hair,
Perfect most of all her song.

Yesterday beneath an oak,
She was chanting in the wood:
Wandering harmonies awoke;
Sleeping echoes understood.

To-day without a song, without a word,
She seems to drag one piteous fallen wing
Along the ground, and, like a wounded bird,
Move silent, having lost the heart to sing.
She was young and blithe and fair,
Firm of purpose, sweet and strong;

L. ABERCROMBIE

EPILOGUE TO " EMBLEMS OF LOVE"

Perfect was her crown of hair,

Perfect most of all her song.

WHAT shall we do for Love these days? How shall we make an altar-blaze To smite the horny eyes of men With the renown of our Heaven, And to the unbelievers prove Our service to our dear god, Love? What torches shall we lift above The crowd that pushes through the mire, To amaze the dark heads with strange fire? I should think I were much to blame, If never I held some fragrant flame Above the noises of the world, And openly 'mid men's hurrying stares, Worshipt before the sacred fears That are like flashing curtains furl'd Across the presence of our lord Love. Nay, would that I could fill the gaze Of the whole earth with some great praise Made in a marvel for men's eyes, Some tower of glittering masonries, Therein such a spirit flourishing Men should see what my heart can sing: All that Love hath done to me Built into stone, a visible glee; Marble carried to gleaming height As moved aloft by inward delight;

Not as with toil of chisels hewn, But seeming poised in a mighty tune. For of all those who have been known To lodge with our kind host, the sun, I envy one for just one thing: In Cordova of the Moors There dwelt a passion-minded King, Who set great bands of marble-hewers To fashion his heart's thanksgiving In a tall palace, shapen so All the wondering world might know The joy he had of his Moorish lass. His love, that brighter and larger was Than the starry places, into firm stone He sent, as if the stone were glass Fired and into beauty blown.

Solemn and invented gravely In its bulk the fabric stood, Even as Love, that trusteth bravely In its own exceeding good To be better than the waste Of time's devices; grandly spaced, Seriously the fabric stood. But over it all a pleasure went Of carven delicate ornament, Wreathing up like ravishment, Mentioning in sculptures twined The blitheness Love hath in his mind; And like delighted senses were The windows, and the columns there Made the following sight to ache As the heart that did them make. Well I can see that shining song Flowering there, the upward throng Of porches, pillars and window'd walls, Spires like piercing panpipe calls, Up to the roof's snow-cloud flight; All glancing in the Spanish light White as water of arctic tides, Save an amber dazzle on sunny sides. You had said, the radiant sheen Of that palace might have been A young god's fantasy, ere he came His serious worlds and suns to frame; Such an immortal passion Quiver'd among the slim hewn stone. And in the nights it seem'd a jar Cut in the substance of a star, Wherein a wine, that will be pour'd Some time for feasting Heaven, was stored.

But within this fretted shell, The wonder of Love made visible, The King a private gentle mood There placed, of pleasant quietude. For right amidst there was a court, Where always musked silences Listen'd to water and to trees; And herbage of all fragrant sort,—

ABERCROMBIE. STEPHENS

Lavender, lad's-love, rosemary, Basil, tansy, centaury,-Was the grass of that orchard, hid Love's amazements all amid. Jarring the air with rumour cool, Small fountains play'd into a pool With sound as soft as the barley's hiss When its beard just sprouting is; Whence a young stream, that trod on moss, Prettily rimpled the court across. And in the pool's clear idleness, Moving like dreams through happiness, Shoals of small bright fishes were; In and out weed-thickets bent Perch and carp, and sauntering went With mounching jaws and eyes a-stare; Or on a lotus leaf would crawl, A brinded loach to bask and sprawl, Tasting the warm sun ere it dipt Into the water; but quick as fear Back his shining brown head slipt To crouch on the gravel of his lair, Where the cool'd sunbeams broke in wrack, Spilt shatter'd gold about his back.

So within that green-veil'd air, Within that white-wall'd quiet, where Innocent water thought aloud,-Childish prattle that must make The wise sunlight with laughter shake On the leafage overbow'd,-Often the King and his love-lass Let the delicious hours pass. All the outer world could see Graved and sawn amazingly Their love's delighted riotise, Fixt in marble for all men's eyes; But only these twain could abide In the cool peace that withinside Thrilling desire and passion dwelt; They only knew the still meaning spelt By Love's flaming script, which is God's word written in ecstasies.

And where is now that palace gone, All the magical skill'd stone, All the dreaming towers wrought By Love as if no more than thought The unresisting marble was? How could such a wonder pass? Ah, it was but built in vain Against the stupid horns of Rome, That pusht down into the common loam The loveliness that shone in Spain. But we have raised it up again! A loftier palace, fairer far, Is ours, and one that fears no war. Safe in marvellous walls we are; Wondering sense like builded fires, High amazement of desires,

Delight and certainty of love, Closing around, roofing above Our unapproacht and perfect hour Within the splendours of love's power.

JAMES STEPHENS

DANNY MURPHY

HE was as old as old could be, His little eye could scarcely see, His mouth was sunken in between His nose and chin, and he was lean And twisted up and withered quite, So that he could not walk aright. His pipe was always going out, And then he'd have to search about In all his pockets, and he'd mow -O, deary me! and, musha now! And then he'd light his pipe, and then He'd let it go clean out again. He could not dance or jump or run, Or ever have a bit of fun Like me and Susan, when we shout And jump and throw ourselves about: But when he laughed then you could see He was as young as young could be.

NOTHING AT ALL

THERE was a man was very old:
He sat beside a little fire,
And watched the flame begin to tire.
He held his hands out to the heat,
And in his voice was half a scold,
Informed Creation he was cold.
And very, very feeble, too:
He could not lift up from his seat
To reach the fuel at his feet.
"Perhaps," said he, "God does not know
That I am nearly frozen through;
He might not like it if He knew.
"For an old man cannot stretch,
When his blood's too weak to flow,
Frozen sitting in the snow."

Poor old chattering, grumbling wight God will hardly come to fetch Wood for such an ancient wretch. But He will send you rain more cold, To quench that little flickering light, Just like this, and freeze you quite: Men must die when they are old.

ORA PRO NOBIS

A BIRD is singing now; Merrily Sings he Of his mate on the bough, And her eggs in the tree; But yonder a hawk
Swoops down from the blue
And the bird's song is finished
—Is this story true?
God now have mercy on me and on you.

D. H. LAWRENCE

COROT

The trees rise tall and taller, lifted
On a subtle rush of cool grey flame
That issuing out of the dawn has sifted
The spirit from each leaf's frame,

For the trailing, leisurely rapture of life Drifts dimly forward, easily hidden By bright leaves uttered aloud, and strife Of shapes in the grey mist chidden.

The grey, phosphorescent, pellucid advance Of the luminous purpose of God, shines out Where the lofty trees athwart stream chance To shake flakes of its shadow about.

The subtle, steady rush of the whole Grey foam-mist of advancing God, As He silently sweeps to His somewhere, His goal, Is heard in the grass of the sod.

Is heard in the windless whisper of leaves In the silent labours of men in the fields, In the downward dropping of flimsy sheaves Of cloud the rain skies yield.

In the tapping haste of a fallen leaf,
In the flapping of red-roof smoke, and the small
Foot-stepping tap of men beneath
These trees so huge and tall.

For what can all sharp-rimmed substance but catch In a backward ripple God's purpose, reveal For a moment His mighty direction, snatch A spark beneath His wheel.

Since God sweeps onward dim and vast, Creating the channelled vein of Man And Leaf for His passage, His shadow is cast On all for us to scan.

Ah listen, for Silence is not lonely:
Imitate the magnificent trees
That speak no word of their rapture, but only
Breathe largely the luminous breeze,

RUPERT BROOKE

DINING-ROOM TEA

When you were there, and you, and you, Happiness crowned the night; I too, Laughing and looking, one of all, I watched the quivering lamplight fall On plate and flowers and pouring tea And cup and cloth; and they and we Flung all the dancing moments by With jest and glitter. Lip and eye

Flashed on the glory, shone and cried, Improvident, unmemoried; And fitfully and like a flame The light of laughter went and came. Proud in their careless transience moved The changing faces that I loved.

Till suddenly, and otherwhence, I looked upon your innocence. For lifted clear and still and strange From the dark woven flow of change Under a vast and starless sky I saw the immortal moment lie. One instant I, an instant, knew As God knows all. And it and you I, above Time, oh, blind! could see In witless immortality. I saw the marble cup; the tea, Hung on the air, an amber stream: I saw the fire's unglittering gleam, The painted flame, the frozen smoke. No more the flooding lamplight broke On flying eyes and lips and hair; But lay, but slept unbroken there, On stiller flesh, and body breathless, And lips and laughter stayed and deathless, And words on which no silence grew. Light was more alive than you.

For suddenly, and otherwhence, I looked on your magnificence. I saw the stillness and the light, And you, august, immortal, white, Holy and strange; and every glint, Posture and jest and thought and tint Freed from the mask of transiency, Triumphant in eternity, Immote, immortal.

Dazed at length Human eyes grew, mortal strength Wearied; and Time began to creep. Change closed about me like a sleep. Light glinted on the eyes I loved. The cup was filled. The bodies moved. The drifting petal came to ground. The laughter chimed its perfect round. The broken syllable was ended. And I, so certain and so friended, How could I cloud, or how distress The heaven of your unconsciousness? Or shake at Time's sufficient spell, Stammering of lights unutterable? The eternal holiness of you, The timeless end, you never knew, The peace that lay, the light that shone You never knew that I had gone A million miles away, and stayed A million years. The laughter played

BROOKE. BOTTOMLEY

Unbroken round me; and the jest Flashed on. And we that knew the best Down wonderful hours grew happier yet. I sang at heart, and talked, and eat, And lived from laugh to laugh, I too, When you were there, and you, and you.

DUST

When the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night;

When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has stilled the labour of my breath—
When we are dust, when we are dust!—

Not dead, not undesirous yet, Still sentient, still unsatisfied, We'll ride the air, and shine, and flit, Around the places where we died,

And dance as dust before the sun,
And light of foot, and unconfined,
Hurry from road to road, and run
About the errands of the wind.

And every mote, on earth or air,
Will speed and gleam, down later days,
And like a secret pilgrim fare
By eager and invisible ways,

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,
One mote of all the dust that's I
Shall meet one atom that was you.

Then in some garden hushed from wind, Warm in a sunset's afterglow, The lovers in the flowers will find A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace; and, past desiring, So high a beauty in the air, And such a light, and such a quiring, And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew, Or out of earth, or in the height, Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue, Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher. . . .

But in that instant they shall learn

The shattering ecstasy of our fire,

And the weak passionless hearts will burn

And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know!—
One moment, what it is to love.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE snow had fallen many nights and days; The sky was come upon the earth at last, Sifting thinly down as endlessly As though within the system of blind planets Something had been forgot or overdriven. The dawn now seemed neglected in the grey Where mountains were unbuilt and shadowless trees Rootlessly paused or hung upon the air. There was no wind, but now and then a sigh Crossed that dry falling dust and rifted it Through crevices of slate and door and casement. Perhaps the new moon's time was even past. Outside, the first white twilights were too void Until a sheep called once, as to a lamb, And tenderness crept everywhere from it; But now the flock must have strayed far away. The lights across the valley must be veiled, The smoke lost in the greyness or the dusk. For more than three days now the snow had thatched That cow-house roof where it had ever melted With yellow stains from the beasts' breath inside; But yet a dog howled there, though not quite lately. Someone passed down the valley swift and singing, Yes, with locks spreaded like a son of morning; But if he seemed too tall to be a man It was that men had been so long unseen, Or shapes loom larger through a moving snow. And he was gone and food had not been given him. When snow slid from an overweighted leaf, Shaking the tree, it might have been a bird Slipping in sleep or shelter, whirring wings; Yet never bird fell out, save once a dead one— And in two days the snow had covered it. The dog had howled again—or thus it seemed Until a lean fox passed and cried no more, All was so safe indoors where life went on Glad of the close enfolding snow-O glad To be so safe and secret at its heart, Watching the strangeness of familiar things. They knew not what dim hours went on, went by, For while they slept the clock stopt newly wound As the cold hardened. Once they watched the road, Thinking to be remembered. Once they doubted If they had kept the sequence of the days, Because they heard not any sound of bells. A butterfly, that hid until the Spring Under a ceiling's shadow, dropt, was dead. The coldness seemed more nigh, the coldness deepened As a sound deepens into silences; It was of earth and came not by the air; The earth was cooling and drew down the sky. The air was crumbling. There was no more sky. Rails of a broken bed charred in the grate, And when he touched the bars he thought the sting Came from their heat—he could not feel such cold. . . .

BOTTOMLEY, ROSS. LYSAGHT. WILLIAMS, SARGANT

She said "O, do not sleep,
Heart, heart of mine, keep near me. No, no sleep.
I will not lift his fallen, quiet eyelids,
Although I know he would awaken then—
He closed them thus but now of his own will.
He can stay with me while I do not lift them,"

RONALD ROSS

THE INDIAN MOTHER

FULL fed with thoughts and knowledges sublime,
And thundering oracles of the gods, that make
Man's mind the flower of action and of time,
I was one day where beggars come to take
Doles ere they die. An Indian mother there,
Young, but so wretched that her staring eyes
Shone like the winter wolf's with ravening glare
Of hunger, struck me. For to much surprise
A three-year child well nourish'd at her breast,
Wither'd with famine, still she fed and press'd—
For she was dying. "I am too poor," she said,
"To feed him otherwise"; and with a kiss
Fell back and died. And the soul answered,
"In spite of all the gods and prophets—this!"

S. R. LYSAGHT

NORTH AND SOUTH

In foam of rose the long waves broke below
The lemon trees; and gold and amethyst
The inland mountains gleamed.
It was the land we dreamed of long ago;
But now we looked on it we somewhere missed
The light of which we dreamed.

Beside the oleander and the clove, And alien midst many a flaming plant Of gold and cinnabar,

Beyond the garden stood a black-green grove Of pine-trees, set by some old emigrant Who knew the polar star.

The shadows deepened in that land unknown; And presently great stars appeared above In unfamiliar deeps.

The wind's voice and the water's undertone Were soft as a forgotten touch of love That comes to one who sleeps.

The night began the garden scents to steal;
The sea grew silver in the rising moon,
And violet the sky.

We looked on splendour that we did not feel; Strange charms, to which our souls were not in tune, Touched us and drifted by.

Then the wind rose and from the pines drew forth
Ancestral whispers of their land of birth,
Dark heath and stormy shore;
And all the wistful magic of the north
And all the old enchantment of the earth
Enfolded us once more.

The north interpreted the south: dreams dreamed In childhood gave reality its soul,
And filled the earth again
With vanished wonder; while far off I seemed
To hear wild seas beyond a pine-wood roll
At dusk in wind and rain.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

THE SILVER STAIR: SONNET LIX

That the end of Love's clear only in the Light of the Soul Love, gone a-wandering through this world of man, Through the wide mazes and the depths that make

The earth, man's body, knew not how to take Such path as to his tryst directly ran, Nor could find guidance, that the shadows 'gan

Trouble his soul, until the stars that wake Movement in man, his thoughts and wisdom, spake Hope, and led through the hard roads' complex plan.

Yet so the way he saw not by their light,
Nor robbers' haunt, nor lair of couched beast;
Until the moon, the very soul of Night,
Shone; then about all heaven there went the fame

Of God, a message heard beyond the East; And to his high tryst Love at daybreak came.

THE SILVER STAIR : SONNET LXVI

Of the Place of Abiding
Upon a day we issued, thou and I,
Out of the gate of Time's regality,
Whose wharves run down to a tempestuous sea,
And to the borders of his realm drew nigh.
But there his knights who watch lest any fly
His marches, strove, if we perchance might be
Borne captives to their suzerain; but we

Met them and overthrew them and passed by.

Then we rode on into the land of Love,
By many royal citadels, and came
Unto the strength and capital thereof.
Herein is joy for all our hardihood,
Joy that is told not of in common fame,
Nor is by Love's provincials understood.

E. B. SARGANT

AZALEA BUDS

Two sister flowers I gave my Love Upon a single stem: She twined them at her waist to prove What joy she had of them.

Twin flowers by birth, twin flowers in death, Their petals fell together:

Oh! then her April glance and breath Held dim and gusty weather.

But as the stalk she eyed in woe
Where once those flowers had been,
Out leapt the sun, for just below
Two perfect buds were seen.

THE PATH OF PARADISE

My Love stands on a grassy path Amidmost of a garden fair; The stars of peace are in her eyes, Its winds are folded in her hair.

Ye scarlet poppies, burn not so!
Ye roses, spread your perfume less!
For how shall passion run to greet
A spirit of such gentleness?

She lifts on high her sleeves of white, New stars of joy possess her eyes, The winds of welcome loose her hair: It is the path of Paradise.

ROBERT FROST

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree Toward heaven still, And there's a barrel that I didn't fill Beside it, and there may be two or three Apples I didn't pick upon some bough. But I am done with apple-picking now. Essence of winter sleep is on the night, The scent of apples: I am drowsing off. I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight I got from looking through a pane of glass I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough And held against the world of hoary grass. It melted, and I let it fall and break, But I was well Upon my way to sleep before it fell, And I could tell What form my dreaming was about to take. Magnified apples appear and disappear, Stem end and blossom end, And every fleck of russet showing clear. My instep arch not only keeps the ache, It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round. I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend. And I keep hearing from the cellar bin The rumbling sound Of load on load of apples coming in. For I have had too much Of apple-picking: I am overtired Of the great harvest I myself desired. There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch, Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall. For all That struck the earth, No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble, Went surely to the cider-apple heap As of no worth. One can see what will trouble This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone, The woodchuck could say whether it's like his Long sleep, as I describe its coming on, Or just some human sleep.

JAMES JOYCE

STRINGS IN THE EARTH AND AIR

Strings in the earth and air Make music sweet; Strings by the river where The willows meet.

There's music along the river For Love wanders there, Pale flowers on his mantle, Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.

THE TWILIGHT TURNS FROM AMETHYST

The twilight turns from amethyst
To deep and deeper blue,
The lamp fills with a pale green glow
The trees of the avenue.

The old piano plays an air, Sedate and slow and gay; She bends upon the yellow keys, Her head inclines this way.

Shy thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands
That wander as they list—
The twilight turns to darker blue
With lights of amethyst,

F. MADOX HUEFFER

HOW STRANGE A THING

How strange a thing to think upon:
Whilst we sit here with pipes and wine
This world of ours goes roving on
Where stars and planets shine.
And round and round and round
This brave old ball, still out and in—
Whilst we sit still on solid ground—
Doth spin and spin and spin.

And, whilst we're glad with pipes and wine, We travel leagues and leagues of space:
Our arbour's trellised with the vine,
Our host's a jocund face.
Yet on and on and on
This brave old ball spins in and out:
Why, here's a thing to think upon
And make a song about.

HUEFFER. HEWLETT, THORLEY. F. CORNFORD

Ho, landlord, bring new wine along And fill us each another cup.

We're minded to give out a song.

My journey, mates; stand up.

For round and round and round and round

This noble ball doth spin and spin,

And 'twixt the firmament and ground

Supports us and our sin.

M, HEWLETT

A SONG FOR A LUTE AT NIGHT

I LOVE only thee— What is that to thee? Royal youth goes carcless, Frank and flusht and tearless. Royal youth is free: Take no thought of me.

I love only thee— What is that to thee? Beauty must have servants; If by my observance I pay beauty's fee, Take no thought for me.

I love only thee— What is that to thee? If thou wert compassionate, Courteous, I might fashion it Into more—Let be: Take no thought of me.

I love only thee— What is that to thee? This! Like apple-blossom Wind-swept is thy bosom When thou seest me Taking thought of thee.

This it is to thee!
All my love of thee
Holds thy breath and sways it
Like a lute, and plays it:
And the melody
Is thy thought of me.

Keep thy thought of me Shyly, secretly. I ask not to know it More than thou dost show it When thy colours flee Chasing over thee.

Never thine for me, As my love for thee! Daily to go aching, Nightly to lie waking; Restless as the sea. Long not so for me.

W. THORLEY

CHANT FOR REAPERS

Why do you hide, O dryads! when we seek
Your healing hands in solace?
Who shall soften like you the places rough?
Who shall hasten the harvest?

Why do you fly, O dryads! when we pray
For laden boughs and blossom?
Who shall quicken like you the sapling trees?
Who shall ripen the orchards?

Bare in the wind the branches wave and break. The hazel nuts are hollow.

Who shall garner the wheat if you be gone? Who shall sharpen his sickle?

Wine have we spilt, O dryads! on our knees Have made you our oblation.

Who shall save us from dearth if you be fled? Who shall comfort and kindle?

Sadly we delve the furrows, string the vine
Whose flimsy burden topples.

Downward tumble the woods if you be dur

Downward tumble the woods if you be dumb, Stript of honey and garland.

Why do you hide, O dryads! when we call, With pleading hands uplifted? Smile and bless us again that all be well; Smile again on your children.

OF THE MOON

From Child Thoughts

As I lay down to sleep last night, The moon looked in with all her light, And O! it was a pretty sight. As though an angel passing by Had heard the little children cry, And oped a lattice in the sky: And leaned far out, and gently laid Her arm along the balustrade; And told them not to be afraid; And whispered low that she would stay, And guard them till the dawn of day Should drive the horrid night away. Her breath it was a silver mist That turned a star whate'er she kist. She touched my little bosom, wrist; And then her light crept o'er my face, And all my hair turned silver lace; And then I slept and dreamed apace.

FRANCES CORNFORD

THE OLD WITCH IN THE COPSE

I AM a witch, and a kind old witch,
There's many a one knows that—
Alone I live in my little dark house
With Pillycock, my cat.

F. CORNFORD. ALFORD. FLECKER

A girl came running through the night
When all the winds blew free:—
"O mother, change a young man's heart
That will not look on me.

O mother, brew a magic mead

To stir his heart so cold."

"Just as you will, my dear," said I;

"And I thank you for your gold."

So here am I in the wattled copse Where all the twigs are brown, To find what I need, to brew my mead As the dark of night comes down.

Primroses in my old hands, Sweet to smell and young, And violets blue that spring in the grass Wherever the larks have sung.

With celandines as heavenly crowns Yellowy-gold and bright; All of these, O all of these, Shall bring her love's delight.

But orchids growing snakey-green
Speckled dark with blood,
And fallen leaves that sered and shrank
And rotted in the mud,

With nettles burning blistering harsh And blinding thorns above; All of these, O all of these Shall bring the pains of love.

Shall bring the pains of love, my Puss, That cease not night or day, The bitter rage, nought can assuage

Till it bleeds the heart away.

Pillycock mine, my hands are full,

My pot is on the fire.
Purr, my pet, this fool shall get
Her fool's desire.

J. ALFORD

VISION

HE has seen a vision
The other side of the sun.
He has gazed right through what blinds us
Even to glance upon.

Never since that day
Has he put his hand to the plough,
But sits alone with wide eyes
And soft, unwrinkled brow,

Or lies full length asleep
Among the barley stooks,
Or wanders at the edge of the wood
To watch the wheeling rooks.

He never joins the company
Of men, nor seek him they,
But he stands sometimes by the green plot
Where the children laugh at play.

'Tis sure he's very happy,
Though he talks with never-a-one,
And answers only, "I have seen
The other side of the sun."

SMOOTH AND FULL-LIMBED IS THE FORM OF THE NIGHT

SMOOTH and full-limbed is the form of the night, and still;

No tremor stirs her beauty and exquisite calm. And a boy leans over a lighted window-sill, Gazing into her mind, his head on his arm.

Like a white moth his thought flies into the night, Probing here and there with its sensitive tongue; Queries, and trembles to find such new delight, Even as the moth-wings quiver and flit among The dim-shadowed trees, with inquisitive delicate flight.

J. E. FLECKER

IN PHÆACIA

HAD I that haze of streaming blue,
That sea below, the summer-faced,
I'd work and weave a dress for you
And kneel to clasp it round your waist,
And broider with those burning bright
Threads of the Sun across the sea,
And bind it with the silver light
That wavers in the olive tree,

Had I the gold that like a river
Pours through our garden, eve by eve,
Our garden that goes on for ever
Out of the world, as we believe;
Had I that glory on the vine,
That splendour soft on tower and town,
I'd forge a crown of that sunshine,
And break before your feet the crown.

Through the great pinewood I have been An hour before the lustre dies,
Nor have such forest-colours seen
As those that glimmer in your eyes.
Ah, misty woodland, down whose deep
And twilight paths I love to stroll
To meadows quieter than sleep
And pools more secret than the soul!

Could I but steal that awful throne
Ablaze with dreams and songs and stars
Where sits Night, a man of stone,
On the frozen mountain spars
I'd cast him down, for he is old,
And set my Lady there to rule,
Gowned with silver, crowned with gold,
And in her eyes the forest pool.

R. HODGSON

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man, Will you not stay, Put up your caravan Just for one day?

ROSE MACAULAY

SONG OF THE LITTLE FLEET

The moon's afloat, a lamplit boat,
Where reeds shake and sing;
Around her dip, ship jostling ship,
The stars voyaging.
Who bends his ear may haply hear
A strange thing and sweet:
Chin voices chime in water-time,
And thus sing the fleet:

"The earth is good, with hill and wood, A wide place and fair; When we look down on field and town, We would fain voyage there.

Of the dark sea our keels were free, But we loved earth best;
So earth did make us roads and take Our ships to her breast.

And now we ride in shivering pride Down dim lanes and blue, And owls cry 'Whit! There rides the fleet!' And 'Luck go with you-ou-ou!' The pure sweet thorn that takes the morn Breathes dreams all the night; But when she pales, then furl we sails, And, wisht! sink from sight." The stream runs gray before the day, The reeds shake and sing; Among them slip and quiver and dip Ripples voyaging. Who bends his ear perchance may hear A sad thing and sweet-Thin voices chime in water-time: But where sails the fleet?

T. STURGE MOORE

TO SILENCE

O DEEP and clear as is the sky, A soul is as a bird in thee That travels on and on; so I, Like a snared linnet, now break free, Who sought thee once with leisured grace As hale youth seeks the sea's warm bays. And as a floating nereid sleeps In the deep-billowed ocean-stream; And by some goatherd on lone rock Is thought a corpse, though she may dream And profit by both health and ease Nursed on those high green rolling seas,— Long once I drifted in thy tide, Appearing dead to those I passed; Yet lived in thee, and dreamed, and waked Twice what I had been. Now, I cast Me broken on thy buoyant deep And dreamless in thy calm would sleep. Silence, I almost now believe Thou art the speech on lips divine, Their greatest kindness to their child. Yet I, who for all wisdom pine, Seek thee but as a bather swims To refresh and not dissolve his limbs:-Though those be thine, who asked and had, And asked and had again, again, Yet always found they wanted more, Till craving grew to be a pain; And they at last to Silence fled, Glad to lose all for which they pled. O pure and wide as is the sky, Heal me, yet give me back to life! Though thou foresee the day when I,

Sated with failure, dead to strife,

Shall seek in thee my being's end,

Still be to my fond hope a friend.

THOMAS HARDY

NIGHT IN THE OLD HOME

When the wasting embers redden the chimney-breast,

And Life's bare pathway looms like a desert track to me,

And from hall and parlour the living have gone to their rest,

The perished people who housed them here come back to me.

They come and seat them around in their mouldy places,

Now and then bending towards me a glance of wistfulness,

A strange upbraiding smile upon all their faces,

And in the bearing of each a passive tristfulness.

"Do you uphold me, lingering and languishing here,

A pale late plant of your once strong stock?" I say to them;

"A thinker of crooked thoughts upon Life in the sere,

And on That which consigns men to night after showing the day to them ?"

"-O let be the Wherefore! We fevered our years not thus:

Take of Life what it grants, without question!"
they answer me seemingly.

"Enjoy, suffer, wait: spread the table here freely like us,

And, satisfied, placid, unfretting, watch Time away beamingly!"

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS [September 1914]

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,

To hazards whence no tears can win us; What of the faith and fire within us Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by,
With doubt and dolorous sigh?

Can much pondering so hoodwink you?
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's need are we;
Her distress would set us rueing:

Nay. We see well what we are doing, Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just, And that braggarts must Surely bite the dust,

March we to the field ungrieving, In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,

To hazards whence no tears can win us; Hence the faith and fire within us Men who march away.



APPENDIX

Two little poems were accidentally omitted when the selections were arranged, and are now added here. The well-known "Burning Babe" of Robert Southwell should have appeared beside the two lessknown poems on p. 74:

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in the snow,

Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,

A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear,

Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed,

As though His floods should quench His flames which with His tears were fed;

"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born, in fiery heats
I fry,

Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;

The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,

The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,

For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,

So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My blood."

With this He vanisht out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away.

And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas Day.

A more pagan Muse inspired the fine lyric by William Browne of Tavistock, which is sung by a Siren in The Inner Temple Masque:

Steen hither, steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners;
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers;

Perfumes far sweeter than the best Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest. Fear not your ships,

Nor any to oppose you save our lips, But come on shore,

Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

("The last two lines were repeated as from a grove near, by a full Chorus.")

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests;
For stars gaze on our eyes.

The compass Love shall hourly sing, And as he goes about the ring,

We will not miss

To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

Chorus.

Then come on shore, Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

A few more specimens from the Song-books of Shakespeare's time (one perhaps later) may be welcome:

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

(From Thomas Ford's Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607)

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;

If now I be disdained I wish my heart had never known ye.

What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me,

Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly

Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly might you leave me.

I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; is't now a time to chide me?

No, no, no, I'll love you still, what fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,

And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder;

Where beauty moves, and wit delights, and signs of kindness bind me,

There, O there—where'er I go—I'll leave my heart behind me,

HEY NONNY NO! (From Christ Church MS. I. 5. 49)

HEY nonny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to dance and sing

When the bells of death do ring?

Is't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe

And sing hey nonny no,

When the winds blow and the seas flow?

Hey nonny no!

I SAW MY LADY WEEP

(From J. Dowland's Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600)

I saw my Lady weep, And Sorrow proud to be advanced so In those fair eyes where all perfections keep. Her face was full of woe,

But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts. Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move

As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.

Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

FAIN WOULD I CHANGE THAT NOTE
(From Captain T. Hume's The First Part of Airs, French, &c., 1605)

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much That say thy sweet is bitter, When thy ripe fruit is such As nothing can be sweeter. Fair house of joy and bliss, Where truest pleasure is, I do adore thee; I know thee what thou art, I serve thee with my heart, And fall before thee.

YET IF HIS MAJESTY OUR SOVEREIGN LORD

(From Christ Church MS. K. 3, 43-5)

YET 1 if His Majesty our sovereign lord Should of his own accord Friendly himself invite, And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night," How should we stir ourselves, call and command All hands to work! " Let no man idle stand, Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall, See they be fitted all: Let there be room to eat And order taken that there want no meat, See every sconce and candlestick made bright, That without tapers they may give a light. Look to the presence: are the carpets spread, The dais o'er the head, The cushions in the chairs, And all the candles lighted on the stairs? Perfume the chambers, and in any case Let each man give attendance in his place." Thus if the king were coming would we do, And 'twere good reason too; For 'tis a duteous thing To show all honour to an earthly king, And after all our travail and our cost, So he be pleased, to think no labour lost, But at the coming of the King of Heaven All's set at six and seven: We wallow in our sin, Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn. We entertain him always like a stranger, And as at first still lodge him in the manger.

¹ Apparently part of a longer poem. Mr. Bullen is inclined to ascribe the verses to Henry Vaughan.

For the spelling of the earlier texts, see the Preface. CHAUCER alone remains in the original spelling (text of "Globe" edition).

Page I

BARBOUR. "Freedom": extract from Book I of The Bruce. to have liking, to have one's will, pleasure na, nor ellys, else property, peculiarity anger, affliction thirldom, thraldom than, then perquer, " by heart," thoroughly suld, should prys, prize

CHAUCER. è is to be sounded. "The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

soote, sweet corages, hearts ferne, distant; or, ancient halwes, saints (saints' shrines) kowthe, well-known ther, where werre, war ferre, farther Alisaundre, Alexandria the bord bigonne, taken the head of the table

Pruce, Prussia Lettow, Lithuania reysed, taken part in expedition Ruce, Russia Gernade, Granada Belmarye, (in Africa) Benamarin Lyeys, (in Armenia) Satalye, Attalia the Grete See, the Mediterranean armee, armed expedition Tramyssene, in Africa thries, thrice Palatye, in Anatolia gypon, vest beneath coat of mail bismotered, stained (with rust) habergeon, hauberk, coat of mail

Page 2

lovyere, lover crulle, curly delyvere, active chyvachie, mounted expedition floytinge, fluting nyghtertale, night-time namo, no more not-heed, close-cropped head koude, knew

bracer, arm-guard fetisly, properly, neatly leste, delight ferthyng, particle raughte, reached pynched, closely pleated tretys, well-shaped a fair, a good one yaf, gave wood, mad bit. bade prikasour, hard rider

Page 3

seigh, saw grys, grey fur leed, cauldron lymytour, a friar licensed to beg for alms within a certain limit yeve, give farsed, stuffed rote, a stringed instrument yeddynges, songs poraille, poor folk love-dayes, days for settling disputes by arbitration lipsed, lisped chevyssaunce, usury courtepy, cape fithele, fiddle hente, get scoleye, study

Page 4 Parvys, porch of St. Paul's, where lawyers were consulted by their clients purchasour, conveyancer pynchen, find fault pleyn, completely envyned, supplied with wine anlaas, dagger gipser, pouch morne, morning vavasour, landholder, country squire webbe, weaver apiked, trimmed chaped, capped mortreux, rich stews mormal, an inflamed sore rouncy, hack faldyng, coarse cloth

Page 5 letuaries, electuaries pers, blue

lodemenage, pilotage

sendal, fine silk haunt, experience, practice as nowthe, now persoun, parson sithes, times daungerous, forbidding digne, haughty fother, load Page 6

gamed or smerte, pleased or pained knarre, (knot), thick-set fellow harre, hinge janglere, prater goliardeys, ribald, buffoon

tollen thries, take threefold his toll, his due

maunciple, servant who purchased victuals for an Inn of Court or a College

achatours, buyers taille, tally sette hir aller cappe, set the caps of,

i.e. befooled, them all hyne, hind, servant

covyns, deceit myster, craft stot, cob

pomely, dappled somonour, officer who summoned accused persons before ecclesiastical courts

sawcefleem, covered with pimples scaled, scurvy, scabby

piled, scanty whelkes, blotches

tho, then

Page 7

pull a finch, " pluck a pigeon " significavit, opening word of a writ for imprisoning an excommunicated person

girles, young people of both sexes colpons, shreds iet, fashion

vernycle, cloth (of St. Veronica) with impression of Christ's face pilwe-beer, pillow-case (n)arette, account (not)

Page 8 to make it wys, to deliberate upon it foreward, agreement

"Criseyde." The extract is from Troilus and Criseyde, Book II. (stanzas 86-133) stente, stayed

543

Page 9

to-breste, burst leste, pleased ascry, alarm scarmuch, skirmish ther, where routes, companies a pas, at a foot-pace, ambling weldy, active tissu, band thirled, pierced Who yaf me drinke? Who gave me a love-potion? thé, prosper payed, pleased em, uncle plited, turned, folded paraunter, peradventure

Page 10

nice, foolish, stupid
avauntour, boaster
lese, pasture
fyn, end
religious, member of an order, under
a vow of chastity
sikernesse, security
n'ath, hath not
lest, pleasure
becom'th, goes
sporneth, spurns, treads. "'No one
stumbles over it'; for it is too
unsubstantial" (Skeat)
quemen, please
sonded, sanded

Page 11 to rente, in tribute bet, better flemen, banish verre, glass werre, war site, be anxious. (Skeat's conjecture for sike, "sigh," which in-/volves a defective rhyme.) lasse, less agaste, frighten converte, change her mind wrye, turn i-fere, together ayein, against briddes, bird's her mette, she dreamt dide, made agroos, shuddered, was terrified

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND. "The King sees the Lady Joan": stanzas 40-44 of The Kingis Quair.
pleyn, play

Page 12
abate, discomfiture, surprise
astert, started
tho, then
lyte, little while
astert, escape
doth me sihe, makes me sigh
lest, did it please
sen, since

Uplands Mouse and the Burgess Mouse." wynnit, dwelt busk, bush waith, "game taken in hunting" (Jamieson) in to. in tholit, endured can bide, did dwell als, also but, without, free from unfutesair, not footsore langit, longed under the wand. Laing gives "in a state of subjection." Jamieson says: "Apparently synonymous with under the lind, denoting a situation in the open fields" wilsom, wild, devious whill, till anis, once could hear, did hear beis kyth, was shown thir, these plet, folded, embraced fure, fared syne, then chalmer, chamber yude, went wans, dwelling fog, moss shiel, shelter samyn, same but mair abaid, without more delay pykeris, thieves I do it on them beside (?) prompit, (?) sallied (promp is a form of prompt) widderit, withered or, ere awin, own

Page 13

thrawen, (twisted, distorted,) illhumoured vult. countenance hething, scorn shaw, show be, by Pace, Easter anew, enough yeid, went fand, found thine, thence skelfis, shelves tailyeis, pieces spierit at, asked sarie, sorry wait, know till, to subcharge, second course

SW4. 80

thraf caikis, cakes of unleavened bread mans, manchet, the finest kind of wheaten bread geill, jelly stal, stole

sin, pity, shame spenser, butler will of, at a loss for stound, sharp pain

Henryson. "The Tale of the Uplands Mouse and the Burgess Mouse."

wynnit, dwelt bush, bush waith, "game taken in hunting" (Jamieson) in to, in tholit, endured can bide, did dwell als, also but, without, free from unjutesair, not footsore

Henryson. "The Tale of the Bawdronis," a common designation for a cat" (Laing) hint, caught cant, lively, merry bukheid, "a game, probably like Hide-and-Seek" (Laing) parraling (= furnishing. In the next stanza the mouse attributes her safety to "yon curtain and yon perpall [i.e. partition] wall") cluke, claw

Page 14

mangery, feast
mingit, mingled
gansell, "a garlic sauce, used especially for goose" (New Eng. Dict.)
na fall, (?)
perpall, partition
kith, (own) country
merkit, rode

benely, abundantly but and ben, outer and inner apartments erd, earth

gleid, piece of live coal, ember, spark

DUNBAR. "The Thistle and the Rose." Written in honour of the marriage of James IV with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII of England, in 1503.

halsit, embraced, saluted benyng, benign lemis, beams done proclaim, proclaimed ring, reign bewis, boughs

bewis, boughs gent, pretty beseen, dressed doing fleet, fleeting, floating

Page 15 hierarchy, the angels bauld, bold gar, make but fere, without a peer cluvis, claws listly, pleasantly bowgle, buffalo, wild ox laitis, manners pennis, feathers awbpis, whaups, curlews papingais, parrots wicht, strong effeiris, behaviours weiris, wars fend, defend, provide for lave, rest her fallow, fellow, i.e. match herself macle, stain

Page 16
braid, quick movement
"Meditation in Winter"—
Into thir dirk and drublic dayis, in
these dark and wet days
skyis, clouds
whon, when
dule spreit, doleful spirit

for schoir, "owing to the noisy | lap, sprang threatening (i.e. of the wind, hail, and heavy showers)" (Scot. Text Soc. edition)
dois forlore, faints
wauk, wake
whill, till that will away, that which will

pass away (so in next line, that = that which)

yettis, gates

thir, these
"Lament for the Makers" makers (makaris), poets bruckle, brittle wannis, fades

Page 17

campion, champion stour, battle piscence, puissance supplee, help lave, rest done infeck, infected, smitten Aunteris, Adventures done roune, (?) whispered man, must

"The Nut-Brown ANONYMOUS. Maid "in fere, together

Page 20

yede, went

Chronological sequence is, of course, not aimed at in the case of the anonymous ballads gathered at this place in the text. The earliest them have generally been assigned to the sixteenth century, the latest are of the seventeenth.
"Thomas the Rhymer"—

ferlie, wonder tett, lock carp, talk leven, lawn, glade stern, star dought, could "Tam Lin" teind, tithe gaud of airn, bar of iron

gleed, glowing coal

ill-far'd, ill-favoured

Page 24

"The Wife of Usher's Well "fashes, trouble syke, marshy bottom with a small stream in it sheugh, trench

Page 25

channerin, fretting 'Sir Patrick Spens" (Sir Walter Scott's version) skeely, skilful weet, wet gane, suffice half-fou, the eighth part of a peck lift, sky

bout, bolt

Page 26 "Battle of Otterbourne"win, dry by airing pallions, pavilions swakked, smote

Page 27

swapped, smote
"The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" lawing, reckoning dawing, dawn marrow, mate, husband; match dowie, sad, dreary houm, holm leafu', (?) dear; or, lawful

Page 28 "Willie Drown'd in Yarrow"hecht, promised twined, deprived

syne, then "Waly, waly"waly, alas aik, oak lichtly, slight busk, dress, deck cramasie, crimson

"The Twa Corbies"corbies, ravens mane, moan fail, turf hause-bane, neck-bone theek, thatch

Page 29 WYATT. "Lo, what it is to love." an, on

Page 30 "Forget not yet the tried Intent "-

denays, denials "And wilt thou leave me thus"grame, sorrow

nother, neither

Page 31

SURREY. "A worthier wight than Helen "boisteous, boisterous draweth in ure, (comes into operation), plays its part (ure = œuvre)

"The golden Gift that Nature did thee give "—
dooms, judgements, wits

" Epitaph on his friend Clere"chase, didst choose "A Prisoner in Windsor Castle"—

hove, linger sales, halls (Fr. salles) despoiled, stripped

trailed, (?) surrounded; or, followed

avaled, lowered, slackened a force. "Chasse à forcer is the old hunting term for that game which is run down, in opposi-tion to the chasse à tirer, that in which it is shot" (Nott) A. Scott. "Oppressit Hairt, Endure." Besides mere changes in spelling, she is printed for scho, by for be, failit (failed) for felyeit. wappit, enveloped, wrapt

dress, redress but, without wyte, blame lair, lore kin, kind of sets, besets mene, moan forfare, perish, be lost chese, choos into, in

Page 33

gart, made gove, look wantonly glaik, behave foolishly rake, roam lair, stick faik, attain man, must

GASCOIGNE. "Lullaby of a Lover "eft, again

SACKVILLE. "The Induction"tapets, " tapestry" of leaves soote, sweet prest, ready stent, limit

Page 34

chare, car leams, rays reduced, brought back outbrast, burst forth apart, remove dewle, lamentation shryght, shrieked eft, again appale, weaken avale, sink fordone, exhausted sike, sigh bedreynt, drenched

Page 35 won, dwelling swinge, sway astoynd, dazed, confounded yeding, going swelth, (?) pitch

stent, stop stoynd, (= astoynd, above) fet, fetched

Page 36

feres, companions tawed, tanned yrun, run all were it, although it were ylain, lain, laid pill'd, bald mought, might ymay, may enthrilling, piercing

Page 37

lyn, cease spercled, sparkling empaled, surrounded

Page 38

bubs, bubbles yjere, together molt, melted

Page 40

RALEIGH. "The Pilgrimage"—suckets, sweetmeats

Spenser. "Epithalamion"-

Page 41

tead, torch beseen, dressed

Page 42

croud, fiddle

Page 43

Pouke, Puck

Page 44

"Prothalamion" delay, temper, assuage

Page 45

entrayled, interlaced feateously, neatly lee, river Somers-heat, Somerset, and summer's heat (a pun) shend, put to shame

Page 46

"A Hymnin Honour of Beauty" empight, fixed

Page 47

eft, afterwards enraced, implanted

Page 48

bland, flatter, beguile belgards, kind looks

Page 49

"The Suitor's State": extract from Mother Hubbard's Tale.

"Pastoral": extract from Virgil's Gnat (stanzas 9-11) ment, mingled stud, shrub

"From The Faerie Queene," extracts as follows: "The Dwelling of Morpheus," Book I, Canto I, stanzas 39-41. "Despair," Book I, Canto IX, stanzas 33 to end. "Honour," Book II, Canto IX, stanzas 39-41. "Mammon," Book II, Canto VII, entire. "The Bower of Bliss," Book II, Canto XII, stanzas 42 to end. "Mutability, I," the first of the Two Cantos of Mutabilitie, stanzas I-35. "Mutability, II," the second of the Two Cantos, stanzas 13 to end.

"Despair"—
ypight, pitched, placed
griesie, grey

Page 50

uneath, uneasily bed, bid ensewen, ensue amate, dishearten vild, vile

Page 51
reverse, bring back
raught, reached
relived, revived
eath, easy
"Mammon"—

yblent, blinded

Page 52

yode, went
entayle, carving
anticks, fantastic figures
distent, beaten out
ingoes, ingots
moniment, stamp
der-doing, performing daring deeds

Page 53

empeach, hinder accloys, clogs up, chokes won, dwelling

Page 54

vaut, vault
bar'd with double bends, barr'd with
double bands
nill, will not (have)

Page 55

note, could not weld, wield portance, bearing siege, seat sty, climb

Page 56

mote, might
belamy, fair friend
dempt, deemed, adjudged
fee, wealth, treasure
shrights, shrieks
dyen couth, could die
drent, drenched
extent, extended

Page 57

wex, wax
for-thy, therefore
"The Bower of Bliss"—
aggrate, please
fortilage, little fortress
piece, ship
sprent, sprinkled
mazer, a kind of hard wood

Page 58

rubîne, ruby scruzed, squeezed empeach, injury fand, found n'ote, could not aggrace, grace embay, bathe well avised, warily

Page 59

bet, beat unhele, uncover relent, slacken avise (1), view avise (2), watch

Page 60

fain, delight
display, discover
blend, blind
formally, expressly
lad, led

Page 61
"Mutability, I"—
contraire, oppose

Page 62

tortious, wrongful
her need give, there were need for
her to give
nathemore, none the more

attach, seize prest, (?) quickly amate, dismay areed, advise

Page 63

re-ally, form again extasy, bewilderment aby, abide sort, herd yfere, together

Page 64

behight, called

ysame, together

Page 65
stours, combats
libbard, leopard
enrol'd, encircled
yold, yielded
weld, wield, govern
hent, grasped

Page 66

yode, went noll, head totty, unsteady see, (seat), lofty place breem, stormy stean, stone (vessel)

Page 67

obliquid, oblique sain, say

Page 68

whist, silenced

SIDNEY. Sonnet xxxix-

Page 69

prease, press

Page 72

PEELE. "His Golden Locks Time hath to Silver turn'd": written for the last tournament in which Sir Henry Lee took part, when he resigned his office of Queen's Champion.

Page 75

DANIEL. "Literature," and "The Power of Eloquence": extracts from Musophilus.

Page 80

"Nymphidia"-DRAYTON. aulfe, oaf

Page 81

moiled, smeared

Page 82

lin, stop

Page 83

lubrican, leprechaun

Page 86

"Description of a Day," &c. : extract from the Sixth Nymphal of The Muses' Elysium.

Page 88

Anonymous Songs. "Phyllida's Love-call" is from England's Helicon (1600).

"Love wing'd my Hopes," from Robert Jones' Second Book of Songs and Airs (1601).

Page 89

"My Love in her Attire," &c., from Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (1602).

"Weep you no more, sad Foun-tains," from J. Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs

and Airs (1603).
"Sister, awake!" &c., from T.
Bateson's First Set of English

Madrigals (1604).
"Now have I Learn'd," from Robert Jones' Ultimum Vale, or the Third Book of Airs (1608).

"Love not me for comely Grace,"

from J. Wilbye's Second Set of English Madrigals (1609). "Break of Day," from O. Gib-bons' First Set of Madrigals (1612). Perhaps by Dowland. (See Grierson's edition of Donne's Poems.)

J. CHALKHILL. The date of this poet is not established, but see Saintsbury's Minor Poets of the Caroline Period.

Page 126

Extracts from Nosce DAVIES. Teipsum.

Page 131

Jonson. "In short measures," &c. : part of the Ode Pindarick, To the Noble Sir Lucius Cary.

Page 137

IOHN FLETCHER. "Amoret woo'd by the River-god": from The Faithful Shepherdess, Act iii.

"Man his own Star": from the lines Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.

Page 142

DRUMMOND. "Song." In L. cariere is a form of the word

Page 144

FLETCHER. Extracts from Christ's Triumph on Earth, part of Christ's Victory and Triumph.

Page 145

W. BROWNE. "The Birds' Concert ": extract from Britannia's Pastorals, Book I, song 3.

Page 164

"Why should I ANONYMOUS. wrong my Judgement so?" from the anthology, Wit's Recreations (1641).

Page 196

BUTLER. Extracts from Hudibras, Part I, cantos I and 3.

Page 203

CHAMBERLAYNE. The extract is from Pharonnida, III, ii.

Page 210

DRYDEN. Key to "Absalom and Achitophel"— Absalom, Duke of Monmouth Achitophel, Lord Shaftesbury David, King Charles II The Plot, the Popish Plot Abbethdin, Lord Chancellor Israel, England Tebusites, Papists Zimri, Duke of Buckingham

Page 211

In "MacFlecknoe" the poet satirised is Shadwell.

Page 228

RAMSAY. "My Peggy is a Young Thing "-The wauking of the fauld, the watching of the fold lave, rest gars, makes bauld, bold

Page 236

THOMSON. Two passages from The Seasons (Spring and Winter).

Page 251

JANE ELLIOT. "The Flowers of the Forest "-

ilka, every loaning, "an opening between or leading loaning, "an opening between fields of corn, near or leading to the homestead, left unculti-vated, for the sake of driving the cattle homewards" (Jamieson)

wede, (?) withered bughts, sheep-folds dowie, dull wae, sad daffing, joking gabbing, chatting sabbing, sobbing leglin, milkpail hairst, harvest bandsters, sheaf-binders runkled, wrinkled lyart, grey fleeching, coaxing bogle, hide-and-seek dool, sorrow wae, woe

Page 263

MICKLE (?). "There's nae Luck about the House "rax, reach bigonet, linen cap maun, must slaes, sloes bauk, balk, beam thraw, twist gar, make ilka, each caller, fresh greet, Cry

Page 264

LADY ANNE LINDSAY. " Auld Robin Gray "kye, cows waes, woes lo'ed, loved stown, stolen greet, weep

FERGUSSON. "Braid Claith"-Braid Claith, broad cloth hap, wrap wame, belly fa, get pow, poll bauld, bold gree, prize graith, outfit, dress waesuck, alas feck, quantity gowk, fool geck at, mock chiel, fellow haffits, cheeks, sides of face pickle, little

laith, loath

wale, pick, best

gawsy, smart and jolly stirrah, young fellow green, long maunna, must not

Page 265

feg, fig
mou', mouth
scauld, scold
fouk, folk
unco, wonderful
heese, lift, assistance
aith, oath

Page 274

Burns. "Green grow the Rashes. 01"rashes, rushes war'ly, worldly cannie, quiet tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy douce, grave, sober warl', world "McPherson's Farewell" rantingly, jovially sturt, trouble "The Silver Tassie"tassie, goblet maun, must "Of a' the Airts"—airts, directions row, roll " John Anderson my Jo"-

io. sweetheart

brent, straight

pow, poll, head

beld, bald

Page 275 cantie, jolly "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut"maut, malt daw, dawn bree, brew lee-lang, live-long mae, more
"Tam Glen" tittie, sister poortith, poverty fen', shift mauna, must not minnie, mother deave, deafen sten, spring waukin, watching droukit, wetted "Ae Fond Kiss"—

"Ae Fond Kiss"—
ilka, every
"O, leeze me on my Spinnin-

Wheel "—
leeze me, blessings
rock, distaff
cleeds, clothes
bien, comfortably
haps, wraps

fiel, (?) comfortable (so New Engl. Dict.)

laigh, low burnies, brooklets theekit, thatched Page 276

caller, cool
biel, shelter
aiks, oaks
ither's, each other's
claver, clover
paitrick, partridge
shiel, cottage
"Auld Lang Syne"—
auld lang syne, old long ago
ye'll be, ye'll pay for
gowans, mountain daisies
fit, foot
paid'd, waded
guid-willie, hearty
waught, draught

Page 277

"Saw ye Bonie Lesley "—
tent, guard
steer, meddle with
"Last May a braw Wooer "—
deave, deafen
mailen, farm
loot, let
waur, worse
niest, next
spier'd, asked
couthy, affably
gin, if
"My Nanie's awa'"—
weet, wet, dew

Page 278

"Ca' the Yowesto the Knowes"—
ca', drive
yowes, ewes
a-faulding, gathering into the fold
"Is there for honest Poverty"—
gowd, gold
birkie, fellow
cuif, dolt
fa', have (or, claim?)
bear the gree, have the first place
"O, were my Love"—
fley'd, scared
"Mary Morison"—
stoure, struggle

Page 279 "Ye flowery Banks"staw, stole O, wert thou in the cauld Blast "bield, shelter The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie "cloot, hoof coost, looped warsl'd, floundered doytin, doddering gear, money tods, foxes fend, look after tent, tend teats, small quantities ripps, handfuls gaets, ways wanrestfu', restless slaps, openings in fences greet, weep

toop, tup
havius, manners, conduct
menseless, unmannerly
moop, nibble
mell, meddle

Page 280 blether, bladder "To a Mouse"sleekit, sleek brattle, scamper laith, loth pattle, plough-staff daimen icker, odd ear thrave, twenty-four sheaves lave, rest big, build snell, bitter but, without hald, holding thole, endure cranreuch, hoar-frost thy lane, alone agley, askew
"Tam o' Shanter" billies, fellows gate, road nappy, ale mosses, bogs fand, found skellum, good-for-nothing blellum, babbler melder, meal-grinding siller, money mirk, dark gars, makes reaming, foaming

Page 281

swats, new ale

rair, roar smoor'd, was smothered boddle, farthing unco, strange winnock-bunker, window-seat dirl, ring cantraip, magic airns, irons rape, rope gab, mouth cleekit, took hold carlin, beldam swat, sweated coost, cast duddies, rags linket, tripped creeshie, greasy seventeen hunder, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions

Page 282

thir, these
hurdies, buttocks
burdies, maidens
rigwoodie, ancient (or, lean?)
spean, wean
crummock, cudgel
brawlie, well
wawlie, choice
bear, barley
cutty, short

GLOSSARIES-SOURCES OF EXTRACTS

harn, coarse cloth vauntie, proud coft, bought cour, stoop lab and flang, leaped and kicked hotch'd, jerked tint, lost fyke, fret byke, hive fairin', a present from a fair fient, devil ettle, aim hale, whole claught, seized "Address to the Deil "-Clootie, "Hoofie" (cloot=hoof) spairges, splashes cootie, dish scaud, scald Hangie, Hangman skelp, spank lowin, flaming heugh, hollow blate, bashful scaur, afraid tirlin, stripping aft, oft boortrees, alders Page 283

sklentin, slanting rash-buss, clump of rushes nieve, fist stoor, harsh howkit, exhumed kirn, churn dawtit, petted hawkie, cow yell's, dry as bill, bull croose, cocksure warklume, tool cantraip, magic thowes, thaws moss, bog spunkies, jack-o'-lanthorns snick-drawing, scheming brogue, trick shog, shake bizz, flurry duds, rags, clothes reestit gizz, scorched wig smoutie, smutty hal', holding scaul, scold ava, of all ding, beat Lallan, Lowland rantin, roistering linkin, hurrying aiblins, perhaps wae, sad

Page 284 "Saw NNA BAILLIE. "
Johnnie comin'?" merks o' gear, shillings of money hizzy, wench kist, chest hav'rels, half-witted fellows dowie, melancholy

crack, chat

BARONESS NAIRNE. "The Laird | raike, range o' Cockpen "fashious, troublesome cannilie, gently yett, gate ben, into the parlour laigh, low

Page 309 Hogg. "When the Kye come hame "-

kye, cows

Page 310

mirk, darkness bigs, builds bluart, the Germander Speedwell (so New Engl. Dict.) lucken-gowan, globe-flower haill, whole downa, cannot airts, arts " Kilmeny "vorlin, vellow-hammer hindberrye, raspberry minny, mother it's lane, alone ingle, fire low'd, glowed, flamed leme, flame dean, valley joup, gown (or, mantle) snood, hair-band swa'd, swelled waik, and wene, (?)

Page 311

habb'd, covered speer, inquire eident, diligently fand, found littand, (?) causing to blush kyth, appear gleid, spark elyed, disappeared waesome, woeful

maike, mate

Page 312

marled, variegated
leifu', 'compassionate,
thising' (Jamieson); sympaor. discreet (?) girn'd, snarled weir, war preef, proof gowl'd, howled geck'd at, mocked arles, earnest-money herked, urged with cries lened, (?) hid brainzell'd up, set violently in motion mooted, moulted sey, assay unmeled, pure

Page 313 seymar, cymar, loose light garment

bughts, pens goved, stared corby, raven houf, haunt tod, fox attour, over forhooy'd, forsook

Scott. "My own, my native Land": from The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

Page 315 "The Trossachs": from The Lady of the Lake, Canto I.

Page 319 " Jock of Hazeldean "loot, let "Donald Caird's Come Again "-Caird, Tinker brugh, burgh fleech, wheedle leglin, milkpail pow, poll maukin, hare leisters kipper, spears salmon wauk, keep awake mell, meddle gar, make

Page 320

cantle, middle steek, shut amrie, cupboard kist, chest orva, odd tings, tongs dunts, lumps kebbuck, cheese taits, small quantities woo', wool duds, clothes, rags wuddie, gallows craig, throat airn, iron

ilka, each

bicker, bowl

Page 321 "Bonny Dundee "carline, old woman couthis, friendly slee, sly marrows, fellows

Page 339 SOUTHEY. "My Days among the Dead are past "the Dead, dead authors

Page 346 CUNNINGHAM. "The Sun rises bright in France "tint, lost Page 401

"Culver Dell and the Squire "shouds (shrouds), branches forming a shade

GLOSSARIES—SOURCES OF EXTRACTS

woak, oak wold, old leaze, pasture verny, ferny feaden, fading

Page 402

mid, may "Wayfeären" knaps, elevations a-vallen, a-falling thik, that jay, joy

sheades o' lim's, shadows of

branches "The Milkmaid o' the Farm "groun', field litty, nimble vetch'd, churned barken, barton, yard

Page 403 " Jenny's Ribbons"athirt, athwart "The Wold Waggon "a-riggen, clambering reaves, side-ledges 'v a-ben, have been sprack, brisk vuzz, furze bavens, faggots

Page 434 FITZGERALD. " Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur." The text is that of the Second Edition. Some of FitzGerald's

notes are given :—
(Stanza II) The "False Dawn," Subhi Kázib, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the Subhi sadik, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the

(IV) New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox. . . .

Moses draws forth his Hand-not, according to the Persians, " leprous as Snow," but white, as our Mayblossom in spring perhaps. cording to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in His breath.

(V) Iram, planted by King Shaddad, and now sunk somewhere in the sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a Divining Cup.

(VI) Péhlevi, the old heroic Sanskrit of Persia. . . .

Page 435

(X) . . . Hátim Tai, a wellknown Type of Oriental Generosity. [Col. 1, stanza 3.]
(XIII) A Drum—beaten out-

side a Palace. [Col. 1, middle.]

Page 436

(XXXV) ME-AND-THEE: some individual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole. [Col. I.

1. 7.]
(XLVI) According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azräel accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life. [Col. 1, foot.]

(XLIX) The Caravans travelling by night, after the Vernal Equinox—their New Year's Day. . . .

[Col. 2, stanza 3.]
(LII) From Máh to Máhi; from Fish to Moon. [Col. 2, above middle.]

Page 437

(LXI) The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World: including Islamism, as

(IV) Exodus iv. 6; where some think; but others not. [Col. 1, l. 6.] (LXII)

Alluding to Sultan

Mahmud's Conquest of India and its dark people. [Col. 1, stanza 2.] (LXXIII) Fánúsi khiyál, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted candle

within. [Col. 2, top.]
(LXXXI) Parwin and Mushtari The Pleiads and Jupiter. [Col. 2,

below middle.]

Page 438

(XCVII) At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Musulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their Division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard-toward the Cellar, perhaps. . . . [Col. I, 2nd stanza from foot.]

Page 441

W. Bell Scott. "The Witch's Ballad "miminy, prim gleg, sharp, quick wud, mad randies, scolds flytin', scolding souter, cobbler a-widdershin, in direction contrary to sun's course

Page 442

waled, picked cantrip, magic stour, dust

NOTES ON CERTAIN TEXTS

- BARBOUR. "Freedom." Besides mere changes in spelling, makes is printed for mays (l. 2), and fail for failyhe (consonantal yh) (l. 7).
- HENRYSON. "The Tale of the Uplands Mouse and the Burgess Mouse." The text follows the Harleian MS. (Scottish Text Society edition), with some changes in spelling (see Preface). Other changes: Uplands (in title) for Uponlandis; she for scho always, except in l. 119; thus for this in l. 127; were for war (l. 106). In l. 92, rankest is from the Bannatyne MS., and at least improves the metre. In I. 65, for thingis read thing (Harleian MS.). In I. 128, hailt yuilt, hailt! respelt like the rest would be hail, Yule, hail!

DUNBAR. In "The Thistle and the Rose," 7th stanza, the words efter her were supplied by Lord Hailes.

Apart from the limited change of spelling, the textual differences from the Scottish Text Society's edition are, the editor believes, three in number. The reading parcere prostratis (p. 15, col. 2, L 12) is conjectural, but practically certain. In the "Lament for the Makers," 4th stanza, 3rd line, the reading wannis has replaced wavis; but with less certainty. In the same poem Death is printed for the original Ded.

Anonymous. "The Nut-Brown Maid." After our text was in type, that of Messrs. Chambers and Sidgwick, in Early English Lyrics, was seen, and showed a few differences, of which the only important ones are: in 14th stanza, C. & S. read in such fere (fere = company); and in the last stanza, Which sometime proveth such as He loveth.

Child's collection of ballads and The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border have furnished the texts of nearly all the selected ballads.

WYATT and SURREY. For the text of three of Wyatt's and four of Surrey's poems in our selection, Professor Padelford's Early Sixteenth-Century Lyrics has in some places corrected Nott's edition.

"Lo, what it is to Love." This poem has been so persistently assigned to Alexander Scott by anthologists and others, that it is worth while including it in this selection in order to assert Wyatt's authorship. It is true that a Scots version, with the stanza-form slightly modified, figures among Scott's poems in the Bannatyne MS. "A Prisoner in Windsor Castle." In the 6th line from the end, stone is a conjectural reading.

Spenser. The text was revised in proof with the help of the Oxford edition of Messrs. J. C. Smith and E. De Selincourt.

In the "Epithalamion," p. 43, col. 1, 2nd line from foot, nightes is a conjecture of Mr. De Selincourt; the common reading is nights sad dread (ed. of 1611; but 1595 ed. has nights dread).

In the following words a change in more than pelling has been made, perhaps unnecessarily: p. 44, "Prothalamion," l. 12, rutty (=rooty) is replaced by rooty; p. 49, "Pastoral," l. 3, charet is the original word; p. 55, col. 1, l. 32, original is glitterand; p. 65, col. 1, 2nd line from foot, original is bloosmes; on same page, col. 2, l. 10, chafed represents charfed chafed represents chauffed.

Spenser regularly (though not without exception) uses the endings -red, -ned in verbs like suffred, threatned. This phonetic form will generally be found in our text, but a late revision shows some lapses into -er'd, -en'd, where the other form

is correct.

- LORD BROOKE. "O wearisome condition." &c. Both Grosart (editor of the reprint) and Ward's English Poets print the lines without the obvious stanzaarrangement here adopted. In the third stanza Grosart's reprint has, all things which it knows we lust, which should perhaps have been kept here; but it (of Nature), with she or her(self) five times in neighbouring lines, is a very remarkable instance of grammatical negligence.
- Rosaline: there is no textual warrant for this spelling: apparently Lodge could rhyme Rosalynde with mine and divine as well as with kind.
- GREENE. "In Praise of Fawnia." Canker'd bower (l. 12): a variant is canker'd flower; neither reading is quite satisfactory.
 "Content." The second stanza is omitted as

inferior.

MARLOWE. "Fragment." Nothing else remains of this poem. Mr. Brooke's edition of Marlowe shows that in 1. 16 twindring is Marlowe's word, not twining.

SHAKESPEARE. The text used in setting was revised in proof in the light chiefly of the Cambridge edition.

In "Lucrece," p. 104, col. 2, middle: armed to begild, &c.: the late Mr. George Wyndham has been followed in restoring the Quarto reading (with begild for beguild) in place of Malone's commonly accepted alteration. See Mr. Wyndham's edition of the Poems (begild = gild).

In Sonnet xxv. p. 108, Il. 9 and 11: the Quarto reads famoused for worth, and rased quite. Theobald suggested the alternatives, fight in place of worth, or forth in place of quite. The former has been almost universally accepted. We have ventured to print the latter. Is there anywhere in the finished art of the Sonnets so harsh a triple

alliteration as famoused for fight?

In Sonnet cxlvi. 1. 2, the text is desperate, and though many plausible conjectures are available, none is quite convincing. The general

meaning is clear.

NOTES ON CERTAIN TEXTS

"Some Salve for Perjury" (from Love's | Labour's Lost, iv. 3), pp. 114, 115: Dyce's redaction of the text of this speech of Biron's has been preferred for the purpose of a selection to the traditional text, which is really an imperfect fusion of two different drafts of the same speech. Nearly all the questionable "improvements"

of editors were removed from the text used in setting. A very few remaining are of trifling importance. On p. 94, col. 2, 18th line from foot, the conjectural Rapt should be replaced by the

traditional reading Wrapp'd.

WITHER. "The Muse comforts the Poet in Prison." The following four lines, which round off the passage better, were accidentally detached in the making-up of the text:

> And though some, too seeming-holy, Do account thy raptures folly, Thou dost teach me to contemn What makes knaves and fools of them.

- W. Browne. "Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke." Only the first stanza is given, the remainder being inferior.
- WALLER. "Last Verses." These verses (with six lines which we have omitted) are appended to the Divine Poems composed by Waller in old age. The first stanza, seldom quoted, is as follows:

When we for age could neither read nor write, The subject made us able to indite; The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd, The body stooping, does herself erect. No mortal parts are requisite to raise Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

MILTON. For the text, Mr. Beeching's reprint and Dr. Aldis Wright's edition have been consulted throughout.

In "Lycidas," l. 10, Dr. Wright reads He well knew, on MS. evidence.

- COWLEY. "From the Essay, 'Of Solitude.'" In the eighth stanza it is difficult to make sense of Though, if it is the genuine reading.
- ROCHESTER. "To his Mistress." An early copy was available for the text of Rochester's other poems, but not for this, for which the text, apparently abridged, in W. E. Henley's English Lyrics has been followed.
- COLLINS. "Ode to Evening." The text printed is, unfortunately, that of the first edition. But in Dodsley's Collection, 1748, this Ode was reprinted with numerous changes. We are not told, but the new readings themselves are sufficient evidence, that they are from the hand of Collins himself. They are as follows (in the last line one of them has

by chance ousted the earlier reading from our text, hymn replacing love):

Stanza 1, L 2: May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear.

St. 1, l. 3: solemn springs.
St. 3, l. 1: While air is hush'd.
St. 6, l. 4: Who slept in flowers the day.

St. 8: Then lead, calm votavess, where some sheety lake

Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,

Or upland fallows grey Reflect its last cool gleam.

St. 9: But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving

Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut. Last stanza: So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed.

Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lip'd Health Thy gentlest influence own, And hymn thy favourite name!

CHATTERTON. "Minstrel's Song." Chatterton "writ no language," and his pseudo-archaisms have been replaced in the text by English words: hair, skin, and twins (in brackets) merely interpret Chatterton's cryne, rode, and dent. Grow and twins or only the control of t Elfin replace gre and Ouphante. These are only the most considerable changes.

BLAKE. "The Land of Dreams." As appears from Mr. Sampson's edition of Blake, the fourth line of the first stanza should read:

Awake! Thy father does thee keep.

WORDSWORTH. "Laodamia."

Ah! judge her gently who so deeply loved! &c. So this stanza appeared when the poem was first published (1815). In the edition of 1827 the doom of Laodamia was completely altered:

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved: She who thus perished not without the crime Of Lovers that in Reason's spite have loved, Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime Apart from happy Ghosts—that gather flowers Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

In later editions, among minor changes, the fourth line ran: Was doomed to wear out her appointed time. (See note in the Oxford Words-

- D. G. Rossetti. "The Blessed Damozel." The text is the earliest, from The Germ.
- Francis Thompson. "The Kingdom of God." "Found among his papers when he died" (see Mr. Meynell's note, in Works of Francis Thompson. vol. ii.).

read bridegrooms'; and col. 2, Il. 22, 23, read heart's and love's. Spenser does not use the apostrophe.

Restore the forms sacrified (printed sacrificed, p. 57, col. 2, 2nd l. from foot), and shew (printed show, p. 45, col. 1, l. 26). In Spenser's time show rhymed with view.

SPENSER. "Prothalamion." P. 45, col. 1, L. 19, | DRAYTON. "Nymphidia." P. 85, col. 1, last stanza, ll. 3 and 4: reverse positions of comma and full

> CAMPION. P. 123, col. 2, L. 8: read broud, not broved. The latter follows the 1889 edition (the first complete reprint of Campion).

> CRASHAW. P. 200, col. 1, 23rd l. from foot: weak has the authority of early editions. The brackets are therefore unnecessary.

	PAGE		PAGE
A BIRD is singing now	531	As a white candle	526
A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!	488	As an unperfect actor on the stage	108
A good sword and a trusty hand.	407	As Ann came in one summer's day	528
A hard north-easter fifty winters long	504	As darting swallows skim across a pool	510
A kiss, a word of thanks, away	515	As from an ancestral oak	365
A little while a little love	481	As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in the	
A mile an' a bittock, a mile or twa	505	snow	541
A milk-white bloomed acacia tree	490	As I lay down to sleep last night	536
A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer.	440	As I walked down the waterside	526
A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft	406	As I was walking all alane	28
A slumber did my spirit seal	292	As if the spring's fresh groves should change and	
A star is gone! a star is gone!	398	shake	489
A steed! a steed of matchless speed	399	As it fell upon a day	136
A sweet disorder in the dress	146	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither	279
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain	302	As near Porto Bello lying	
A weary lot is thine, fair maid		As one dark morn I trod a forest glade	239
	316		412
A widow bird sate mourning for her love	364	As one that for a weary space has lain	503
About the sweet bag of a bee	146	As pilot well expert in perilous wave	51
Absent from thee I languish still	219	As run the rivers on through shade and sun	489
Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss!	122	As thro' the land at eve we went	424
Adieu to Belashanny! where I was bred and born	475	As virtuous men pass mildly away	134
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever	275	Ask me no more where Jove bestows	161
Again Love left you. With appealing eyes	515	At such an hour indeed of youth's first morn .	515
Ah, Ben!	154	At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight	2 0
Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit	218	appears	292
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh	321	At the round earth's imagined corners blow .	136
Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame	510	Attic maid! with honey fed	
			255
Ah! Freedom is a noble thing!	I	Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose	
Ah me, but it might have been	514	bones	174
Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see	145	Awake, Æolian lyre, awake	242
Ah, sun-flower! weary of time	273	Awake, awake, my little boy!	273
Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair	72	Awake! the crimson dawn is glowing	409
Ah, what avails the sceptred race	344	Away, delights! Go seek some other dwelling.	138
Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight	387	Away, haunt thou not me	457
Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that		Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon	362
crv	208		0
Ah! whither, Love, wilt thou now carry me?	46	BARDS of Passion and of Mirth	385
Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon		Be famous, then	
	457	Be it right or wrong, these men among	193
All along the rellers of the factors that factors white	74		17
All along the valley, stream that flashest white .	433	Be near me when my light is low	426
All human things are subject to decay	211	Beam and shuttle seem to know	525
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	226	Beauties, have ye seen this toy	132
All my past life is mine no more.	219	Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead	444
All's over, then! does truth sound bitter	443	Beautiful lie the dead	518
All the flowers of the spring	140	Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew	76
All the heavy days are over	520	Before the sun rose at yester-dawn	407
An idle poet, here and there	472	Begin to charm, and, as thou strok'st mine ears.	146
And are ye sure the news is true?	263	Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack .	514
And is this-Yarrow?-This the stream	301	Behold her, single in the field	300
And now, each minute grown	203	Being your slave, what should I do but tend .	109
And the first grey of morning fill'd the east .	458	Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed	290
And therewith kest I down mine eye again			
	II	Beyond the crooked apple-bough.	511
And wilt thou leave me thus?	30	Bid me to live, and I will live	150
Anxious Melania rises to my view	226	Birds in the high Hall-garden	430
April, April	518	Blame not my cheeks, though pale with love they	
Arm, arm, arm! The scouts are all come in	139	be	123
Armoured in arrogance of youth	529	Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy .	166
Around this tree the floating flies	513	Blow, blow, thou winter wind	113
Art thou pale for weariness	369	Blue in the mists all day	490
Art thou poor, and hast thou golden slumbers?.	126	Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen	310
Artemidora! Gods invisible		Break, break, break	424
	27-1	,	7-7

Develop them the man with and a 1 . 1	PAGE		PAGI
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead	313	Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!.	353
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art.	388	Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!	29
But do not let us quarrel any more	449	Even such is Time, that takes in trust	48
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop	196	Ever let the fancy roam	384
But love whilst that thou mayst be lov'd again .	75		5
But what art thou, O Lady! which dost range .	51	FAIN would I change that note	542
By night we linger'd on the lawn	427	Fair Amoret is gone astray	222
By the blue taper's trembling light	225	Fair and fair, and twice so fair	71
By the short cut to Rosses a fairy girl I met .	-	Fair Daffodils, we weep to see	151
by the broth out to read to raity girl I mee .	512	Fair is her cottage in its place	434
CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren	140	Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!	38
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air	44	Fair maid, had I not heard thy baby cries	
Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes .	138	Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	399
Charm me asleep and melt me so			152
	149	Fair Soul! how long shall veils thy graces	
Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry	146	shroud?	74
Clear had the day been from the dawn	86	Fair stood the wind for France	7
Clerk Saunders and may Margaret	. 23	Fairest, when by the rules of palmistry	14
Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above		Fall gently, pitying rains! Come slowly, Spring	50
thee	456	False world, good-night! since thou hast brought	12
Come, all ye jolly shepherds	309	Farewell rewards and fairies	14
Come away, come away, death	113	Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	27
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain		Fear no more the heat o' the sun	II
height	425	Fear not him that succour'd thee	13
Come into the garden, Maud	430	First shall the heavens want starry light	70
Come leaves the leathed store	131	First time he kissed me, he but only kissed .	40
Come live with me and be my love	~		40
	87	Five years have past; five summers, with the	
Come, O come, my life's delight.	125	length	29!
Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving .	140	Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea	42
Come, Sleep! the certain knot of peace	68	Follow a shadow, it still flies you	12
Come, sons of summer, by whose toil	150	Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!	12
Come, spur away	162	Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet .	12
Come then, and like two doves with silvery wings	152	Fools are they who never know	14
Come, thou monarch of the vine	113	For his religion, it was fit	19
Come, thou who art the wine and wit.	152	Forget not yet the tried intent	30
Come to me in the silence of the night	486	Four Seasons fill the measure of the year	38,
Come unto these yellow sands	114	Fresh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king .	40
Come, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come	75	Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor	-
Come, ye servants of proud Love	139	blassed abada	FO
			52
Come, you whose loves are dead	140	Friendship, like love, is but a name	22
Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine	239	From fairest creatures we desire increase	10
Corydon, arise, my Corydon!	88	From harmony, from heavenly harmony	21:
Count each affliction, whether light or grave	455	From the besieged Ardea all in post	90
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the		From the forests and highlands	368
land	415	From you have I been absent in the Spring .	II
Courage, my Soul! Now learn to wield	204	Full fathom five thy father lies	II
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	216	Full fed with thoughts and knowledges sublime.	534
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd	68	Full many a glorious morning have I seen	10
DAWN is dim on the dark soft water	499	GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may	14
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee	136	Gentle nymphs, be not refusing	14
Death stands above me, whispering low	344	Get thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curl'd	480
Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face! .	221	Get up, get up for shame! The blooming Morn	140
Dear friend, sit down; the tale is long and sad.	158	Ghostly and livid, robed with shadow, see!	501
Dear love, for nothing less than thee	134	Give Beauty all her right!	124
Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends .	142	Give me more love or more disdain	161
Deep in my gathering garden	504	Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have .	120
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale	396	Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	40
Deep on the convent-roof the snows	420	Give place, ye lovers, here before	30
		Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease .	143
Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws .	108	Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine	274
Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars .	211	Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill .	466
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?	487		
Donald Caird can lilt and sing	319	Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand.	407
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile		Go, happy Rose, and interwove	149
away	516	Go, lovely Rose!	163
Drink to me only with thine eyes	128	Go, Soul, the body's guest	35
Drop, drop, slow tears	141	God Lyæus, ever young	139
Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows	307	God of our fathers, known of old.	510
		God who created me	516
EARLY in May up got the jolly rout	163	Golden slumbers kiss your eyes	126
Earth has not anything to show more fair	299	Good-morrow to the day so fair	151
Ere long they come where that same wicked wight	49	Green little vaulter in the sunny grass	347
Esope, my author, makis mentioun	12	Grow old along with me	453

	PAGE		PAGE
HAD I that haze of streaming blue	537	I go to knit two clans together	455
Had we but world enough, and time	206	I got me flowers to straw Thy way	156
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!	263	I have a mistress, for perfections rare.	162
Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born .	190	I have been all day looking after	133
Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good! .	201	I have been here before	480
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!	367	I have been in the meadows all the day	408
Happy Insect, what can be	202	I have had playmates, I have had companions .	340
Happy those early days, when I	208	I held her hand, the pledge of bliss	343
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings .	113	I know my body's of so frail a kind	126
Hark, the mavis' e'ening sang	278	I know the ways of Learning: both the head.	157
Haste you, man of woman born	523	I linger on the threshold of my youth	515
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms .	114	I love, and he loves me again	130
He ended; and thus Adam last replied	192	I love only thee	536
He first deceased; she for a little tried	126	I love to rise in a summer morn	273
He has seen a vision	537	I loved him not, and yet now he is gone	343
He is gone on the mountain	316	I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary	412
He jests at scars that never felt a wound	115	I met a traveller from an antique land	363
He, making speedy way through spersed air .	49	I mourn no more my vanished years	410
He sees his native village with delight	266	I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong.	521
He that of such a height hath built his mind .	76	I never gave a lock of hair away	408
He was as old as old could be	531	I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade .	417
He who hath bent him o'er the dead	352	I remember, I remember	400
Hear, ye ladies that despise	138	I said—Then, Dearest, since 'tis so	445
Helen, thy beauty is to me	439	I saw a fisher bold yestreen	488
Hence, all you vain delights	139	I saw my Lady weep	
ww 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	167	I saw no mortal beauty with these eyes	542 500
	168		
Hence, vain deluding joys		I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood . ,	455
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee	153	I sing no longer of the skies	512
Her voice did quiver as we parted	363	I strove with none, for none was worth my strife	344
Here a little child I stand	156	I tell thee, Dick, where I have been	193
Here, ever since you went abroad	344	I that in heill was and glaidness	16
Here in the country's heart.	516	I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide .	302
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue	258	I thought once how Theocritus had sung	407
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain	258	I travelled among unknown men.	285
Here she lies, a pretty bud	151	I've been roaming, I've been roaming.	398
Here when she came, she gan for music call .	144	I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking	251
Here, where the world is quiet	498	I walk'd along a stream, for pureness rare	86
Hey nonny no!	542	I wandered lonely as a cloud	292
High on a throne of royal state, which far	181	I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!	305
His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd	72	I weep for Adonais—he is dead!.	371
Home, home from the horizon far and clear	522	I went beneath the sunny sky	529
Honour to you who sit	154	I went to the Garden of Love	273
How changed is here each spot man makes or fills	469	I whispered my great sorrow	526
How changed is Nature from the Time antique.	506	I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree	521
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways .	408	I wish I were where Helen lies	28
How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean	158	If all the world and love were young	88
How happy is he born and taught	126	If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song	247
How like an angel came I down!	217	If doughty deeds my lady please	263
How like a Winter hath my absence been	110	If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd	228
How many times do I love thee, dear?	404	If from the public way you turn your steps .	286
How now, spirit, whither wander you?	117	If I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell	283
How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st .	III	If I have faltered more or less	505
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	246	If only in dreams may Man be fully blest	489
How strange a thing a lover seems	472	If the red slayer think he slays	404
How strange a thing to think upon	535	If there were dreams to sell	404
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame	IIO	If thou must love me, let it be for nought	407
How sweet I roam'd from field to field	270	If thou wilt ease thine heart	404
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!	120	Imageries of dreams reveal a gracious age	511
How vainly men themselves amaze	206	Immortal Love, author of this great frame.	156
		In a drear-nighted December	387
I AM a witch, and a kind old witch	536	In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships	503
I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows? .	379	In foam of rose the long waves broke below .	534
I arise from freams of thee ,	366	In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand	237
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	366	In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start	518
I cannot change, as others do	220	In Siberia's wastes	406
I cannot eat but little meat	38	In such a night, when every louder wind	222
I climb the hill: from end to end	428	In summer, on the headlands	466
I come from haunts of coot and hern	431	In the golden glade the chestnuts are fallen all .	520
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way.	368	In the greenest of our valleys	439
I dug, beneath the cypress shade	347	In the hour of my distress	154
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden	368		38
The state of the s	~		

		PAGE		PAG
In the midst a silver altar stood		86	MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me	36
In these deep solitudes and awful cells .		232	Man is his own star, and the soul that can	
In to thir dirk and drublie dayis		16	Mark how the bashful morn in vain	14
W WF 7 1 11 1 WF 1 0 WF4 "			Mary! I want a lyre with other strings .	
In yonder grave a Druid lies	•	334		26
		248	Memory, hither come	27
Interr'd beneath this marble stone	•	222	Men, if you love us, play no more	12
Is it, then, regret for buried time		429	Merciless Love, whom Nature hath denied	14
Is there for honest poverty.		278	Methought I saw my late espoused saint	17
It fell about the Lammas tide		26	'Mid the forest and the forest rocks	51
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free .		299	Mild is the parting year, and sweet	34
It is an ancient Mariner		322	Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour .	
It is not growing like a tree	•			30
It is not growing like a tree		131	Mine be a cot beside the hill	28
It is not to be thought of that the Flood .		302	Monarch of these is Blaabhein. On his height.	50
It is the day when he was born		428	Morning and evening	48
It is the sacred hour: above the far		529	Mortality, behold and fear!	14
It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes		267	Mother of Hermes and still youthful Maia .	38
It little profits that an idle king		422	Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold .	38
It was a for our rightfu' king		276	Music's coy maiden waited her musician	51
		-	Music, when soft voices die	
It was many and many a year ago		439		36
It was not for your heart I sought		517	My birth-day—what a different sound	34
JEAN ax'd what ribbon she should wear .		403	My boat is on the shore	34
			My days among the Dead are past	33
John Anderson my jo, John		274	My dear and only love, I pray	19
John Gilpin was a citizen		256	My good blade carves the casques of men	42
July, the month of Summer's prime		378	My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains .	38
Kangurary the nicker up of learning's coumbs		446	My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie	27
KARSHISH, the picker-up of learning's crumbs		446		
Ladies, though to your conquering eyes .		217	My heart is like a singing bird	48
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be .		146	My heart leaps up when I behold	28
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang gler		277	My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes .	47
Late at e'en, drinking the wine			My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a	
		27	tree	53
Lay a garland on my hearse		140	My love in her attire doth show her wit	8
Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust		69	My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in	
Let me not to the marriage of true minds .		III		11
Let my voice ring out and over the earth .		491		
Let those who are in favour with their stars		108	My Love stands on a grassy path	53
Life like a cruel mistress woos		518	My lute, awake! Perform the last	3
Life may change, but it may fly not	-	370	My Peggy is a young thing.	22
Life of Life! thy lips enkindle		364	My silks and fine array	27
	•		My true love hath my heart, and I have his .	6
Lift not the painted veil which those who live		364	Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew .	33
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled sho	re	109		50
Like souls that balance joy and pain		424	Never any more	44
Like to the clear in highest sphere		71	Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to	-
Listen, my children, and you shall hear .		411	•	12.
Listen to me, as when ye heard our father .		347	Shore	
Little sisters, the birds		523	New doth the sun appear	14
Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch .	-	III	No coward soul is mine	45
	•		No longer mourn for me when I am dead	II
Lo! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox		488	No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist	38
Lo, what it is to love!		29	Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-	
Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grow	n	_	West died away	44
o'er		265	Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead .	3:
Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heave	203	335	Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	36
Look how the pale Queen of the silent night		90		21
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewe	вt	107	Not, Celia, that I juster am ,	
Look not thou on beauty's charming			Not in the crises of events	47:
		321	Not to know vice at all, and keep true state .	12
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell.		154	Now fades the last long streak of snow	429
Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round	1 1	157	Now have I learn'd with much ado at last	89
Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band		220	Now, I gain the mountain's brow	23
Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back		159	Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays .	27
Love, gone a-wandering through this world of ma	n	534	Now is the time for mirth	14
Love guards the roses of thy lips		71	Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white	42
Love had he found in huts where poor men lie		295	Now the furnaces are out	
Love in my bosom like a bee		70	Now the furnaces are out	500
Love, in thy youth, a stranger, knelt to thee		514	Now the golden Morn aloft	24
			Now the last day of many days	379
Love is a sickness full of woes	0	75	Now the lusty Spring is seen	138
Love is and was my Lord and King		430	Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams.	198
Love not me for comely grace		89	Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more	170
Love seeketh not itself to please.		273		
Love, thou art absolute sole lord		199	O BLESSED Letters, that combine in one	77
Love wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fi	y	88	O blithe New-comer! I have heard	291
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to sho		68	O, Brignal banks are wild and fair	316
Luminous passions reign		521	O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done	457

On Linaden, when the sun was low of good least hear these trunces numbers, wrung 38, 00 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 10 has howes birds, that linger in lonely son 58, 10 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 10 has howes birds, that linger in lonely son 58, 10 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 10 has howes birds, that linger in lonely son 58, 10 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 10 has howed birds, that linger in lonely son 58, 10 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. 100, 11 how much more doth beauty beauty seem. 100, 11 how much more doth seem. 100, 11 how much more d		PAGE	a to the second second	PAGE
O deep and clear as is the sky O goddess I hear these tuneless numbers, wrung O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem O hash, sweet birds, that linger in lonely song O it forbid you, maidean a' O ille a queen's her happy tread O ille a queen	O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream .	201	On Leven's banks, while free to rove	249
O goodess hear these tuneless numbers, wrung on, how much more doth beauty beautous seem, how how how he was a seem of the beauty of the beauty seem of t				344
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem. O hash, sweet birds, that linger in lonely song of 1 hose birds, that linger in lonely song of 1 hose from far away of 1 hose from far far far away of 1 hose from far far far away of 1 hose from far	O goddess ! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung			522
O hush, sweet birds, that linger in lonely song O I forbid you, maidens a' O I forbid you, maidens a' O I forbid you, maidens a' O lise on great away O lice on my spinnin-wheel O like a queen's her happy tread O lise and one's her happy tread O lise and is her happy tread O lone where the happy tread O saw ye houle Lesley O soft embalmer of the still midnight O soft embalmer of the still midnight O sorrow! O her happy lone is her happy lone is her happy lone of the sea our galleys went O thou that sit's tupon a throne. O thou that sit's tupon a throne. O thou that sit's tupon a throne. O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd O thou, the wonder of all days! O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang O thou whose will is strong O thou whose will is strong O thou whose mighty palace roof doth hang O thou whose will is strong O thou whose mighty palace roof doth hang O the mid was a part of the west O thou hat sit shoup and the work o	O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem .			284
O I hae come from far away O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear O ignorant poor man! what dost in the good of a man where the roses grew O in a mere wing'd brought a white-wing'd harp- O in more Unfortunate O one word is to often profaned O one word is to so o				29
O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 126 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou bear 127 O ignorant poor man I what dost thou hat, with surpsising glory crown'd 127 O may a with a more 127 O may a with man a more 127 O more with a more 127 O more with mind the man a more more more 128 O more work in the man and trees 127 O more with mind the man a more more 128 O more work in the man and th				301
O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear 126 O ilezee me on my spinnin-wheel 275 O ilite a queen's her happy tread 518 O ilite a queen's her happy tread 518 O many, at thy will will be a ready and the farm 276 O my lave is like a red, red rose. 276 O pelasant exercise of hope and joy! 309 O Poll's the milli-maid o' the farm 276 O such wart he at rest 309 O sick heart, be at rest 517 O sick heart, be at rest 517 O sick heart, be at rest 517 O soft embalmer of the still midnight 387 O sorrow! 381 O start 'were possible 381 O that joy so soon should waste 131 O that 'twere possible 431 O thou, by Nature taught 240 O thou that sit's upon a throne 240 O thou that, with surpassing gloy crown'd 240 O thou that, with surpassing gloy crown'd 240 O thou what and the wist of the sit in the call of the understand the will be a sit the house 282 O wall for him whose will is strong 431 O werd thou in the cauld blast 282 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O werd thou in the cauld blast 282 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O werd thou in the cauld blast 282 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O werd thou in the cauld blast 282 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O werd thou in the cauld blast 283 O werd thou in the cauld blast 284 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf for him whose will is strong 431 O welf fo				146
O, liese a queen's her happy tread O listen, listen, laites gay! O listen, listen, laites gay! O mary, at thy window be! O mary, at thy window be! O mary, at thy window be! O mary at thy window be! O mary at thy window be! O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! O pleasant	O import noor man I what does then hear		One Christmas-time	309
O listen, laten, ladies gay! O Mary, at thy window be! O my luve is like a red, red rose. O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! O saw ye honic Lesley O saw ye hori Lesley O saw ye hori Lesley O size mind may roundely a please of the farm I down to have the still midnight! O saw ye hory soon should waste. I still other twenty hope to that joy so soon should waste. I still other twenty hope to that joy so soon should waste. I still other twenty possible. O that joy so soon should waste. I still other twenty hope to the please of t			One flame-wing'd brought a white-wing'd harp-	
One more Unfortunate One word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word is too often profaned One word in which we word in wh				480
One word is too often profaned . 30 One word in whe lees now . 30 One word is too often profaned . 30 One word in whe lees now . 30 Our lees in a little more . 30 Our lees in a little more . 30 Our lees now and ended. These our actors . 30 Our lees now and ended. These our actors . 30 Our lees now and ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hill as I came ended. These our actors . 30 Our the hi			TT. f. shows As	400
O, my luve is like a red, red rose. 270 O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! 309 O Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm! 400 O Saw ye bonic Lesley 270 O saw ye not fair Ines? 399 O sick heart, be at rest 517 O sing unto my roundelay 200 O soft embalt heart 1 200 O soft embalt heart 1 200 O soft embaltmer of the still midnight! 399 O Sorrow! 310 O Sorrow! 310 O that joy so soon should waste. 131 O that 'tweer possible. 131 O thou that stagelt throne. 142 O thou that at the still midnight of desires! 141 O thou that at the still midnight of desires! 141 O thou that at the still midnight of desires! 141 O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down 270 O tho with dewy locks, who lookest down 270 O tho aven all title house 250 O well for him whose will is strong 431 O, were my love yon lilac fair 270 O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being 360 O well for him whose will is strong 431 O, were my love yon lilac fair 270 O wild low in the cauld blast 270 O world I oli life I o time! 270 O world I oli life I o time! 270 O young Lochinvar is come out of the west 500 O' world I oli life I o time! 270 O young Lochinvar is come out of the west 500 O' at 'the airst the wind can blaw 274 Of all the ign's that are so smart 221 Of hearts the wind can blaw 274 Of all the girls that are so smart 221 Of him you have from distant Ophir 200 Offen rebuked, yet always back returning 201 Offen rebuked, yet always back returning 201 Oh, have comely it is, and how reviving 201 Offen rebuked, yet always back returning 201 Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving 201 Oh, how come of a name great in story 301 Oh, here are you going with your love-locks 300 wing 301 On a poet's lips I alget 4 301 On a poet's lips I alget	O listen, listen, ladies gay!			370
Oppressit hairt, endure Oppressit hairt, endure Oppheus with his lute made trees Oppheus with his lute made trees Oppheus with his lute made trees Out of the night that covers me Out of the hills as I came down Over the sea our galleys went Over the hill as I came down Over the sea our galleys went Over the hill as I came down Over the hill as I came down Over the sea our galleys went Over the hill as I came down Over the sea our galleys went Over the hill as I came down Over the hill as I	O Mary, at thy window be I			148
Openessare exercise of appearant poly 1 O Foll's the milk-maid of the farm! 1 O, saw ye bonic Lesley 2 Osaw ye not fair Ines 2 Osaw ye not fair Ines 3 Osaw ye not fair Ines 3 Oster male milk-maid of the still midnight! 387 Oster own of the still midnight! 387 Oster own own own own own of the still midnight! 387 Oster own own own own own own own own over the sea our galleys went over	O, my luve is like a red, red rose.		Oppressit hairt endure	32
Orpheus with his lute made trees Osaw ye not fair Insect Ost of the month of Maset Ost of embalmer of the still midnight! Othat typer possible Othat in ye so soon should waste Othou hy Nature taught Othou hy Nature taught Othou hy Nature taught Othou that with surpassing glory crown'd Othou that with surpassing glory crown'd Othou that with surpassing glory crown'd Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou whatever title suit thee. Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou with dewy looks, who lookest down Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou with dewy looks, who lookest down Othou with dewy l	O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!		Ornhaus I am come from the deeps below	139
Osaw ye not fair ines! Osak ye not fair ines! Osice heart, be at rest Osice molalmer of the still midnight! Osofre molalmer of still midnight!	O Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm!		Ornhaus with his lute made trees	114
Ositck heart, be at rest O sing unto my roundelay O soft embalmer of the still midnight! Osoft embalmer of the still midnight! O soft embalmer of the still midnight! O that joy so soon should waste O that joy so soon should waste O the month of May, the merry month of May O thou, by Nature taught O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd O thou, the wonder of all days! O thou undaunted daughter of desires! O thou whatever title suit thee. O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O waly, waly, up the bank O well for him whose will is strong O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being O, Willie brewed a peck o' mant. O world invisible, we view thee O world invisible, we view thee O world invisible, we view thee O young Lochinvar is come out of the west Obec rhe smooth enamel'd green Of all the cites in Romanian lands Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of Nestone's empire let us sing Oh, hair week face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, hear eare you going with your love-locks flowing Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, weere are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Od Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Od the midstant panel have been dear the panel way, saith the World, passing away Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day! Passing away, saith the World,	O, saw ye bonie Lesley			122
Osick heart, be at rest Osing unto my roundelay Osoft embalmer of the still midnight! Osoft embalmer of the still midnight! Osoft embalmer of the still midnight! Othat joy so soon should waste Othat joy so soon should waste Othou, by Nature taught Othou, by Nature taught Othou that sit'st upon a throne. Othou that, with surpassing glory crown'd Othou that, with surpassing glory crown'd Othou that sit'st upon a throne. Othou that, with surpassing glory crown'd Othou waste of all daya! Othou w	O saw ye not fair Ines?	399		504
Osoft emballer of the still midnight! Osoft emballer of the world of the still the osoft emballer of the still midnight! Osoft emballer of the sti	O sick heart, be at rest			195
O sofre embalmer of the still midnight! O Sorrow! Sorrow! O that 'twere possible. O that type so soon should waste	O sing unto my roundelay	265	Out upon it i i nave loveu	
O Sorrow! O that joy so soon should waste O that joy so soon should waste O the month of May, the merry month of May O the month of May, the merry month of May O thou by Nature taught O thou that stir'st upon a throne O thou that stir'st upon a throne O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd O thou, the wonder of all days! O thou undaunted daughter of desires! O thou I whatever title suit thee. O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O well for him whose will is strong O, well for him whose will is strong O, were my love yon illac fair O, were my love yon illac fair O, were my love yon illac fair O, werl dou in the cauld blast O, werl thou in the cauld blast O, well do like! O time! O world! O like! O time! O world! O like! O time! O young Lochinvar is come out of the west Of a't the airst he wind can blaw Of a't the airst he wind can blaw Of a't the airst he wind can blaw Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all things human which are strange and wild Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of the fairs that wind can blaw Of h. wear two yountry! city of the soul! Of this fair volume which we World do name Off liths fair volume which we World do name Off liths fair volume which we world and hone were wing Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, hard sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, the weet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lipe I slept O the single star and wild Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lipe I slept O the stranger month of the was I wa	O soft embalmer of the still midnight!	387		517
O that i yere possible merry month of May of the month of May, the merry month of May of thou, by Nature taught of thou, the wonder of all days! of thou that sit'st upon a throne of thou, the wonder of all days! of thou undaunted daughter of desires! of the very ever of the very ever of the thou of the very ever thou undaunted daughter of desires! of the very ever thou in the cauld blast of vary ever thou in the cauld blast of very ever the		381	Over the sea our gameys went	442
Othem month of May, the merry month of May Othem month of May, the merry month of May Othou by Nature taught Othou that stir'st upon a throne. 249 Othou that, with surpassing glory crown'd Othou the wonder of all days 1. 150 Othou undaunted daughter of desires! Othou, whatever title suit thee. 282 Othou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Othou with dewy locks with lookest down Othou with dewy locks	O that joy so soon should waste		PACK clouds, away, and welcome, day!	137
Othou, by Nature taught	O that 'twere possible		Passing away saith the World, passing away	487
O thou, by Nature taught O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd O thou, the wonder of all days! O thou, the wonder of all days! O thou undaunted daughter of desires! O thou whatever title suit thee O thou whatever title suit thee O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O well of him whose will is strong O well for him w	O the month of May the merry month of May .		Past min'd Ilion Helen lives	343
Othon I whatever title suit thee. Othon, whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othon with dewy locks, who lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the will is the will and make with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the will and make with gare unaid, and mass unsung. Prepare the irro helm of war Prover unsaid, and mass unsung. Propare unsaid, and mass unsung. P	O thou by Nature taught		Dhochus orige	142
Othon I whatever title suit thee. Othon, whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othon with dewy locks, who lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the will is the will and make with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the will and make with gare unaid, and mass unsung. Prepare the irro helm of war Prover unsaid, and mass unsung. Propare unsaid, and mass unsung. P			Dhellie is my only joy	219
Othon I whatever title suit thee. Othon, whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othon with dewy locks, who lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the will is the will and make with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the will and make with gare unaid, and mass unsung. Prepare the irro helm of war Prover unsaid, and mass unsung. Propare unsaid, and mass unsung. P			Dibroch of Donnil Dhy	319
Othon I whatever title suit thee. Othon, whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othon with dewy locks, who lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the wood Othon with the will is the will and make with the wood Othon with dewy lookest down Othon with the will and make with gare unaid, and mass unsung. Prepare the irro helm of war Prover unsaid, and mass unsung. Propare unsaid, and mass unsung. P	O then the worder of all days!		Diving down the valley wild	
Othon whatever title suit thee. Othon whose mighty palace roof doth hang Othon with dewy locks, who lookest down Othon with dewy locks, was a little house of the mind with the wind with the west Othon of a 'the with out of the west Othon will be rewed a peck o' maut. Othon will be rewed a peck o' maut. Othon in the cauld blast Othon beat with with well and hourses, chaste and fair Outh tongue of neither maid nor wife Outh tongue of with the outh of the mind Outh wife and huntress, chaste and fair Outen to wife and huntress, chaste and fair Outen t			Piping down the valleys wild	271
O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down O, to have a little house O wally, walty, up the bank O well for him whose will is strong O walty, walty, up the bank O well for him whose will is strong O walty, walty, up the bank O well for him whose will is strong O will west wind in the cauld blast O were my love yon lilac fair O wert thou in the cauld blast O wert down in the cauld blast O world invisible, we view thee O were any love on the west O were a			Poor soul, the centre of my smith earth	112
Othou with dewy locks, who lookest down Otherword a little house Owell, to have a little house Owell was, waly, up the bank Owell for him whose will is strong Owerl for him whose will as strong Owerl for him whose will as strong Owerl for him whose will is strong Owerl for him whose will as strong Owerl for him whose will as strong Owerl for him whose will as strong Owerl for him whose with the well of the west Obscurest night involved the sky 275 Oworld invisible, we view thee 314 Obscurest night involved the sky 275 Oworld invisible, we view thee 314 Ouers nand huntress, chaste and fair Out thouge of neither maid nor wife Rarely, rarely, comest thou Raeson, an ignis for him who in our own wife Ver the smooth ename! dare not wish Raeson, an ignis fairus of the mind Remain, an not in youth alone Remember me when I am gone away Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again Phaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom Rose-cheek'd Laura, come Roses, their sharp spines being gone Rough wind, that moanest loud Round the cape of			Pour out, and pleage it as you pour	511
O, to have a little house O wally, up the bank. O well for him whose will is strong O, were my love yon lilac fair O, wert thou in the cauld blast O, wert thou in the cauld blast O, wert thou in the cauld blast O, will be brewed a peck o' maut. O, will brewed a peck o' maut. O, will be brewed a peck o' maut. O, will o' line! O world i' O line! O' lone o' line i' will on line will on will on line will on lin	O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang			77
O well for him whose will is strong O well for him whose will is strong O well west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being O, were my love yon lilac fair O, were thou in the cauld blast O, wilde brewed a peck o' maut O world invisible, we view thee O world invisible, we view thee O world! O life! O time! O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west Obscurest night involved the sky Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of this fair volume which we World do name Of the ste he false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Of he my dark Rosaleen Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! On a poet's lips I slept 287 431 431 431 431 434 CUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair Cuinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife Cuinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife Reason, an ignis like withered flowers. Put your head, darling, and land and park to must a list of the main of the west of the main of time of a list and funding in an invisio				398
O well for him whose will is strong O, were my love you lilac fair O, wert thou in the cauld blast O, will west Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being O, will be rewed a peck o' maut. O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being O, will be rewed a peck o' maut. O world invisible, we view thee O world! O life! O time! O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west O'er the smooth ename!'d green. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the girls that are so smart. Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of Nelson and the North Of Nelson and the North Of Nelson and the North Of how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, the me less or tell me more Oh, talk not fo me of a name great in story Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! On a poet's lips I slept Asia Cueen and huntress, chaste and fair Ouclet nand huntress, chaste and fair. Ouclet nand huntress, chaste and huntress, chaste and fair. Ouclet nand huntress, chaste and huntress, chaste and fair. Ouclet nand huntress, chaste and huntress, chaste and fair. Ouclet nand huntress, chaste and hu				271
O, were my love yon lilac fair O, wert thou in the cauld blast O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut. O world invisible, we view thee O world! O life! O time! O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west Obscurest night involved the sky Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of Nelson and the North Of Nelson and the North Of this fair volume which we World do name Often rebuked, yet always back returning Oh, imy dark Rosaleen Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! On a poet's lips I slept Outen and huntress, chaste and fair Outinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Outoth tongue of neither maid nor wife RARELY, rarely, comest thou Reason, an ignis fatures of the mind Reason, an ignis fature				320
O, wert thou in the cauld blast of Nutumn's being O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut. 275 O world invisible, we view thee . 510 O world O life O time . 370 O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west 314 Obscurest night involved the sky 262 O'er the smooth enamel'd green . 170 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw 274 Of all the cities in Romanian lands 212 Of all the ities in Romanian lands 212 Of all the girls that are so smart . 235 Of all things human which are strange and wild of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit 174 Of Nelson and the North . 345 Of Neptune's empire let us sing 125 Of these the false Achitophel was first Oft, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright 0h, how comely it is, and how reviving 193 Oh my dark Rosaleen . 405 Oh Romel my country city of the soul 351 Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story 0h, tell me less or tell me more . 457 Oh, the sweet contentment . 89 Oh, to be in England . 404 Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity 700 On a poet's lips I slept . 364 OUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair . Ouinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Quinquireme of Narger, comes theu in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and	O well for him whose will is strong		Put by thy days like withered flowers.	528
O, wert thou in the cauld blast of Nutumn's being O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut. 275 O world invisible, we view thee . 510 O world O life O time . 370 O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west 314 Obscurest night involved the sky 262 O'er the smooth enamel'd green . 170 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw 274 Of all the cities in Romanian lands 212 Of all the ities in Romanian lands 212 Of all the girls that are so smart . 235 Of all things human which are strange and wild of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit 174 Of Nelson and the North . 345 Of Neptune's empire let us sing 125 Of these the false Achitophel was first Oft, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright 0h, how comely it is, and how reviving 193 Oh my dark Rosaleen . 405 Oh Romel my country city of the soul 351 Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story 0h, tell me less or tell me more . 457 Oh, the sweet contentment . 89 Oh, to be in England . 404 Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity 700 On a poet's lips I slept . 364 OUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair . Ouinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir Quinquireme of Narger, comes theu in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and in quinquireme of Narger, comes theu mid Remain, and	O, were my love you lilac fair		Put your head, darling, darling	441
O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut. O world invisible, we view thee O world in Volife! O world 1 O life! O time! O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west O'er the smooth ename!'d green Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of a' the airts the wind can blaw Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the girls that are so smart. Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of these the false Achitophel was first Of these the false Achitophel was first Of, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, to be in England Oh, twearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh a poet's lips I slept Owerld 1 O time! Owerld 1 O time! Of these the false Achitophel was first Of these the false of the soul! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept O world invisible, we view thee 510 Cunth tongue of neither maid nor wife RARELY, rarely, comest thou Reason, an ienis fatuss of the mind Reason, an ienis	O, wert thou in the cauld blast		Occupy and huntman shorts and fair	131
O world invisible, we view thee	O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	365	Outen and numbers, chaste and lan	
O world invisible, we view thee	O. Willie brewed a peck o' maut	275	Ounquireme of Nineven from distant Opini	527
O world! O life! O time!		510	Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife	401
O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west Obscurest night involved the sky O'er the smooth ename!'d green O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the smooth ename!'d green O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the smooth ename! I am gone away O'er the sim of in youth alone O'er the sim of the will alone O'er the som of the mils wherefrom O'er the sim of the will alone O'er the sim of the will alone O'er the som of the mils wherefrom O'er the shard are so sudden came the sea O'en and the horiti O'ename should. O'ename the very should. O'ename the sea of the mind O'ename the will alone O'ename the will alone O'ename the will alone O'ename	O world! O life! O time!	370	RARRLY, rarely, comest thou	369
Obscurest night involved the sky	O. young Lochinvar is come out of the west	314	Reason an ignis tatuus of the mind	220
O'er the smooth enamel'd green	Obscurest night involved the sky			344
Of all the cities in Romanian lands	O'er the smooth enamel'd green	170		486
Of all the cities in Romanian lands Of all the girls that are so smart. Of all the girls that are so smart. Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit. Of Nelson and the North Of Nelson and the North Of Neptune's empire let us sing. Of these the false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Often rebuked, yet always back returning. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, l' my dark Rosaleen Oh, Power of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, the sweet contentment. Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom Rose-cheek'd Laura, come Roses, their sharp spines being gone Roses, their sharp spines being gone Roses, their sharp spines being gone Rose-cheek'd Laura, come Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura, come Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura, come Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-cheek'd Laura Rose-ch	Of a' the airts the wind can blaw			427
Of all the girls that are so smart. Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit. Of Nelson and the North. Of Nelson and the North. Of Nelson and the North. Of these the false Achitophel was first. Of this fair volume which we World do name. Of, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright. Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright. Oh I my dark Rosaleen. Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!. Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom. Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story. Oh, tell me less or tell me more. Oh, the sweet contentment. Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing. Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell. Or a poet's lips I slept. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit. 174 Rose-cheek'd Laura, come. Roses, their sharp spines being gone. Roses, their sharp spines being gone. Roses, their sharp spines being gone. Roses-cheek'd Laura, come. Rose-cheek'd Laura, come. Rose-ches'd Laura, come. Rose-ches'	Of all the cities in Romanian lands			340
Of all the torments, all the cares. Of all things human which are strange and wild. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit. Of Nelson and the North. Of Nelson and the North. Of these the false Achitophel was first. Of this fair volume which we World do name. Off, air sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving. Oh! my dark Rosaleen. Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom. Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story. Oh, tell me less or tell me more. Oh, tell me less or tell me more. Oh, the sweet contentment. Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing. Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit. 174 Roses, their sharp spines being gone. Rosud the cape of a sudden came the sea. Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze. Royal and saintly Cashel! I would fait. Royal and saintly Cashel! I would fait. Royal and saintly Cashel! I would fait.				129
Of all things human which are strange and wild. Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of Nelson and the North Of Neptune's empire let us sing Of these the false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Of this fair volume the cape of a sudden came the sea Of Round the cape of a sudden came the sea Of Sabrina fair Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth Sad is our youth, for it is ever going Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial pare Saint Peter sat by the celestial pare Saint Peter sat by the celestial to the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bit				114
Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of Nelson and the North Of Neptune's empire let us sing Of these the false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Of this fair volume which we World do name Of, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell Of the sweet's lips I slept Of this fair volume this sing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell Of the first and the fruit Of Nester and the fruit Old that those lips had language! On a poet's lips I slept I would the cape of a sudden came the sea Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze Royal and saintly Cashel! OA the cape of a sudden came the sea Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze Royal and saintly Cashel! Sabrina fair Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth Sacred				
Of Nelson and the North Of Neptune's empire let us sing Of these the false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Often rebuked, yet always back returning Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Of this fair volume & Saintly Cashel! I would gaze Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! SABRINA fair Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth Sacr				377
Of Neptune's empire let us sing				444
Of these the false Achitophel was first Of this fair volume which we World do name Often rebuked, yet always back returning Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! my country! city of the soul! Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept A56 SABRINA fair Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth Sad is our youth, for it is ever going Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Say not, the struggle nought availeth Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Seamen three! What men be ye? Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?			Royal and Saintly Cashel! I would gaze .	362
Of this fair volume which we World do name Often rebuked, yet always back returning Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! my country! city of the soul! Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept SABRINA Tair Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth Sad is our youth, for it is ever going Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial to saint peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial peter sat by	Of these the false Achitophel was first		Rum seize thee, futiliess King	243
Often rebuked, yet always back returning . 456 Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright . 139 Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving . 193 Oh! my dark Rosaleen . 405 Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! . 351 Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom . 348 Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story . 350 Oh, tell me less or tell me more . 457 Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd . Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned . Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled . Seamen three! What men be ye? . Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! . See the chariot at hand here of Love . Send home my long stray'd eyes to me . Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears . Shake off your heavy trance!	Of this fair volume which we World do name		SABRINA fair	171
Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Sad is our youth, for it is ever going Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Say not, the struggle nought availeth Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?				368
Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Sai	Of the reputed, yet always back returning.			45
Oh! my dark Rosaleen Oh length of the soul! Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, twearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate Saw ye Johnnie comin'?' quo' she Say not, the struggle nought availeth Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Seamen three! What men be ye? Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	On, fair sweet face, on, eyes celestral bright		1 0 11 17 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	512
Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!			St Agnes' Eve_ah bitter chill it was	392
Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she Say not, the struggle nought availeth Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Seamen three! What men be ye? Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	Oh! my dark Rosaleen			354
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept 350 Say not, the struggle nought availeth Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Scots, whae hae wi' Wallace bled Scots, wh	Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!			. 284
Oh, tell me less or tell me more Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, the sweet contentment Oh, to be in England Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?			Saw ye formine commercial quo suo.	457
Oh, the sweet contentment				
Oh, the sweet contentment	Oh, tell me less or tell me more			299
Oh, the sweet contentment		200		. 277
Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity! Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept See the chariot at hand here of Love Send home my long stray'd eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	Oh, the sweet contentment	. 89		347
Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Send nome my long stray d eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	Oh, to be in England			. 386
Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Send nome my long stray d eyes to me Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	Oh, wearisome condition of Humanity!		See the charlot at hand here of Love	. 129
flowing Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell On a poet's lips I slept Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears Shake off your heavy trance! Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?	Oh, where are you going with your love-locks	S	Send home my long stray d eyes to me	. 134
Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell	flowing	. 487	Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears	259
	Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell	. 79	Shake off your neavy trance!	. 142
				. 108
		. 413	Shall I, wasting in despair	. 14;

	PAGE		PAG
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	285	Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.	20
She is not fair to outward view	399	Tell me where is fancy bred	TI
She walks in beauty, like the night	348	That time of year thou mayst in me behold .	11
She walks—the lady of my delight	521	That which her slender waist confined	16.
She was a Phantom of delight		That which we dare invoke to bless	
	291		42
She was young and blithe and fair	530	The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	34
Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!	387	The awful shadow of some unseen Power	36
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	276	The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day	31
"Shut, shut the door, good John!" fatigued, I said	228	The blessèd Damozel lean'd out	47
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more	113	The boat put in at dead of night	52
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea	109	The boding Owl, that in despair	52
Since first I saw your face I resolved to honour and		The castled crag of Drachenfels	35
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	CAT	The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	
renown ye	541		24
Since I noo mwore do zee your feace	402	The Curves of beauty are not softly wrought .	50
Since perfect happiness, by princes sought	73	The Danube to the Severn gave	42
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.	77	The day of wrath, that dreadful day	21
Sing a low song!.	348	The expense of spirit in a waste of shame	II
Sing his praises that doth keep	137	The feathers of the willow	49
Sing lullaby, as women do	33	The fiery sun was mounted now on hight	4
Sing to Apollo, God of day	68	The forward youth that would appear	20
Sister, awake! close not your eyes!	89	The glories of our blood and state	16
Sisters, stay, we want our Dame.	133	The golden gates of sleep unbar	37
Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt		The golden gift that Nature did thee give	3
tears	131	The graceless traitor round about did look	14
Slowly they pass.	526	The grand road from the mountain goes shining	
Smooth and full-limbed is the form of the night,		to the sea	52
and still	537	The gre't wold waggon uncle had	40
So all day long the noise of battle roll'd	420	The grey sea and the long black land	44
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key	109	The grief of age is not the grief of youth	51
"So careful of the type?" but no	_	The Hag is astride	
So cruel prison how could betide, alas!	427		15
	32	The herons from the marsh have gone	51
So Good Luck came, and on my roof did light.	149	The hollow sea-shell that for years hath stood .	50
So pitiful a thing is suitor's state!	49	The hunched camels of the night.	50
So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats.	191	The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!	35
So we'll go no more a roving	349	The keener tempests come: and fuming dun .	23
Some ask'd me where the rubies grew	146	The king sits in Dunfermline town	2
Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone	480	The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor	29
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land .	211	The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold	48
	471	The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great.	28
Caula of marks day day day days		The lark now leaves his watery nest	16
Sound going the clarics of the first	385		
Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!	320	The lofty treble sung the little wren	14
Spring goeth all in white	520	The lost days of my life until to-day	48
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king	122	The man of life upright	12.
Standing aloof in giant ignorance	386	The merchant, to secure his treasure	22
Stay, O sweet, and do not rise!	89	The merry World did on a day	15
Steer hither, steer your winged pines	541	The moon's afloat, a lamplit boat	53
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!	303	The Moon shines bright. In such a night as this	II
CASH As he work will be he done	131	The mountain sheep are sweeter	34
Ctonway Cto of maning house I became	285	The mountain winds are winnowing	
		The murmur of the mourning ghost	39
Strange the world about me lies	518		47
Strings in the earth and air	535	The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low	
Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare	508	in the west	49
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind	299	The night was winter in his roughest mood .	25
Sweet after showers, ambrosial air	427	The night when last I saw my lad	52.
Sweet and low, sweet and low	425	The ousel-cock so black of hue	II:
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content .	72	The peaceful western wind	12.
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain .	251	The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade .	26
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes		The pride of every grove I choose	22
	146	The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er .	16.
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright	157		
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen.	170	The shores of Styx are lone for evermore.	50
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower	299	The sky wer clear, the zunsheen glow'd	40:
Sweet stream that winds thro' yonder glade .	255	The snow had fallen many nights and days .	53.
Sweetest love, I do not go	133	The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings	3
Sweetly breathing vernal air	161	The spacious firmament on high	22
Swell me a bowl with lusty wine	131	The splendour falls on castle walls	42
Swift as a spirit hastening to his task	377	The star that bids the shepherd fold	170
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave	369	The strong sob of the chafing stream	50
oming water out the western wave	209	The sun descending in the west	-
Tarre O take these line course	***		272
TAKE, O take those lips away	113	The sun is warm, the sky is clear	36
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean .	435	The sun rises bright in France	340
Tell me no more how fair she is	156	The sun upon the lake is low	321

	PAGE		PAGE
The trees rise tall and taller, lifted	532	Tired with all these, for restful death I cry	110
The twentieth year is well-nigh past	262	'Tis a dull sight	
The twilight turns from amethyst		'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood .	434
	535		140
The violet scent is sacred	523	Tis the middle of night by the castle clock	328
The wanton troopers riding by	205	'Tis time this heart should be unmoved	350
The western waves of ebbing day	315	To all the spirits of love that wander by	
The white blossom's off the bog, and the leaves		To all you ladies now at land	479
are off the trees	514	To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name	
			130
The wind of evening stealeth hushfully	506	To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	249
The wish, that of the living whole	426	To him who in the love of Nature holds	379
The woods decay, the woods decay and fall .	432	To me, fair friend, you never can be old	III
The world is too much with us; late and soon .	299	To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call .	
			249
The world's great age begins anew	371	To my true king I offered free from stain	404
The wrathful winter proaching on apace	33	To spend the long warm days	517
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now .	IIO	To the forgotten dead	517
Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive .	57	To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who	
There be none of Beauty's daughters		spoke	207
	349	To the second new Tides	321
There is a garden grey	528	To the ocean now I fly	171
There is a garden in her face	125	To these, whom Death again did wed	199
There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra.	397	Toll for the brave!	260
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods	352	Too late for love, too late for joy	487
There is a wail in the wind to-night	458	Too wearily had we and song	508
There lived a wife at Usher's Well	24	True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank	20
There rolls the deep where grew the tree	429	Turn all thy thoughts to eyes	125
There's noo pleace I do like so well	401	Turn I my looks unto the skies	70
There's not a joy the world can give like that it	4	'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was	1-
	0.10		
takes away . There's nought but care on ev'ry han'	349	proved	225
There's nought but care on ev'ry han'	274	Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the	
There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs .	308	rooks cry and call	527
There was a man was very old	531	Twist ye, twine ye! even so	
		Two sister flowers I gave my Love	320
There was a roaring in the wind all night	292		534
There was a sound of revelry by night	350	Two Voices are there; one is of the sea	302
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	305		
These arguments he used, and many more	87	UNDER the arch of Life, where love and death .	480
These your unusual weeds to each part of you .	120	Under the greenwood tree	II3
		Under the wide and starry sky	
They are all gone into the world of light!.	209	Trademanth this salls because	505
They sell good beer at Haslemere	523		145
Thine eyes are like the sea, my dear	502	Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years .	369
Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me.	III	Ungather'd lie the peats upon the moss	506
Think not, 'cause men flattering say	160	Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart	407
		Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway	428
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred .	64	1 77 1 17 1 1	
This is her picture as she was	478	Up springs the lark	236
This is the month, and this the happy morn .	164	Up the airy mountain	476
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign .	440	Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books.	302
This world a hunting is	143	Upon a day we issued, thou and I	534
		Uprose the King of Men with speed	
Those envied places which do know her well .	480	Oproso the ring of their with speed	245
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame .	107	Vast Superstition! Glorious style of weakness!	69
Thou art to all lost love the best	150	Venus, redress a wrong that's done	
Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen	_		195
snare	60	Venus, take my votive glass	221
	69	Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying	335
Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening	270	Victorious men of earth, no more	159
Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?.	136	Vulcan, contrive me such a cup	219
Thou knewest that island, far away and lone .	489		
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!	385	WARE! For the Sun behind you Eastern height	434
Thou wast that all to me, love	439	Watch but a moment—all is changed! A moan	502
Thou wert the morning star among the living .		We are the music-makers	
(70)	371		502
Though I miss the flowery fields	153	We talked with open heart, and tongue	303
Though I miss the flowery fields	143	Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie	280
Though till now ungraced in story, scant although		Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan	140
thy waters be	410	Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee .	72
Three years she grew in sun and shower			
	291	Weep with me, all you that read	127
Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air	125	Weep you no more, sad fountains	89
Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went .	491	Weighing the steadfastness and state	209
Throw away thy rod	159	Welcome, Maids of Honour!	148
Thrush, linnet, stare and wren	512	Welcome, old friend! These many years	344
Thus the Mayne glideth		Welcome, welcome, do I sing	
	443		145
Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows	340	Well I remember how you smiled	343
Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright	320	Well then, I now do plainly see	202
Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums	425	Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote	I
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright	272	What ails you that you look so pale	525
Time, you old gipsy man			68
Time, Jou our gross man	538	That bit so sings, yet so does want	00

	PAGE		PAGE
What conscience, say, is it in thee	ISI	When youthful faith hath fled	
What have I done for you	504	Whenas in silks my Julia goes	379
What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel	61	Whenas my Life shall time with funeral tread	154
		Whomas host thou wandered O delicion L	509
What of the faith and fire within us .	539	Whence hast thou wandered, O delicious breeze.	513
What power is this? What witchery wins my feet	489	Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes	441
What shall I sing when all is sung	516	Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia greet	473
What shall I your true-love tell	509	Whenever the moon and stars are set	505
What shall we do for Love these days?	530	Where art thou, my beloved Son	285
What sweeter music can we bring	156	Where, like a pillow on a bed	
What then remains, but, waiving each extreme .	211	Where shall the lover rest	135
			314
What things have we seen	142	Where the bee sucks, there suck I	114
What time warm downs lie gold against the sky.	522	Where the remote Bermudas ride	204
What was he doing, the great god Pan	408	Where the thistle lifts a purple crown	507
"What, you are stepping westward?"-"Yea".	300	Whether on Ida's shady brow	271
Wheer 'asta bean saw long and mea liggin' 'ere		Whilst in this cold and blustering clime	210
aloan?	432	Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding	519
When all had been perform'd, the royal Goth .			
	338	Who hath his fancy pleased	69
When all the world is young, lad.	457	Who is Silvia? What is she	II2
When beasts could speak (the learned say	223	Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he	304
When Britain first, at Heaven's command.	236	Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail .	429
When chapman billies leave the street	280	Who passes down the wintry Street	523
When daisies pied, and violets blue	112	Who will believe my verse in time to come .	108
When, dearest, I but think of thee	195	With a standard the hear	196
When do I see thee most, beloved one?			-
	479	Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm .	135
When God at first made Man	158	Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death .	141
When grace is given us ever to behold	499	Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears .	150
When I am dead, my dearest	486	Why do you hide, O dryads! when we seek .	536
When I consider every thing that grows	108	Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why.	220
When I consider how my light is spent	174	Why should I wrong my judgment so	164
When I did go from thee I felt that smart	146	Why so pale and wan, fond lover?	
			195
When I have borne in memory what has tamed.	302	"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?	319
When I have fears that I may cease to be	383	Willie's rare, and Willie's fair	28
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced.	109	Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun	136
When I play on my fiddle in Dooney	520	With blackest moss the flower-plots	413
When I survey the bright	163	With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the	
When icicles hang by the wall	112	skies!	68
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes .	108	With lifted feet, hands still	
			515
When in the chronicle of wasted time.	III	With sacrifice before the rising morn	297
When Jessie comes with her soft breast	488	With stammering lips and insufficient sound	408
When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year	413	With this he took his leve and hom he wente .	8
When, like the early rose	405	With trembling fingers did we weave	426
When Love with unconfined wings	203	Woe to him that has not known the woe of man.	519
When maidens such as Hester die	340	Worlds on worlds are rolling ever	370
When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass .		Would that the structure brave, the manifold	3/-
	76		457
When men were all asleep the snow came flying.	519	music I build	451
When Merche was with variand windis past	14	Wouldst thou hear what man can say	127
When Music, heavenly maid, was young	247	Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest.	31
When my arms wrap you round, I press	521		
When primroses are out in Spring	526	YE distant spires, ye antique towers	240
When raging love with extreme pain	31	Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon	279
When the British warrior queen	255	Ye have been fresh and green	151
When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy		Ye learned sisters which have oftentimes	40
When the lamp is shottered	272		
When the lamp is shattered	376	Ye little birds that sit and sing	137
When the long-clouded spirit of Europe drew	519	Ye Mariners of England	345
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at		Ye waves that sweep the splendid deep	497
hame	264	Ye wha are fain to hae your name	264
When the voices of children are heard on the		Yes! in the sea of life enisled	458
CY00%	272	Yet if His Majesty our sovereign lord	542
When the wasting embers redden the chimney-	-/2	Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more	172
	* 20		
breast .	539	You are a tulip seen to-day	149
When the white flame in us is gone	533	You brave heroic minds	79
When think you comes the Wind	505	You have beheld a smiling rose	147
When thou must home to shades of underground	124	You'll love me yet !—and I can tarry.	443
When thou, poor excommunicate	161	You meaner beauties of the night	126
When to her lute Corinna sings	123	You promise heavens free from strife	471
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought .	108	You that think Love can convey.	161
trave		You spotted snakes with double tongue	112
When you were there, and you, and you	348	Your youth flowed on, a river chaste and fair .	514
VVALUE VULL VVCIE LIEIE, MIII VOII, MIII VOII	532	TOUT VOILE HOWER OH, & FIVE CHASTE and land	7-4





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